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THE
CONTENTION
AND
TRUE TRAGEDY.

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THE
CONTENTION
AND
TRUE TRAGEDY.

Edited, With An Introduction,

BY

A. F. HOPKINSON.

London:

M. E. SIMS & Co.,

DELANCEY STREET, CAMDEN TOWN,

1897.

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INTRODUCTION.



ON March 12, 1593-4, the following entry was made on the books of the Stationers' Company:—

"Thomas Millington. Entered for his copy under the hands of the wardens, a book intituled, *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey, with the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk: and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of York's first claim unto the crown.* This is the entry of copyright of the first part of the play here reprinted; of the second part, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, there does not appear to have been any separate entry. In 1602, April 19, there was an assignment, of both parts, from Thomas Millington to Thomas Pavier, "Thomas Pavier. Entered for his copies, by assignment from Thomas Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the First and Second part of *Henry VI.* ij books" The bookseller, Thomas Pavier, to whom the plays were assigned, at a later period acquired possession, by what means it is not necessary here to enquire, of several of the doubtful plays of Shakespeare. On Aug. 4, 1626, "Master Pavier's right in Shakespeare's plays, or any of them," was assigned by Mrs. Pavier (Pavier, I assume, having recently died)

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was assigned to E. Brewster, and Robert Bird. There was a further transfer of copyright of these two plays, called in the Stationers' books *York and Lancaster*, on Nov. 3, 1630, from Bird to J. Coates. The 1602 entry is rather singular; there the two plays are called the First and Second part of *Henry VI.*, although there can be no doubt that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were meant. Was the mistake unintentional or wilful? In 1623, when Blout and Jaggard were about to publish the first folio Shakespeare, they entered "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men," but 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* do not appear in the list, and 1 *Henry VI.* is entered as the *third* part. This appears to me a significant fact, but I shall reserve my remarks on it till I come to deal with the question of authorship of these two old plays. With regard to the non-entry of the *True Tragedy*, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thinks "it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication which remains to be unravelled."

The First Part of the Contention was published in 1594, with the following title-page:—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claim vnto the Crowne. London—Printed by Thomas Creed for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. 4to.* A second edition was issued in 1600, with slight verbal

differences of no importance, and printed by a different printer :—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne.* London—Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1600. 4to. A third impression also appeared in 1600, printed from the second, with trifling variations in the title-page.—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne.* London—Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornwall. 1600. 4to.

The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, or what might more properly be called the second part of the Contention, was published in 1595 :—The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595. 4to. A second edition appeared in 1600 :—*The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death*

of good King Henrie the Sixt : with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke ; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1600. 4to. Malone mentions another edition of 1600, printed by Valentine Sims, but a copy of such an edition does not appear to exist, although it is very probable that such an edition was published to match the third issue of the First Part of the *Contention*.

Some years later an edition of the two parts together, was published by Pavier :—*The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humphrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Divided into two Parts : And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent.* Printed at London for T. P. T. P. was Thomas Pavier, who acquired the copyright of the two plays in 1602. There is no date affixed to this edition, but it has been settled on very plausible evidence that it must have been issued in 1619, and that date has been generally adopted by critics. In that edition there is no separate title-page to the second part ; it is simply called *The Second Part. Containing the tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixt*. It is important to note the difference between this title-page and the editions of 1594, 1595, and 1600, which contains the information that they were “newly corrected and enlarged, and Written by William Shakespeare, Gent.” This is the first evidence we have of the ascription of the

Contention and *True Tragedy* to Shakespeare ; what it is worth remains to be seen. As mentioned above, Pavier acquired the publishing rights of the two plays in 1602, and it is rather difficult to understand why he allowed so long a time to elapse—17 years—before publishing them. It is also necessary to remember that Shakespeare had been dead three years in 1619.

All these editions differ more or less materially from each other ; in some instances it is only a word, in others it is a line or a sentence, while in some cases the difference is so great as to entirely alter the aspect of the passage, and suggest to one's mind a new composition, not by the original author, but by some tenth rate poet-botcher who was striving to raise himself to the level of the original writer ; these differences, in many cases, are not such as would be likely to result from the emendations of an editor revising a corrupt text, but rather tend to show that there was an imperfect contact between a second writer and what the author had originally written. There is another feature in these variations which the attentive reader cannot fail to notice, and that is, the later editions, especially that of 1619, make (with very few exceptions) a nearer approach to Shakespeare's 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* as we have them in the Folio of 1623. The most important of these variations in the the text of early quartos will be found in the foot-notes to this reprint, but it is necessary, in support of the argument hereafter to be advanced, that a few of them should be given. Here is an important difference in confirmation of what has been said above ; it occurs in the *Contention*, i. 2, Q. 1594 :—

“*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed
The heads of the cardinal of Winchester,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.”

Q. 1600 agrees with Q. 1594, but Q. 1619 reads thus:—

“*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain, by whom I cannot guess,
But as I think by the cardinal. What it bodes,
God knows; and on the ends were placed
The heads of Edmund, Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.”

The corresponding speech in F. reads:—

“*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal!
And on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were placed the heads of Edmund, Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.”

In the same scene, p. 10, there is another material variation between the quartos and folio; Q. 1594 reads;

“*Elin.* I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long I'll go before them all,
Despite of them that seek to cross me thus.”

Q. 1619 reads:—

“*Elin.* I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
I'd reach to the crown, or make some hop headless;
And being but a woman, I'll not be behind
For playing of my part, in spite of all
That seek to cross me thus.”

F. reads:—

“*Duch.* Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant."

Again, in ii. 1, Q. 1594 reads :—

" *Hum.* Faith, my lord, it is but a base mind,
That can soar no higher than a falcon's pitch."

Q. 1619 :—

" *Hum.* Faith, my lord, 'tis but a base mind,
That soars no higher than a bird can soar."

F. :—

" *Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar."

The account of York's pedigree given in *Contention*, ii. 2, 1594, is at total variance with that given in Q 1619, while the latter makes a nearer approach to the Folio version. The extracts are too long to be given here, but will be found on p. 30; the text is that of 1594, the 1619 account is given in a foot-note; both should be carefully compared with the Folio: the difference between the two versions is important to this discussion.

Here is a line where Q. 1594 and F. agree,—

" Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell." ii. 2.

but Q. 1619 differs :—

" Give thee thy hire and send thee down to hell."

In ii. 4 of the *Contention*, p. 36, Bevis of Southampton is mentioned, but is not in the Folio. In i. 3, ed. 1619, the following line appears, which is not found in the earlier editions :—

" She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back."

This line, with the exception of one word, is in F.,—

" She bears a dukes revenues on her back."

Again, Q. 1619 supplies a line which is neither in the other quartos, or F., viz.,—

“ For he is like him, every kind of way.”

Here is an instance where the three editions, viz. 1594, 1619, and F. are at total variance; in the *Contention*, iv. 2, Cade says:—

“ My mother came of the Brases.”

1619 reads “Lacies,” F. “Plantagenet.” Many instances where a single word differs in the various editions could be given; thus,—in the *Contention*, i. 4, 1594, “lord,” 1619, “master,” F. “lord”; *ib.* v. 1, 1594, “age,” F. “badge”. In the *Contention*, v. 2, 1594, Richard says:

“ So, lie thou there and breathe thy last.”

Q. 1619 reads:—

“ So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.”

F. reads:—

“ So, lie thou there—”

A few similar instances may be adduced from the *True Tragedy*, of single words differing, or wrongly given, in the various editions; thus,—in i. 1, 1595, “hands,” is given as “swords,” in F.; *ib.* 1595, “pull,” is “pluck,” in F.; *ib.* 1595, “unkingly,” 1619, “unkindly,” F. “unmanly”; *ib.* i. 2, 1595, “sweet,” F. “slight”; *ib.* i. 4 1595, “death,” 1600, 1619, and F. “deaf” In ii. 1, the following line is varied in the two later editions:—

“ So fled his enemies our valiant father.”

Q. 1619. reads:—

“ So fled the enemies from our valiant father.”

F. thus:—

“ So fled his enemies my warlike father.”

Again, iii. 1, Q. 1595, reads :—

“ No humble suitors sue to thee for right.”

F. gives the line thus ;—

“ No humble suitors press to speak for right.”

Again, iii. 1, 1595, reads :—

“ My father came untimely to his death.”

which agrees with F., but Q. 1619, reads :—

“ My father came to an untimely death.”

Here is another variation in the three editions ; in iv. 8, Q. 1595, reads :—

“ And many giddy people follow him.”

Q. 1619,—

“ And many giddy headed people follow him.”

Again, v. 6, Q. 1595, reads :—

“ The women wept, and the midwife cried.”

Q. 1619,—

“ The women weeping, and the midwife crying.”

F.,—

“ The midwife wondered, and the women cried.”

In v. 6, Q. 1619 has the following line (immediately succeeding l. 15, p. 186) which is neither in Q. 1595, or F.,

“ Under pretence of outward seeming ill.”

Again, v. 7, Q. 1595, reads :—

“ Henry and his son are gone, thou, Clarence next.”

Q. 1619 reads :—

“ King Henry and the prince his son are gone,
And Clarence thou art next must follow them ;

So by one and one dispatching all the rest."

F. reads :—

" King Henry, and the prince, his son, are gone :
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest."

These examples do not by any means exhaust the list, but they are sufficient for the purpose, and I shall probably have occasion to advert to them again in the course of this argument, and offer such explanation as will account for the variations in the different texts of the two plays.

The time of writing these two plays cannot be settled conclusively; in fixing their date, conjecture to some extent must be resorted to. I am unacquainted with any external evidence that would afford assistance in the solution of the difficulty, and the only internal evidence available is that of metre. An examination of this evidence shows, unmistakably, that they were composed at an early date, that is, before blank verse had attained that strength and smoothness which it afterwards reached in the works of Marlowe, and pre-eminently so in those of Shakespeare. This is more noticeable in the *Contention* than in the *True Tragedy*, yet although the blank verse of the latter shows a distinct advance in energy and metrical fluency, I do not think any long interval could have passed between the composition of the two plays. Under these circumstances, the date of writing cannot be fixed earlier than the end of 1588, or later than the end of 1589; or to particularise the dates more definitely, I should say the *Contention* was written towards the end of 1588, and the *True Tragedy* early in 1589. All the evidence that can be brought to bear upon the time-limit

of composition shows that these dates cannot be far out.

The stage history of the plays presents much about the same difficulty of solution as does the date of composition; with one exception, nothing is known as to the time of production on the stage, the theatre where presented, or the company who played them. The exception mentioned is the *True Tragedy*, which says on its title-page that it "was acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his seruants." It is rather singular that the name of the company who played it should have been given on the title-page of the *True Tragedy*, and withheld from that of the *Contention*; it becomes more strange when it is remembered that both plays were published by the same bookseller who, in 1594 must have known the name of the company who played the *Contention*, just as well as of that who played the *True Tragedy*. The only explanation I can offer of the omission is, that the company who acted the First Part had, in 1594, ceased to exist; if that be so it is significant, and furnishes important evidence on several points in the history of the play. Or it may be that the omission was intended as a concealment of the fraudulent design of the publisher. However there is this certainty about the matter, that but a short period would elapse between the time of writing and production on the stage; therefore if my conjecture that the *Contention* was written towards the end of 1588 be sound, representation at the theatre would take place early in 1589, and certainly not later than March or April. In 1589 there were three established companies of players acting in London; they were,—1, the Children of Paul's, 2, the Queen's, 3, the

Admiral's; there were two other companies then springing into existence, (formed out of the débris of Oxford's and Leicester's, which had shortly before broken up) Pembroke's and Lord Strange's, but they were scarcely established as recognised companies, and are therefore outside the scope of the present discussion. One of these companies must have produced the *Contention*;—which of them was it? Here, as in many other points connected with this play, there is no direct evidence, and the question can only be answered conjecturally. Such evidence as is obtainable points to the Queen's men as the company who produced the play, and to them I think it must be given. In 1592 the Queen's company ceased to exist, and that circumstance taken in conjunction with the fact that no company's name was given on the title-page of the 1594 quarto, goes to prove that the *Contention* was first produced by the Queen's men. Of course there may have been revivals of the play between 1589 and 1592, but that does not concern my argument. The other two companies, the Paul's boys and the Admiral's men, still held together; the former till 1607, the latter till 1603, but there is not a particle of evidence that they had anything to do with the *Contention* either in its first production or any subsequent revival. The playhouse occupied by the Queen's men in 1589 was the Theatre, and there, beyond doubt, the first representation of the *Contention* was given. It may be as well to say here that after the dissolution of the Queen's men in 1592, many of their plays came into the possession of the companies of Lord Strange and the Earl of Sussex.

There is no such uncertainty about the *True Tragedy*,

for the title-page of the first quarto says it was "sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke's seruants," and there is no reason to doubt its truthfulness. The time of production on the stage would probably be the autumn of 1589; at that time Pembroke's men occupied the Curtain theatre, therefore that would be the playplace where it was first performed. It is a singular circumstance that these two plays, or two parts of one play, which are continious in their action, should have been acted by two different theatrical companies, and the fact appears to me to throw considerable light on their secret history. Apparently there was dissention in the commonwealth: had the company, or a particular member of it—Greene, for instance—quarrelled with the author, and was that the cause of his leaving the Queen's men and joining Pembroke's?

These plays were issued anonymously, and there is no contemporary testimony as to who was the author, or whether they were a single or joint composition; at that time it was frequently the custom, "noble practice" Lamb called it, for two or more dramatists to join in the production of a play, but whether such was the case here there is no actual evidence to guide one. From Malone to the present time, various attempts have been made to discover and distinguish the authorship; as the result of these efforts the plays have been ascribed in larger or smaller portions to five dramatists, viz., Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, and Marlowe. On the other hand, some critics have asserted, and very ably maintained their assertion, that they were the work of Shakespeare; being, in fact, corrupt and imperfect copies, fraudulently

obtained, of the first sketches of his 2 and 3 *Henry VI*. In examining the claims of these dramatists it will be as well to deal with them in the order as here set down.

Commencing with Greene, I will first give the external evidence in favour of his claim. In 1592, a few months after Greene's death, was published a pamphlet written by Greene called *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*. This extraordinary death-bed composition has contributed more towards making Greene famous than all his other writings put together. To this pamphlet is prefixed an Epistle, a part of which it is necessary to transcribe. It inscribed, "To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making playes, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities." It commences with an exhortation to three dramatists to leave off writing plays;—1, a "famous gracer of tragedians," supposed to be Marlowe; 2, "Young Juvenal, that biting satyrist that lastlie with *mée* together writ a comedie," supposed to be Lodge; 3, "and thou no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour," supposed to be Peele. Then it continues:—"Base minded men all three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought these burres to cleaue; these puppits, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al haue béene beholding, is it not like that you, to whome they all haue béen beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an *upstart crow, beautified with our*

feathers, that with *his tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shakescene* in a countrie. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inuentions!"

What plain matter of fact construction can be put upon these words? There can be no doubt that they were written in a bitter and vindictive spirit;—jealousy and spitefulness is in every word. It would seem that Greene had some grievance against a body of players, "those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours," and that three other dramatists, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, were also involved; although according to Greene's notions his own case was the worst, "for unto none of you, like me, sought these burrs to cleave." For several years prior to 1592 Greene, in his numerous pamphlets, had been delivering his attacks at the players singly or in a body, but it is scarcely necessary to pause here to enquire what particular company was meant, or what action on their part had caused the onslaught. Greene no doubt was incensed against the players, a rival company probably, but I think this skirmish was merely a ruse to lead up to and mask a virulent and malicious attack on one particular player dramatist, who had dared to compete and excel him in his particular and, as Greene thought, exclusive sphere—that of a play writer. Having done with the players, who were all beholding to him and had

forsaken him, he braces himself up for the final attack upon his successful rival the player dramatist. This person, who had aroused Greene's undying hatred, is "an upstart crow," "an absolute Johannes factotum," a "Shakescene," who imagines he can write blank verse as well as the best of poets who are old hands at the business. Here, for the first time in this petty, discreditable warfare, Greene spoke out openly, and to the point; there can be no mistaking who the player dramatist was: Greene's finger points to him as unerringly as the needle points to the pole. The Shakescene is universally admitted to be Shakespeare. So it was "the gentle" Shakespeare who had consciously or unwittingly awakened Greene's jealousy, and drawn from him this farrago of lies, hatred, and ill-conceived virulence. The first clause of the above quotation, "beautified with our feathers," evidently alludes to Shakespeare [Shakescene] as an actor, and points conclusively to the fact that the "upstart crow" had acted in plays written by Greene, and gained distinction in the characters he had assumed. Hence he was one of the puppets that spoke the words he had written, and the praise and fame he gained therein, garnished him in the colours and beautified him with the feathers which Greene thought ought to belong to him as the author. One would have thought that Greene would have been proud to have acknowledged the honestly gotten fame acquired by an actor who successfully interpreted to the public the puppets he had called into existence; but no, Greene's disappointment and jealousy had so overwhelmed his sense of justice and manliness—if he ever possessed those qualities—that no

word was too bitter, or lie too gross to utter against the man who had gained fame in a walk for which Greene was unfitted, and had eclipsed him as a dramatist. The expression, "Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide," is a parody on a line in the *True Tragedy*, i. 4, and 3 *Henry VI.* i. 4:—

"Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!"

and was no doubt meant to be very spiteful; but applied to the untigerlike Shakespeare, is about as ill-chosen as it could be; it shows, however, that Greene was in a vindictive mood towards Shakespeare, also that little reliance is to be placed on his statements. The next clause of the sentence, "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you," clearly alludes to Shakespeare as a writer. Bombast meant, to puff out, to enlarge. The meaning of the sneer seems to be this;—Shakespeare, who was not a university man, [Greene was] had, with the usual rashness of ignorance, dared to amplify old plays and refit them for the stage; nay, even to write original ones in blank verse, a pastime which Greene thought should be indulged in only by scholars who held a university degree: the sin was unpardonable, therefore he was to be hooted down by any and every means, reputable or disreputable. The "absolute Johannes factotum" means that he was a Jack of all trades—that is, he did anything, whether as an actor, a refurbisher of old plays, or a writer of new ones. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare in the early part of his career did work wherever it was wanted; and that work, in all likelihood, embraced those three departments of his art. Supposing he did, what of it?

No man was better qualified to do it, and no man ever performed his task so conscientiously or so successfully as he. So much cannot be said of Greene.

Such seems to me to be the fair intrepertation of Greene's famous passage. Others have held an opposite view, therefore it is necessary that the reverse side of the picture should be scrutinised. The quotation given above has been advanced as external evidence that Greene, in conjunction with Marlowe, Lodge and Peele, had some share in writing these plays, and that the charge levelled at Shakespeare in *A Groatsworth of Wit*, was that he appropriated their work when writing 2 and 3 *Henry VI*. The following construction of the passage has been advanced by Malone:—"Shakespeare having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his dying exhortation to his friend, new-modelled these two pieces (the two parts of the *Contention*), and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his works are called the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.*, and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame, and that of his associate, both of them old and admired playwrights, being eclipsed by an *upstart* writer (for so he calls our great poet) who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by

them : and wishing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakespeare had thus *re-written*, a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line with many others, Shakespeare adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uses,—‘to *bombast* out a blank verse,’—exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank verse.” On the same subject Dyce says,—“It would seem by the expression ‘beautified with our feathers’ that he [Shakespeare] had remodelled certain pieces, in the composition of which Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele had been separately or jointly concerned : it would seem too that Greene more particularly alludes to the two old dramas entitled the *First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, on which Shakespeare founded the *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI* ; for the words “*his tiger’s heart wrapt in a player’s hide*,” are a parody upon a line in the *True Tragedy*.” *Life of Shakespeare*, vol. 1, p. 74, ed. 1886.

I certainly must say that I do not see any conclusive evidence in the passage that Greene & Co. were the authors of these plays ; indeed, the presumption is in the reverse direction. Had Greene intended to charge Shakespeare with plagiarising his work or the work of his fellow dramatists Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, he would not have left the passage in so uncertain a form ; in fact his known hostility to Shakespeare is sufficient

guarantee, had the charge been true and capable of proof, that he would have made the attack in more direct and more forcible terms. The parody on the line in the *True Tragedy* is a further proof that Greene was not the author of it; it would have been the height of weakness, considering that the satire was aimed at Shakespeare, for Greene to have travestied a line of his own: by doing so he was extracting the venom from the shaft which was intended to pierce his adversary's breast. On the other hand it is convincing evidence that Shakespeare was the author of the line and, by natural inference, of the play. It is necessary to warn the reader against placing too implicit reliance on Greene's statements; his whole life had been one course of deceit, profligacy, and dishonour; when his jealousy or animosity was aroused against any person he was thoroughly unscrupulous in his use of means to gratify his vindictive feelings, and showed an utter disregard for the truth—in fact he was a man not to be believed on his word. In the charge made against Shakespeare in the *Groatsworth of Wit*,—although it was written on his death-bed—I do not believe there is a scintilla of truth; it was a final effort of traduction—the parting flash of a long, bitter, undying hatred he had conceived against the man (his superior in every respect) whom he had determined never to recognise or acknowledge. The more Greene's character is scrutinised the more repulsive it becomes.

There is another piece of external evidence which has been advanced as proof that Greene was part author of these dramas, and in support of the charge he made in the *Groatsworth of Wit*. It is contained in a poem called

Greene's Funerals, by R. B., Gent. London, 1594. 4to.
Here are the lines :—

“ Greene is the pleasing object of an eye :
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him.
Greene is the ground of every painter's dye :
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him.
Nay, more, *the men that so eclipsed his fame,*
Purloined his plumes : can they deny the same ?”

It is worth noting that Greene's image, “ beautified with our feathers,” is repeated in the last line. Supposing the charge to be true, it would appear there were other sinners beside Shakespeare. Whoever R. B. may have been, it is clear he was of the same kidney as Greene ; the passage in the Address suggested his lines, and there, probably, his knowledge of the matter commenced and ended. Because there are no other known plays, except the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, on which the charge can be so conveniently fixed, is no proof that Shakespeare plagiarised the main body of these two pieces when writing 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, nor does that fact support Greene's accusation. Greene was remarkably sensitive about having his own thoughts stolen, yet he borrowed or “ purloined ” the whole substance of his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* from a poem by Francis Thynne entitled the *Debate between Pride and Lowliness* ; could he have foreseen the use the versatile Johannes factotum was to make of his *Dorastus and Faunia*, there can be no doubt but that our literature would have been enriched with sundry other amenities of the *Groatsworth of Wit* order.

There is a curious history attached to the publication of this last pamphlet of Greene's, which is not altogether

impertinent to this discussion. Before it could be printed death had terminated Greene's disreputable career; but he had apparently left instructions that it should be published, and it was seen through the press by Henry Chettle, a dramatist of some repute. On its publication it made somewhat of a sensation, and gave great offence to Marlowe, Shakespeare, and others; and Chettle, who seems to have been a respectable man, afterwards felt sorry that he had been the medium that circulated the the thing which caused offence to those men. In his next pamphlet, *Kind-Heart's Dream*, entered Dec. 8, 1592, he prefixed an Address to the Gentlemen Readers, wherein he explains his share in the transaction, and offers an apology for the offence he had unintentionally given. He says:—"I had only in the copy this share; it [*i.e.* the *Groatsworth of Wit*] was ill-written as sometimes Greene's hand was none of the best; licensed it must be, ere it could be printed, which could never be if it might not be read: To be brief, I writ it over, and, as near as I could, followed the copy, only in that letter [*i.e.* the Address to the dramatists] I *put something out*, but in the whole book not a word in." This is a remarkable passage, and has not received the attention it deserves. Chettle distinctly says he "put something out" of the Address prefixed to the *Groatsworth of Wit*. How are the words to be taken? Did he mean that something was left out because it was too illegible to understand, or because it was scurrilous and personal to be printed? I think the latter reason is the more probable. Then, what was it he left out? It has been shown that in the Address Greene refers to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and

covertly to Shakespeare; the first three he addresses in a spirit of sorrowful remonstrance—there is no spite or venom in his words; in Shakespeare's case it is entirely different; it seems as if Greene had concentrated all his energy for this final thrust at his great rival—envy and bitter malevolence, combined with a charge which to an upright man would be insupportable, are in the words he applies to him. Then, I say, by fair inference, this "something put out" referred to Shakespeare, and was of such a libellous nature that Chettle, through fear, or more probably from that innate uprightness which seems to have been part of his character, thought fit to avail himself of an editor's license and suppress it. Much as Chettle's memory may be respected, posterity will not thank him for suppressing even an abusive fragment, which might otherwise have been added to our scant knowledge of Shakespeare's early career. I for one wish it had not been destroyed.

It would appear that Chettle was unacquainted, at the time, with two of the persons, Marlowe and Shakespeare, mentioned in Greene's address. In his pamphlet, *u.s.* he says,—“With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them [? Marlowe] I care not if I never be. The other [? Shakespeare] whom at that time *I did not spare so much* as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead; that I did not, I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because *myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship*

have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." This passage is remarkable, coming from so honest a man as Chettle appears to have been. He actually apologises to the "upstart crow" for having innocently been the means of causing him annoyance. Would he have done so, had he believed Greene's words and the vile charge contained in them to have been true? There can be no doubt that Chettle—who since the publication of Greene's lying pamphlet had probably become acquainted with Shakespeare—did not believe the charge to be true, and therefore made the only amend an honourable man could do who had committed an innocent mistake. What a contrast there is between the candour of Chettle and the dishonesty of Greene! Chettle's words "the other, whom at that time I *did not spare so much* as since I wish I had," confirms the correctness of my surmise that the "something put out" of the Address related to Shakespeare, and was grossly abusive.

Another piece of external evidence thought by some critics to be favourable to Greene's claim, is that the *True Tragedy* was acted by the Earl of Pembroke's men. The notion is founded on the want of a proper knowledge of the stage history of the time. It has been asserted in a haphazard sort of way, that "Greene wrote, Nash tells us, more than four other [*i.e.* plays] for Lord Pembroke's company;" this statement I venture to contradict: it is a mistake. Nash said Greene was "chief agent of the company [*i.e.* the Queen's] for he wrote more than four other." The fact is, Greene wrote for no other company than the Queen's except in one instance, that of *George*

a *Greene*, a play attributed to him, which was acted as the title-page says by the servants of the Earl of Sussex. There is an ill-authenticated tradition that he first sold his *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's men, and while they were travelling in the country, re-sold it to the Admiral's men ; the circumstance is probable, and not unworthy of him, but that he ever wrote for Pembroke's company, or that they ever acted one of his plays is certainly a mistake ; there is not a particle of evidence to support the notion. This is the external evidence in favour of Greene's claim to the authorship of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*.

The internal evidence has now to be considered. This evidence consists of style, thought, expression, imagery, characterisation, and versification. The reader who is moderately familiar with Greene's plays cannot fail to notice the totally different style between these plays and his work ; and fallacious as the test of style necessarily must be in enabling a critic to arrive at a definite conclusion as to whether a piece was written by this or that particular author, I think there is sufficient evidence in this case to justify the assertion that Greene had no hand in their composition. Greene's style, shortly put, consists of an epic rather than a dramatic form of composition ; there is a level mediocrity in his dialogue which runs on, like a stream through a flat country, without ebb or flow ; never rising to grandeur or sinking below a certain level. Monotony, rather than turbulence, is the general characteristic of his blank verse. He has no profundity of thought ; his expression on the whole is graceful and felicitous, sometimes poetical, but lacks originality, and

is of too uniform a nature. Emotional pathos, and the art of expressing the grandeur and power of the deeper passions of the human heart, were clearly beyond his reach. His imagery, for the most part, is tame and flat. His situations are, at times, well conceived, but the initial conception is not sustained; they fail for want of that dramatic coherency which is so necessary to the success of a play whether it be intended for the closet or the stage. Characterisation is, unquestionably, the most important point in the composition of a drama, but in this respect Greene is lamentably weak; his characters, it is true, are correctly drawn, but they are stiff and formal, and wanting in animation; in a word, there is too much of the lay figure about them. Greene's versification is neither better or much worse than the versification of his contemporary poets; its chief feature is carelessness; weak and slipshod lines appear to be the rule, gracefulness and ease in the flow of rhythm the exception. Metrical fluency was not his forte; neither was it, with one exception, of his contemporaries; blank verse had not then acquired the ease and vigour which it afterwards attained in the hands of Shakespeare and a few other dramatists. With him an end-stopped line is the rule, a run-on line the exception; Greene also indulged in a liberal use of rhyme. The small percentage of rhyme in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* has been offered as a proof against Shakespeare's authorship of the plays, but the same objection may be alleged against Greene; in his *James IV.* rhyme abounds, and in *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, nearly every speech, of any considerable length, ends with a rhyming couplet. The above characteristics

are at absolute variance with those of these two plays ; let the reader make a comparison and found his opinion on the result.

Coming to more particular forms of style, grammatical structure, thought, and expression, several particulars have been pointed out as characteristic of Greene's method of work. The first of these is the frequent use he makes of the expression "for to". Some twenty-five years ago Mr. Grant White was the first to draw attention to this trade mark of Greene's. Working independently in the same direction I made a similar discovery, and pointed it out, as being eminently characteristic of Greene, in my introduction to a reprint of *Lord Cromwell*. I am not familiar with any dramatist who habitually indulges in this peculiarity to such an extent as Greene does. In his six plays "for to" occurs ninety-two times (in one play, *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, it is found fifty-eight times), being an average of sixteen times to each play. Greene, however, is not isolated in the use of the phrase, for other authors use it although not to anything like the extent he does. It is used by Lodge, Peele, Kyd, Marlowe, and occasionally by Shakespeare ; it is also found in the *Taming of a Shrew*, *King Lear*, the old *King John*, *Arden of Feversham*, *Lochrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *London Prodigal*, *Fair Em*, and *Mucedorus*. It will be seen from the authors and plays quoted that the expression is principally confined to dramas written prior to 1595 (although it continued to be used occasionally for some years after that date), and that may account for it being so seldom found in Shakespeare. "For to" occurs five times in the *Contention*, viz., i. 1, 3, 4 (*bis*), ii. 2, and

four times in the *True Tragedy*, viz., ii. 4, iii. 1, iv. 6, v. 4; on the strength of its occurrence it has been assumed that Greene was part author of these plays. To me the assumption is not conclusive, and seems too rigid an application of the test in face of the evidence given of the use of the expression by Greene's contemporaries; had the phrase been frequent, the conclusion would have been pertinent and worthy of consideration, but when it is found only nine times in about four thousand lines it is surely overstraining the point, especially with the fact before us that Greene used it nine times in fifteen hundred lines. On the same line of argument some of the "for to's" might be Kyd's, Peele's, Lodge's, Marlowe's, or even Shakespeare's, and so allot portions of the plays to each of those dramatists. The expression is certainly characteristic of Greene, but the test is only of value in discovering his work when the expression is of very frequent occurrence, then I hold it to be supreme: applied to these plays the test is worthless.

There is a grammatical peculiarity or inaccuracy about the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* which cannot fail to strike those who read them in the original or a verbatim reprint; I allude to the frequent occurrence of a plural noun coupled to a singular verb, thus:—

"Bewfords fierie eyes *shoves* his enuious minde." *Con.* iii. 1.

"His currish riddles *sorts* not with this place." *True. Trag.* v. 5.

further, it is to be noted that this peculiar construction is more frequent in the *Contention* than the *True Tragedy*. The same thing is habitually done by Greene, also occasionally by Marlowe, and the circumstance has been adduced as a proof that Greene was concerned in writing

these dramas. The argument is not of much weight, for it seems to have been the custom among sixteenth century dramatists, and therefore could hardly have been considered an inaccuracy. Shakespeare, as Dyce has pointed out, often uses a plural noun and a singular verb, and other dramatists do the same thing; this shows that Greene was not singular in the use of this peculiar construction, also that nothing definite can be drawn from the fact that it occurs in these plays and his or any other dramatist. The habit was general rather than individual.

Greene seems to have been remarkably fond of using the word "countervaile"; Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says it occurs twenty times in Greene's *Card of Fancie*, 1584, and I have found it in his *Friar Bacon*. That is considered another proof of Greene's partnership in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*; the conclusion is rather unfortunate, for in point of fact it proves nothing except that Greene used the word, as did other writers. It is used twice by Shakespeare, and I have found it in Nash, Kyd, and Marlowe, and I dare say a further search would reveal it in other writers.

Among the general resemblances between these plays and Greene's relied on by the advocates of a part authorship by Greene, the following may be mentioned. In the *Contention*, iv. 1, occurs the following lines:—

" This villain here, being but captain of a pinnace,
Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great *Macedonian pirate*."

In 2 *Henry VI.* iv. 1, the passage stands thus:—

" This villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate*."

Why Abradas of the *Contention* was changed to Bargarulus in 2 *Henry VI.* it is not necessary here to enquire; but it seems, except in the line in the *Contention*, the name occurs only once in our literature, *i.e.* in Greene's pamphlet called *Penelope's Web*, 1587. The allusion runs thus:—"Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." On the strength of this verbal similarity it is thought that Greene must have written the scene which contains the passage. The coincidence is singular rather than conclusive.

In the *True Tragedy*, iv. 2, Clarence and Warwick lay a plot to surprise and kidnap King Edward; in the old editions there is no division or change of scene and the reader is left to suppose that the one scene takes in the encampments of the two parties, and that the assailing party simply cross the stage from their own camp to the tent of King Edward. Of course this requires a strong effort of imagination on the reader's part, and has the appearance of bad constructive skill on the part of the author. In Greene's play *George a Greene* p. 262-5, ed. Dyce, a similar demand is made on the imagination, therefore on account of this similarity of method it is concluded that Greene must have written the scene. I do not view the matter in that light. The fact is, these plays have come down to us in such a botched and mutilated condition that it is well nigh impossible to form a definite conclusion on the point. I refuse to believe that the scene as printed in Q, 1594, stood so in the author's MS., indeed I feel sure that the proper division of scene therein was marked by "Exeunt" after "God and Saint

George," and the new scene commenced with "Enter Warwick, Clarence," etc.; in fact the context seems to intimate such a change:—

“ And now what rests but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
(His soldiers lurking in the town about)
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure;
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.”

In the Folio play the division of scene is marked, and a dialogue of some twenty lines, between the watchmen guarding King Edward's tent, is interposed, thus removing the strain on the reader's imagination, and giving the scene a finished and workmanlike rotundity. Nevertheless the fact remains that it is not so in the old play. Whether the omission was due to the author, or to the carelessness of the scribe who surreptitiously procured the copy, or whether it is the result of a later revision by the author, it is impossible to say. If it was due to the author, it shows that the play belongs to an early period of dramatic art—certainly not later than 1589—and that the author was a young and inexperienced writer; however, I see no insuperable objection to the theory of a later revision, although I incline to the belief that the omission is chargeable to the blundering of the botcher. The odd feature about this charge of bad workmanship—the non-marking of the change of scene, etc.—is, that the scene is attributed to Marlowe, and an instance of a similar kind adduced from a work by Greene.

After the test of style, that of characterisation furnishes the most conclusive proof that Greene had no hand in the

composition of these plays. Leaving out of consideration the most important and striking characters such as King Henry VI., Richard, York, Beaufort, Warwick, Suffolk, the two Cliffords, Duke Humphrey, Margaret, and the Duchess of Gloster, which are as much beyond Greene's power of conception, as are the better scenes of the plays above his range of writing, was he sufficient master of portraiture to draw the characters of King Edward IV., Prince Edward, Clarence, Salisbury, Lady Grey, Iden, Jack Cade, or even Sander, and endow them with the lifelike personality they present in these dramas? On the whole, the characterisation in Greene's plays is weak, in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* it is the reverse, even in such obscure characters as those composing Cade's rabblement, or the Armourer and his man Peter, Greene has left nothing comparable to these, and I do not know of a single character in his plays which could be bracketed with any one in the *Contention* or *True Tragedy*. If a crowning proof, that Greene had no share in these plays, were wanted, it could be found ready to hand in the characterisation, which is as much above his range as Mont Blanc is above Snowden,

Greene's share in these plays is thus apportioned by Miss Lee (*New Shak. Soc. Transactions*, 1875, Part II. pp. 304-6) who in the main insists on a Greene-Marlowe authorship:—*Contention*,—i. 1 part, 2, 3 part, 4; ii. 1, 2 part, 3, 4; iii. 1 part, 2 part; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; v. 1, 2 part (18 lines). *True Tragedy*,—i. 2 part, 3 part, 4 part; ii. 2 part, 4 part, 5: iii. 1, 2 part, 3; iv. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7 part, 8 (doubtful); v. 1, 3, 4 part, 7. For a more minute division, where the authors are

working together on one scene I refer the reader to Miss Lee's interesting essay. To go through these scenes singly for the purpose of destroying Greene's claim to having written them, I hold to be an unthankful although not an impossible labour. So far as the general style is concerned there is so much that is colourless in them, that they might be attributed with as much plausibility to any one of half a dozen dramatists I could mention. As instances in support of this assertion I would point to i. 3, and the first portion of ii. 1, of the *Contention*; these scenes, which are poor enough, have nothing distinctively characteristic of Greene's style, and with equal probability might have been written by his contemporary, R. Wilson. The same may be said of iv. 4, and several other scenes in the *True Tragedy*. On the other hand, it is well nigh impossible that Greene could have written the Cade scenes with their forcible characterisation, and vivid realism, or the terse description of Cade in v. 1; neither was he equal to writing the scene wherein King Edward woos Lady Grey, iii. 2, of the *True Tragedy*. However it is not on isolated scenes like these, but from a survey of the work as a whole, that I base my opinion that Greene was not the author of these contention plays; in every particular there is something beyond his power, and wide apart from his beaten track. If these scenes in question were written by Greene, why are they not paralleled by scenes from his acknowledged works?

Several parallel lines from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and Greene's plays, have already been pointed out; they are not numerous, but it is necessary that

they should be given.—

- “*York.* And when I spy advantage claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit.” *Con.* i. 1.
- “*Sacripant.* Friend only to myself
And to the crown, for that 's the golden mark
Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem.” *Orlando*, i. 1.
- “*Hum.* Pardon, my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart” *Con.* i. 1.
- “*Q. Dor.* A sudden qualm assails my heart. *James IV.* v. 1.
- “*Sir John.* Jesus preserve your majesty.
Eln. My majesty ! why, man, I am but grace.” *Con.* i. 2.
- “*Org.* God save your majesty.
Sac. My majesty !” *Orlando*, p. 93, ed. Dyce.
- “*Suf.* Stay, villain, thy prisoner is a prince.” *Con.* iv. 1.
- “*Sac.* Oh, villain, thou hast slain a prince !” *Orlando*, p. 107.
- “*Rich.* This thirsty sword that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursèd heart.” *T. T.* ii. 4.
- “*Ang.* Slice the tender fillets of my life.” *Orlando*, p. 95.
- “*Beh.* Ay'l so lop thy limbs, that thou 's go with half a knave's carcass to the deil.” *James IV.* Induction.
- “*Rich.* If any spark of life in thee remain,
Down, down to hell and say I sent thee hither.” *T. T.* v. 6.
- “*Alph.* And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear the crown.” *Alphonsus.* ii. 1.

These parallel passages are not numerous or important. The last quotation Mr. Collier considered “a striking coincidence,” and triumphantly attributed the scene to Greene. Miss Lee gives the scene to Marlowe and suggests that he was under the influence of Greene !

Dr. Furnival, speaking of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* has observed,—“There is a markt feature in certain parts which no reader can miss noticing, but which no critic has ever yet assigned to any of the authors he supposes to have been a joint writer of the plays.” This marked feature is the frequent animal allusions and metaphors in the two plays. The same thing occurs in the *Contention*

and *True Tragedy*, although not to such an extent as in 2 and 3 *Henry VI*. Thus,—1, Hawks. 2, Partridges, 3, Falcons, 4, Bears, 4*a*, Bearward, 5, Dogs, 6, Wolves, 7, Foxes, 8, Lamb, 9, Ravens, 10, Wren, 11, Basilisk, 12, Scorpion, 13, Heifer, 14, Puttock, 15, Kite, 16, Lizards, 17, Serpents, 18, Screech-owl, 19, Mule, 20, Sprats, 21, Sheep, 22, Palfrey, 23, Bees, 24, Ostrich, 25, Lions, 26, Phoenix, 27, Doves, 28, Cur, 29, Woodcock, 30, Coney, 31, Adders, 32, Tigers, 33, Tigers of Hyrcania, 34, Neat, 35, Eagle, princely eagle, 36, Steeds, 37, Worm, 38, Venom Toads, 39, Summer flies, 40, Gnats, 41, Deer, 42, Cameleon, 43, Owl, 44, Poor fowl, 45, Night-Crow, 46, Chattering Pies, 47, Coursers, 48, Night-Owl. Whether these animal allusions will render any assistance in solving the authorship of these plays, remains to be seen; the idea is certainly worth working out, and, I think, capable of application. What I now propose doing, is to quote the line or lines in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* where these animal allusions occur, and give, as I deal with each author's claim, parallel allusions from his plays. It is not intended to give all the allusions, but only those that seem pertinent to the quotations from these two plays. Farther on a Table will be found which will materially assist the reader in this matter, and probably suggest new ideas and possible combinations. Here follow parallel animal allusions between the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and Greene's plays.—

1. "How high your hawk did soar," *Con.* II. 1.
"Here's good game for the hawk." *Friar Bacon*, p. 159, ed. Dyce.
2. "And on a sudden soused the partridge down" *Con.* II. 1.
"We'll fly the partridge." *Friar Bacon*, p. 174.

5. "A staff is quickly found to beat a *dog*." *Con* III. 1
 "Compel these *dogs* to keep their tongues in peace." *Alph.* p. 243.
 "Snarl and bite and play the *dog*." *T. T.* v. 6.
 "Like a mad *dog* that for anger bites himself." *Orlando*, p. 133.
6. "She-*wolf* of France, but worse than *wolves* of France." *T. T.* I. 4.
 "Sent forth an eager *wolf* bred up in France." *James IV.* p. 219.
7. "The *fox* barks not when he would steal the lamb." *Con.* III. 1.
 * "The more the *fox* is cursed the better he fares." *Friar Bacon*, p. 173.
8. "So looks the pent-up lion on the *lamb*." *Con.* III. 2.
 "But if the *lamb* should let the lion's way." *James IV.* p. 193.
9. Came he even now to sing a *raven's* note?" *Con.* III. 2.
 "The *ravèning bird* could never plague me worse." *Alphonsus*, p. 226.
11. "Come, *basilisk*,
 And kill the silly gazer with thy looks." *Con.* III. 2.
 "So kills the *basilisk* with sight." *Groatsworth of Wit*, p. 310.
17. "Their music frightful like the *serpent's* hiss." *Con.* III. 2.
 "He plays the *serpent* right." *Looking Glass for London*, p. 144.
21. "For stealing *sheep*." *Con.* IV. 2.
 "Like simple *sheep*." *Alphonsus*, p. 236.
23. "Some say 'tis the *bees* that sting." *Con.* IV. 7.
 "Like a *bee*, Love hath a little sting." *Friar Bacon*, p. 189.
25. "While *lions* war and battle for their dens." *T. T.* II. 5.
 "I know the *lions* are at strife." *James IV.* p. 219.
 "That in their chains fettered the kingly *lion*." *T. T.* v. 7.
 "The *lion* king of brutish beasts," *James IV.* p. 214.
26. "My ashes, like the *phœnix*, may bring forth." *T. T.* I. 4.
 "*Phœnix* feathers,—beauty's *phœnix*." *Orlando*, p. 123.
27. "So *doves* will peck in rescue of their brood." *T. T.* II. 2.
 "Guardian *doves*," *A Maiden's Dream*, p. 286.
31. "Whose tongue more slanderous than the *adder's* tooth." *T. T.* I. 4.
 "The *adder's* tongue not half so dangerous." *Groatsw. of Wit.* p. 310.

* This proverb occurs in the old *King John*, Part 2, iii. 1, a scene ascribed by me to Greene,

32. " Oh, *tiger's* heart wrapped in a woman's hide !" *T. T.* i. 4.
 " And *tigers* train their young ones to their nests." *Orlando*, p. 143.
35. " If thou be that princely *eagle's* bird." *T. T.* ii. 1.
 " To perch whereas the princely *eagle* sat." *Groatsw. of Wit.* p. 310.
36. " Bestride our foaming *steeds.*" *T. T.* ii. 1.
 " Lusty barbed *steeds.*" *Alphonsus*, p. 229.
37. " The smallest *worm* will turn being trodden on."* *T. T.* ii. 2.
 " Nature's looms of labouring *worms.*" *Orlando*, p. 111.
41. " This way, my lord, the *deer* is gone." *T. T.* iv. 4.
 " Alate we ran the *deer.*" *Friar Bacon*, p. 153.
44. " And yet for all that the poor *fowl* was drowned." *T. T.* v. 6.
 " Disdain these little *fowls.*" *James IV.* p. 215.
45. " The night-*crow* cried." *T. T.* v. 6.
 " Hopper-*crow,*" *James IV.* p. 215.

I shall reserve my remarks on this subject until the parallel animal allusions from the authors to whom these plays have been imputed, have been given. Finally, after a further study and reconsideration of the evidence on both sides of the question, I have definitely arrived at the conclusion that Greene had no hand in the composition of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*. It is satisfactory to find that this decision agrees with the opinion of so eminent a critic on our old dramatic literature as Prof. A. W. Ward who, writing of these plays, says :— "That Greene had no share in the old plays on which the 2nd and 3rd parts of *Henry VI.* were founded, will, I think, be evident to any one capable of judging of differences of style ; and it is unnecessary to waste further words on the supposition." (*Hist. Dram. Lit.* vol. 1, p.

* Cf. the address to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*,—" Stop shallow water still running, it will rage ; tread on a worme, and it will turne."

224). Nothing can be added to this critical dictum: the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.

The Shakespearean commentators who have advocated Greene's claim to the authorship, or part authorship, of these plays, are Malone, Drake, Collier, and Gervinus.

Peele's claim has now to be dealt with. The only external evidence in his favour is the passage, already given, in the *Groatsworth of Wit*. The paragraph runs thus:—"And thou [*i.e.* Peele] no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior." Then there is a collected allusion to the three dramatists, but capable of a personal application in each case:—"Unto none of you, like me, sought these burs to cleave; those puppets that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. . . . Is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding," etc. On the strength of this allusion it has been assumed that Greene meant it to be inferred that Peele had a greater or smaller share in the composition of these plays. To me it is matter for surprise that such a construction should ever have been placed on the words; ill-conceived ingenuity has rarely perpetrated such an astounding absurdity: there is absolutely no ground for the assumption. The internal evidence is of much about the same calibre as the external. Some critics have endeavoured to show that there is a similarity or resemblance between the style, thought, expression, construction, characterisation, and versification of these plays and Peele's. The result however has been a miserable failure; indeed, all these attempts are characterised by a half-heartedness which carry with them their own negation. To me it seems

there is a total difference of style, expression, etc., between Peele's works and the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*. There is a greater freedom and refinement of style, a boldness and originality of thought and expression, and a more forcible and natural characterisation in these plays than is to be found in anything Peele has written. There is also a different system of versification, and a greater metrical fluency than Peele any where exhibits, although I admit there is an occasional resemblance; in the flow and rhythm of the verse, to some passages in Peele; but this resemblance proves nothing, for many similar instances could be produced from contemporary plays in which it is known that neither Peele, nor any of the authors reputed to have been concerned in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* had any share, e.g. *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, which takes priority of these plays by some months, from whence could be drawn speech after speech bearing a close affinity in style and cadence to Peele's verse, and that of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*.

It may also be pointed out that there is an occasional resemblance in grammatical structure between these two plays and Peele's; e.g., sometimes a plural noun is coupled to a singular verb, and an adjective used in place of a noun. This peculiarity, as I have already shown, was common to the early Elizabethan dramatists, therefore nothing conclusive can be drawn either for or against Peele's claim to a part authorship. Peele was addicted to the use of the "for to" expression, and that may be taken as an indication that he had some hand in these plays; but the supposition is at once blocked by the fact

that other authors used it as frequently as he did, the premier place being occupied by Greene. As to the characterisation, it is unnecessary to argue the point; if there were no other evidence available, the characters alone would sufficiently demonstrate the absence of Peele's hand. It was as much beyond his power to draw King Henry, Edward, Duke Humphrey, Suffolk, Jack Cade, Elinor, or Lady Grey, as it was for him to create a Hamlet, Macbeth, or Desdemona.

According to Mr. Fleay Peele's share is confined to the *Contention*, and in his opinion the following scenes were written by him, viz.,—i. 2, 3 (except ll. 45-103), 4; ii. 2, 3, 4. Here it will be seen how opinions, in persons capable of forming a sound judgment, differ on the same point, for the same scenes, with the exception of a few lines in i. 3, ii. 3, are assigned by Miss Lee to Greene. In i. 4, Mr. Fleay discovers the phrase "sandy plains," which he terms Peele's trade-mark. The phrase occurs again in i. 4. Peele uses the phrase once, so far as I am aware, in his works, viz., *The Battle of Alcazar*, v. 2; it is also found in the anonymous play of *Jack Straw*, II. 2, 1593. Why the expression should be considered as belonging exclusively to Peele, I do not clearly see; I should have thought any other writer would have been just as likely to use it as he, although, with the exception of the instances above and its double occurrence in the *Contention*, I have not met with it in any other plays. Shakespeare uses "sandy earth" and "sandy plot," but "sandy plains" only in 2 *Henry IV.* I. 4, *bis*.

Miss Lee points out the following passages in the *True Tragedy* as containing "a certain resemblance of thought

- “ Who like a *lamb* fell at the butcher's feet,” *T. T.* ii. 1.
 “ How like poor *lambs* prepared for sacrifice.” *Bat. of Alcazar*, Ind.
9. “ Came he even now to sing a *raven's* note?” *Con.* ii. 1.
 “ Like as the fatal *raven* that in his voice,” etc. *Dav. & Beth.* p. 470.
13. “ Who sees the *heifer* dead and bleeding fresh?” *Con.* ii. 2.
 “ And *heifer*-like thy neck must stoop.” *Edw. I.* p. 408.
17. “ Their music frightful like the *serpent's* hiss,” *Con.* iii. 2.
 “ Adders and *serpents* hiss.” *B. of Alcazar*, ii. 2.
25. “ Under whose shade the ramping *lion* slept.” *T. T.* v. 3.
 “ A *lion* if he ramp and rise.” *Edw. I.* p. 394,
 “ So looks the pent-up *lion*,” *T. T.* i. 3.
 “ A *lion* in a thicket pent,” *Polyhymnia*, p. 571,
26. “ My ashes, like the *phoenix*,” *T. T.* i. 4.
 “ The *phoenix* of our age.” *Arr. of Paris*, v. 1,
28. “ When a *cur* doth grip.” *T. T.* i. 4.
 “ These *curs* that shake thy coat,” *Order of the Garter*, p. 589,
31. “ *Adder's* tooth,” *T. T.* ii. 1.
 “ *Adder's* hiss.” *B. of Alcazar*, ii. 3.
35. “ If thou be that princely *eagle's* bird.” *T. T.* ii. 1,
 “ An *eagle's* bird. *Edw. I.* p. 395,
36. “ Foaming *steeds*.” *T. T.* ii. 1.
 “ Milk-white *steeds*,” *Edw. I.* p. 390.
37. “ The smallest *worm* will turn,” etc. *T. T.* ii. 2.
 “ A pretty *worm*.” *Edw. I.* p. 381,
38. “ Venom *toads*.” *T. T.* ii. 2.
 “ *Toads* and venomous roots.” *Dav. & Beth.* p. 473,
41. “ Here is a *deer*.” *T. T.* iii. 1.
 “ Like to the stricken *deer*.” *Arr. of Paris*, iii. 1,
43. “ The *owl* shrieked at my birth.” *T. T.* v. 6.
 “ The tragic *owl*.” *Dav. & Beth.* p. 482.
44. “ The poor *fowl* was drowned.” *T. T.* v. 6.
 “ Hang in the air for *fowls* to feed upon.” *Edw. I.* p. 406,

Reviewing the external and internal evidence in favour of Peele's claim, it is by no means a difficult matter to arrive at the conclusion that he had no hand in the composition of these plays; the whole style, tone, thought, expression, phraseology, and general treatment run counter to his well defined method of work as exemplified in his acknowledged productions. And I do not see how "any one capable of judging of the differences of style" can avoid arriving at the same conclusion.

Lodge's claim has now to be considered. The only scrap of external evidence in his favour, is the passage in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, which runs thus:—"Young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy." From this, and other obscure allusions about the "puppets that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished with our colours," and "is it not like that you to whom they [*i.e.* the players and the upstart crew] all have been beholding," it is supposed that Lodge wrote some portion of the plays from one of which Greene parodied the line about a tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide. It is also assumed that the Shakescene, the upstart crew beautified with their feathers, had appropriated, or stolen, some of Lodge's work, and passed it off to the players and the public as his own. That the "young Juvenal that lastly with me together writ a comedy" was meant for Lodge there can, I think, be no doubt, for between 1588-90 Lodge joined with Greene in writing *A Looking Glass for London and England*; but that Greene's words furnish any proof, either direct or by presumption, that these two plays were meant in his charge of plagiarism, and that Lodge and the others had any hand

in writing them, I deny absolutely. Supposing Greene's words in the *Groatsworth of Wit* to be true, there is no foundation—except the tiger's-heart line, which has been demolished—to support the hypothesis that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were the plays meant; that such an argument should have been put forth by men like Dyce, Collier, Malone and others, is astounding, and may be regarded as a curiosity of Shakespeare criticism.

The internal evidence is of the usual kind, and appears to me as unfavourable to the assertion that he was part author, as the external evidence. Owing to the fact that only two plays were published under his name, it is, perhaps, rather difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of his merits as a dramatist, or to form a definite opinion on those peculiarities of style, tone, etc., which is so necessary to enable a critic to distinguish work by a writer when it is embedded in work by several other authors. This difficulty, according to my experience, is increased by the fact that there is a great similarity between the literary styles of Lodge and Greene. The two works by Lodge, are the *Wounds of Civil War*, 1594, and *A Looking Glass for London*, 1594, the latter being written jointly with Greene. Judging by those two works I do not discover any affinity between them and the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, either in point of style, thought, phraseology, expression, characterisation, or dramatic treatment. In those idiosyncrasies of style which seem to be inseparable from most authors, dramatic especially, Lodge appears to have been singularly deficient. In his work there are few of those mannerisms, turns of thought, repetitions, or colloquialisms which, in most authors,

form as it were a trade-mark and serve as a fairly safe guide to detecting their work. In his *Wounds of Civil War* he uses the "for to" expression twelve times (it is used nine times in these plays), but no definite conclusion can be drawn from the circumstance, for I have shown that other contemporary dramatists used it even more frequently than he did. Lodge's versification is stiff and formal; as a rule his lines are end-stopped, and a run-on line is the exception; he very seldom gives a line with a redundant or female ending, in fact he seems to have had an objection to the female ending line, for he frequently uses a noun instead of a verb apparently for the purpose of avoiding it. Rhyme occurs in his plays, but its use is not excessive. In the *Wounds of Civil War* there is but little prose; in the *Looking Glass for London* prose and verse are about equal.

The part in these plays attributed to Lodge is confined to the *Contention*, and comprises the following scenes, viz.,—iv. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; v. 1, 2, 3. This portion embraces the rebellion of Jack Cade, which occupies the whole of Act iv. and is mostly written in prose; the death of Cade, v. 1, the death of Clifford, v. 2, and an unimportant scene, v. 3, at the end. This division gives to Lodge the sole conception and development of Cade—one of the most original and striking characters in the play. I cannot bring myself to believe that he was the author of these scenes; there is a realism about them, a permanent vitality in the characters, which seems to me far beyond the scope and genius of Lodge. He has left no indication in his recognised plays that he was capable of such a consummate piece of workmanship, either in

point of characterisation or dramatic force : indeed, the evidence is all the other way. Even in some of the subordinate characters of Cade's rabblement, such as Dick Butcher, Robin, and Nick, there is a lifelike pencilling which declares the hand of a master, and that hand most assuredly was not Lodge's. No dramatist except Shakespeare has left us such scenes,—so instinct with life and reality. V. 2, I think opposite to Lodge's recognised style, rather than beyond his range. Finally, I am compelled to say, although the decision may run counter to the opinion of other critics, that in my judgment Lodge was not the author of the scenes in the *Contention* attributed to him ; and, further, that not the slightest trace of his hand, or manner of work, is to be found in the other portions of these plays.

Kyd's claim to a share in these old plays is of a very shadowy nature. The comic parts of the *Contention* have been attributed to him ; these comprise a portion of i. 3, where the petitioners from Long-Melford appear before the Queen and Suffolk, and mistaking the latter for Duke Humphrey present their petitions to him ; a portion of ii. 1, concerning the Poor man, Sander, whose imposture is unmasked by Duke Humphrey ; and the scenes dealing with Cade's insurrection. These parts have been ascribed to Kyd on the strength of his having written the Sander scenes in the *Taming of A Shrew*, and therefore he was the only one among his contemporary dramatists capable of writing them. There is no doubt that Kyd was the author of the Sander scenes in *A Shrew*, and he may have been capable of writing the petitioner and Poor man scenes in the *Contention* ; yet I do

not think they are his. As to the Cade scenes, on the face of them they are manifestly not Kyd's; they are as much beyond his range as they are beyond Lodge's, and the same argument advanced against Lodge may be urged against Kyd. These scenes were all written by the same hand, but that hand, most assuredly, was not Kyd's, nor Lodge's, nor Greene's. There is no external evidence in favour of Kyd beyond the fact that he wrote for the Queen's men, and later on joined Pembroke's players, therefore on that ground it is supposed that he *might* have had a share in these plays. The internal evidence is confined to the point already mentioned, which taken in its most favourable aspect proves nothing decisively; besides, I do not discover a trace of Kyd's style in the scenes imputed to him, and the mere coincidence of the name Sander being used in *A Shrew* and in the *Contention*, is curious rather than conclusive, and cannot be taken as definite evidence in matters of this kind; such coincidences are not uncommon in literature. I have found several resemblances of thought and expression between Kyd's plays and the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, which I give below, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions from them.—

“*King*. What's the matter that you stay so suddenly?”

Hum. Pardon, my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart.” *Con*, i. 1.

“*Luc*. What ails you, madam, that your colour changes?”

Per. A sudden qualm, I therefore take my leave.” *Sol. & Per*. p. 294.

“Big-swoln venom.” *Con*. i. 1.

“Big-swoln phrases.” *Jeronimo*, Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. IV. p. 851

“I had in charge at my depart for France.” *Con*. i. 1.

“I had in charge at my depart for Spain.” *Jer*. 4. p. 362.

“For so I gave in charge at my depart.” *Span. Trag*. 5. p. 15.

- “ From depth of underground.” *Con.* i. 2.
 “ From depth of underground.” *Span. Trag.* p. 35.
- “ He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.” *T. T.* iii. 2.
 “ The lying’st knave in Christendom.” *Con.* ii. 1.
 “ The braging’st knave in Christendom.” *Sol & Per.* vol. 5. p. 275.
- “ Have you not beadles in your town,
 And things called whips?” *Con.* ii. 1.
 “ And there is Nemesis and furies,
 And things called whips.” *Span. Trag.* p. 105.
- “ Come, basilisk, [*i.e.* cockatrice]
 And kill the silly gazer with thy looks.” *Con.* iii. 2.
 “ What are thy looks but like the cockatrice,
 That seeks to wound poor silly passengers?” *Sol & Per.* p. 299.
- “ As free as heart can think, or tongue can tell.” *Con.* iv. 2.
 “ I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,
 Or mortal hearts can think.” *Span. Trag.* p. 9.
- “ And so he walks insulting o’er his prey.” *T. T.* i. 3.
 “ Yet while the prince, insulting o’er him,
 Breathed out proud vaunts.” *Span. Trag.* p. 14,
- “ Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.” *T. T.* i. 4.
 “ From east to west, from south to the septentrion.” *Sol. & Per.* p. 326.
- “ Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing ’gainst the sun.” *T. T.* ii. 1.
 “ As air-bred eagles if they once perceive
 That any of their brood but close their sight
 When they should gaze against the glorious sun,
 They straightway seize upon then with their talents.” *Sol. & Per.* p. 319.

Of all the dramatists yet mentioned, Marlowe’s claim is, at the first glance, the most formidable, for, as Dr. Ulrici remarks, in point of “grandeur, in power and boldness of spirit, in vigour and energy of will, in freedom of mind and independence of thought, he unquestionably stood next to Shakespeare”; yet I think it can

be demonstrated that he had no share in the writing of these plays. Dyce strenuously insists on a Marlowean authorship of at least one of the plays, the *True Tragedy*. In the preface to his edition of Marlowe, p. xlviiii., he says:—"To the *First Part of the Contention* and the *True Tragedy* Greene may have contributed his share; so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done: but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstratively prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have warrant for supposing that Marlowe was very largely concerned in the *First Part of the Contention* and of the *True Tragedy*; and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it." Then follow the parallel passages in favour of Marlowe, which will be found, with additions, farther on in this Introduction.

The external evidence in favour of Marlowe is limited to two items, viz., the allusion in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and the mention on the title-page of 1595 that the *True Tragedy* was acted by the Earl of Pembroke's players. The allusion in the *Groatsworth of Wit* commences, "thou famous gracer of tragedians," and from what follows it is clear that the reference is to Marlowe; this seems to me the only definite point in the matter. Why it should be further assumed that Marlowe was part author of these plays and that he had been pilfered by the up-start crow and Shakescene, is one of those enigmas which

I do not care about wasting time in attempting to solve. The perversity of some critics is responsible for much of the mist and confusion which has been woven round this celebrated passage. The fact that Greene parodied a line from the *True Tragedy* is surely no proof that he intended to indicate that play as the one which had been plagiarised, or that he and Marlowe were part authors of it, as well as of the *Contention*. The 1595 title-page of the *True Tragedy* says it was acted by Pembroke's players, and the same words appear on the title of Marlowe's *Edward II.*; from this coincidence the conclusion has been drawn that he was the author, or part author, of the former play; the assumption is groundless, and proves nothing except that Marlowe wrote for Pembroke's men. On the contrary the circumstance rather militates against a Greene-Marlowe authorship, for there is no evidence that Greene ever wrote a line for Pembroke's players: he wrote some spiteful lines against them, calling them a "company of taffeta fools" etc., and that seems to be his only connection with them. Besides, if, as I have endeavoured to show, the *True Tragedy* was written in 1589, that fact alone gives the death-blow to the theory that the play was the joint production of Greene and Marlowe, for at that time (early in the year) they were on bad terms with each other, occasioned by Marlowe leaving Greene's company, the Queen's, and joining Pembroke's. So much for the external evidence, which to my mind is insuperable against Marlowe's claim.

The internal evidence consists of style, thought, expression, imagery, characterisation, versification, parallel passages, and animal allusions. These different points

of evidence on careful examination prove, I think, that Marlowe was not connected in any way with the composition of these dramas. The first thing that strikes one on reading the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* is the total dissimilarity of style between them and Marlowe's plays. As an instance in support of this assertion I would point to the murder of Duke Humphrey, *Con.* iii. 2; here is a scene which in point of style, thought, phraseology, and general treatment, is as opposite to Marlowe's method as is "the south to the septentrion". Let those readers who are familiar with Marlowe's style imagine how he would have treated such a scene, and my meaning will be clear. Many passages in this very scene could be pointed out which prove it to be beyond the power, if not beyond the range, of Marlowe. Occasionally one does come across a few lines, which from their turgidness and bombast seem to be cast in his mould, *e.g.* Suffolk's speech in the scene mentioned above p. 55, but they are so rare that I much doubt whether half a dozen examples could be pointed out; the dissonance, however, is transitory and heralds the emergence into a purer and more natural style. Another scene affords even more convincing testimony of what I have said above; I allude to the death of Cardinal Beaufort in iii. 3, of the *Contention*. This scene contains only 21 lines, but for horror and despair, nothing approaching it can be found in all literature, dramatic or otherwise. Could Marlowe have written such a scene? and if not, why should it not be given to a greater master of the awful and sublime than was Marlowe? It is true that the nearest approach to anything of a similar order is

found in Marlowe's death scene of Faustus, but that scene, grand as it is, is immeasurably below the death of Cardinal Beaufort, and three times as long. Had Marlowe attempted a scene like that, he would, judging from his usual style, have prolonged and inflated it with rant and high-flown terms as he did with Faustus. There is some thing great and colossal about Marlowe's genius, but he had not acquired the niceties of his art; he was wanting in a masterly brevity. In my opinion this scene is as much beyond Marlowe's scope and power as are the pastoral scenes in *As You Like It*. Other scenes can be readily pointed out as being opposite to his style and method, if indeed they are not beyond his range; e.g. *True Tragedy*, i. 4, Clifford's speech, "My gracious lord, this too much lenity," ii. 2, ii. 6, "Here burns my candle out," Gloster's speech, "Ay, Edward will use women honourably," iii. 2, Warwick's speech, "Ah, who is nigh?" v. 2, and the crowning speech of Gloster in v. 6. Is it possible to conceive Marlowe writing such a speech as the following one by York in the *True Tragedy*, i. 4?

" 'Tis beauty that oft make women proud,
 But God he wots thy share thereof is small:
 'Tis government that makes them most admired,
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at;
 'Tis virtue that makes them seem divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable,
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou indurate, stern, rough, remorseless,

Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
 Wouldst have me weep? why so thou hast thy wish,
 For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
 And when the rage allays the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obesequies,
 And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
 On thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman."

If these speeches are by Marlowe, as some people assert, why are they not paralleled by passages, equalling them in merit, from his works? My study of Marlowe has not discovered anything approaching them in style, thought, expression, or fluency of rhythm, therefore I cannot bring myself to believe that he wrote them. Here is a very favourable specimen of Marlowe's style; it is neither the best nor the worst that could be chosen, but may be taken as an average sample; it is from the Second Part of *Tamburlaine*, ii. 4:—

"*Tamb.* Black is the beauty of the brightest day;
 The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,
 That danced with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams;
 And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night.
 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers,
 And tempered every soul with lively heat,
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,
 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death,
 Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven,
 As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate,
 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens,
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates

Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 The cherubims and holy seraphims,
 That sing and play before the King of kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 And in this sweet and curious harmony,
 The God that tunes this music to our souls,
 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
 To entertain divine Zenocrate.
 Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
 Up to the palace of th' empyreal heaven,
 That this my life may be as short to me
 As are the days of sweet Zenocrate."

From this speech, which will also serve as the basis for an examination of Marlowe's system of versification, it will be seen that he occasionally fell into the habit, common to several other dramatists, of repeating himself: mark how he plays on the line,—“To entertain divine Zenocrate.” Instances of such repetitions occur frequently in his works; the following are pointed out by Dyce in his edition of Marlowe, p. 245.—

“I'll fire his crazèd buildings, and enforce
 The papal towers to kiss the lowly earth.” *Mas. of Par.* p. 245.

“I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
 The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground.” *Edw. II.* p. 189.

“Highly scorning that the lowly earth,” etc. *Ib.* 212.

I point out this peculiarity on account of the numerous repetitions occurring in the *Contention and True Tragedy*; this matter will be again reverted to later on.

The opening lines of the above speech strike me as bearing some resemblance to the first lines of scene i. of 1 *Henry VI.* It is now necessary to make a short examination of Marlowe's versification, for the purpose of

comparison with the versification of the two plays under discussion; the speech already quoted will serve, and be handy for reference. Of all his predecessors and contemporaries, Shakespeare excepted, he was by far the greatest master of blank verse, so far as vigour, ease, and rhythm are concerned. Occasionally there is a stiffness in his verse, or a lame, slipshod line, but upon the whole it must be admitted that he handled the five foot iambic unrhymed verse with a greater freedom and boldness than any writer had hitherto done. The speech just given contains 37 lines; on a scrutiny it is found that 30 lines have a pause at the end, and 7 are unstopped; later in his career Marlowe, like Shakespeare, decreased the percentage of end-stopped lines and increased the unstopped ones. Again, 34 lines end with an emphatic or accented word or syllable, while the remaining 3 lines have a redundant or female ending; also note that line 7 commences with a trochee; also that the cæsura invariably falls on the fourth syllable, except in lines 7 and 28 wherein the pause is at the end of the fifth syllable, thus forming a sort of mid-line feminine ending. By the use of these metrical artifices a monotonous cadence was avoided, and a greater variety of rhythm obtained, thus giving to the dialogue the ease and flow of natural talk. Two rhyming couplets are in the speech. In the Prologue to 1 *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe professed to have shaken himself free "From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits," and certainly rhyme is used very sparingly in his plays, when it is remembered that it was a rhyming period. This sparing use of rhyme coupled with a similar abstinence in the *Contention* and

True Tragedy, is one of the arguments relied on by those who advocate a Marlowean authorship of those plays. An examination proves rather unfavourable to the assumption. In 1 *Tamburlaine*, which contains about 2650 lines, there are 24 rhymed lines; in the Second Part, with 2600 lines, there are 30 rhymed lines. The percentage in the First Part is about 1 rhyming couplet to every 220 lines; in the Second Part it is 1 in 172 lines. In the *Contention*, with 1993 ll., there are 40 rhymed lines, being 1 rhyming couplet to every 98 lines; the total lines in the *True Tragedy* is 2065 with 55 rhymed lines, being 1 rhyming couplet to every 76 lines. In Marlowe's later plays rhyme becomes even less frequent, so that the test applied to the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* proves, contrary to all previous investigation, that Marlowe could not have been the author of them. I have not applied other verse tests to these plays, for it is needless to accumulate proofs where, on the face of it, it is self evident that the versification of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* is not Marlowe's versification.

There are several minor points, which have been urged in support of Marlowe's authorship, yet to be disposed of; *i.e.* the "for to" expression, the use of a plural noun coupled to a singular verb; but these, as I have already shown, were used more or less frequently by most of the Elizabethan dramatists, and therefore are worthless in deciding questions of disputed authorship.

The characterisation has now to be considered. Here the questions arise,—Which of the characters are due to the conception of Marlowe? and, do they bear any resemblance to the characters in his acknowledged

works? The comic characters are at once ruled out of discussion by the fact that Marlowe had no bent for comedy, notwithstanding the pompous statement of the printer of *Tamburlaine* who, addressing the gentlemen readers, says,—“ I have purposely omitted and left out *some fond and frivolous gestures*, digressing, and in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter, which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at.” If the comic personages are not Marlowe’s, the serious ones must be examined, taking only those of importance such as King Henry, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal Beaufort, York, Edward, Richard, the two Cliffords, Suffolk, and Queen Margaret. Here is a varied portrait gallery requiring no little skill on the artist’s part to pourtray their characters as they appear in the pages of these old plays. Which of these are due to the genius of Marlowe? The character of King Henry has received some salient touches, does he bear the stamp as coming from Marlowe’s mint? if so, would he have drawn him the meek, pious, peaceful, weak being he is here represented to have been? Marlowe’s energy and towering ambition for all that was greatly grand and eminently bad, would have turned from the creation of such a creature in disgust; or had he drawn such a character he would have branded him as a sycophant, a maudlin driveller, totally unfitted for the position in which he was placed, and therefore to be pushed into the background in well merited contempt. As proof, compare the death of King Henry with the death of Marlowe’s Edward II. There

is a sharp contrast between the pious feebleness of Henry and the passionate energy and unscrupulous villainy of Richard, demanding and displaying great versatility on the part of the dramatist. Did Marlowe possess this genius? Can he be credited with the conception of this stupendous being whose character may be summed up as a compound of courage, brutal wickedness, hypocrisy, and sarcastic villainy? He has left nothing in his undisputed works that would lend even a colourable support to the affirmative answer. Cardinal Beaufort does not make a long or frequent appearance in the scenes of the *Contention*, yet his character is as distinctly drawn as if double the number of pages had been devoted to him, and there is great subtilty and psychological power shown in developing his aggrandising and unscrupulous nature; nothing at all approaching him is to be found in Marlowe's dramas, in fact his prelates upon the whole are tame and colourless. The same may be said of York and the two Cliffords; and the creation of such a character as the good Duke Humphrey was as impossible to him as was that of King Henry; yet the *Contention* could not have been written later than 1588, and between that date and 1593, the year of his death, he must have had ample time and opportunity for maturing his skill in characterisation. That he did improve in that respect is beyond doubt, and the advance he made may be seen in his *Edward II.*, but I contend that the great characters in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are infinitely better, in every respect, than the best that can be found in that play. Marlowe could, and did, create and delineate great, nay stupendous characters—Faustus for instance

—but that he could conceive such characters as Henry, Duke Humphrey, York, Richard, or Suffolk who required, and received, in their delineation something more than matchless power and energy could give them, I hold to be as much beyond his scope as it was beyond his genius. Queen Margaret too, the Cassandra like being who hovers like an evil destiny over the whole contention, is not a Marlowean character. Marlowe has left no great women, either good or evil, in his plays; Zenocrate, Abigail, and Queen Isabel are the only types he has drawn and they are weak and insipid enough; it is, therefore, unreasonable to conclude that he was unable to pourtray, faithfully and consistantly, such a jealous, disloyal, vindictive, bloodthirsty woman as was Queen Margaret.

The resemblances of thought and expression between Marlowe's works and the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, are more numerous and important than in Greene's case; the parallel passages pointed out by Dyce, with such as I have been able to add to them, are given below.—

“The big-swoln venom of thy hateful heart.” *Con.* i. 1.

“To stop the malice of his envious heart.” *Mas. at Paris*, i. 1.

“Watch thou and wake when others be asleep.” *Con.* i. 1.

“For this I wake when others think I sleep.” *Mas. at Par.* i. 1.

“But still must be protected like a child,
And governed by that ambitious duke.” *Con.* i. 3.

“As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.” *Edw. II.* iii. 2.

“I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
And stol'st away our lady's heart in France.” *Con.* i. 3.

“Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France.” *Edw. II.* v. 5.

- “ Even to my death, for I have lived too long.” *Con.* ii. 3.
- “ Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived.” *Edw. II.* v. 6.
- “ The wild O’ Neal, my lord, is up in arms,
With troops of Irish kerns, that, uncontrolled,
Do plant themselves within the English pale.” *Con.* iii. 1.
- “ The wild O’ Neal, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Live uncontrolled within the English pale.” *Edw. II.* ii. 2.
- “ Thrice by awkward winds driven back.” *Con.* iii. 2,
“ Awkward winds, and tempests sore driven.” *Edw. II.* iv. 6.
- “ *War.* I cannot choose but he was murdered.
Queen. Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they, I trust, sir, are no murderers. . . .
Car. But have you no greater proof than this?” *Con.* iii. 2.
- “ *Y. Mor.* Who is the man dares say I murdered him?
K. Edw. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, ’t was thou that murdered’st him.
Y. Mor. But has your grace no other proof than this!” *Edw. II.* v. 6.
- “ I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.” *T. T.* i. 1.
“ I will strike,
And cleave him to the channel with my sword.” *2 Tam.* i. 3.
- “ Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas.” *T. T.* i. 1.
“ The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.” *Edw. II.* ii. 2.
- “ *Queen.* Look, York, I dipped this napkin in the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier’s point
Made issue from the bosom of thy boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.” *T. T.* i. 4.
- “ *K. Edw.* Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;
[Gives a handkerchief.
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.” *Edw. II.* v. 1.
- “ Tigers of Hyrcania.” *T. T.* i. 4.
- “ Tigers of Hyrcania gave the suck.” *Dido*, v. 1.
- “ How often did I see him bear himself
As doth a lion amidst a herd of neat.” *T. T.* ii. 1.

- “ As princely lions when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws and threat'ning herds of neat.” 1 *Tam.* i. 2.
- “ Sweet Duke of York, our only prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for us.” *T. T.* ii. 1.
- “ Sweet Duke of Guise, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art dead there is no stay for us.” *Mas. at Par.* sc. 23.
- “ Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.” *T. T.* v. 2.
- “ A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.” *Edw. II.* ii. 2.
- “ What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster,
Sink into the ground? I thought it would have mounted.” *T. T.* v. 6.
- “ And highly scorning that the lowly earth,
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.” *Edw. II.* v. 1.
- “ Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?” *Edw. II.* i. 1.

I now give the parallel animal allusions in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and Marlowe's plays.

5. ‘ Snarl and bite and play the *dog*.’ *T. T.* v. 1.
‘ Pull the tripple-headed *dog* from hell.’ 1 *Tam.* i. 2.
6. ‘ Whilst *wolves* stand snarring who shall bite him first.’ *Con.* iii. 1.
‘ For he 's a lamb encompassèd with *wolves*.’ *Jew of Malta*, v. 1.
7. ‘ The *fox* barks not when he would steal the lamb.’ *Con.* iii. 1.
‘ Like a *fox* in midst of harvest-time,
Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers.’ 1 *Tam.* i. 1.
8. ‘ So looks the pent-up lion on the *lamb*.’ *T. T.* i. 3.
‘ A *lamb* encompassèd with *wolves*.’ *Jew.* v. 1.
9. ‘ Came he even now to sing a *raven's* note?’ *Con.* iii. 2.
‘ Thus like the sad presaging *raven* that tells
‘ The sick man's passport in his hollow beak.’ *Jew.* ii. 1.
10. ‘ Thinks he that the chirping of a *wren*.’ *Con.* iii. 2.
‘ The *wren* may strive against the lion's strength.’ *Jew.* v. 3.
17. ‘ Who 'scapes the lurking *serpent's* mortal sting?’ *T. T.* ii. 2.
‘ The jaws of *serpents* venomous.’ 1 *Tam.* iii. 3.

21. 'For stealing *sheep*.' *Con.* iv. 2,
'Seven thousand *sheep*.' *Jew*, i. 1.
23. 'Like an angry hive of *bees*.' *Con.* iii. 2.
'Like labouring *bees*.' *Dido*, p. 270.
25. 'As doth a *lion* 'midst a herd of neat.' *T. T.* ii. 1.
'As princely *lions* when they rouse themselves,
Stretching their paws and threatening herds of neat.' 1 *Tam.* i. 3.
'That in their chains fettered the kingly *lion*,
And made the forest tremble when he roared.' *T. T.* v. 7.
'When the imperial *lion*'s flesh is gored,
He rends and tares it with his wrathful paw.' *Edw. II.* v. 1.
27. '*Doves* will peck in rescue of their brood.' *T. T.* ii. 2.
'More of the serpent than the *dove*.' *Jew*, ii. 3.
31. 'Whose tongue more sland'rous than the *adder*'s tooth.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'*Adders* and serpents, let me breathe awhile.' *Faustus*, p 102.
32. 'Oh, *tiger*'s heart wrapped in a woman's hide!' *T. T.* 1. 4.
'More safety is there in a *tiger*'s jaws,
Than his embracements.' *Edw. II.* v. 1.
33. '*Tigers* of Hyrcania.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'*Tigers* of Hyrcania.' *Dido*, v. 1
34. 'As doth a lion 'midst a herd of neat.' *T. T.* ii. 1.
'Princely lions . . . threat'ning herds of neat.' 1. *Tam.* i. 2.
35. 'If thou be that princely *eagle*'s bird.' *T. T.* ii. 1.
'Drawn with princely *eagles*.' 2 *Tam.* iv. 3.
'Whose arms gave shelter to the princely *eagle*.' *T. T.* v. 2.
'On whose top branches kingly *eagles* perch.' *Edw. II.* ii. 2.
36. 'Bestride our foaming *steeds*.' *T. T.* ii. 1.
'Winged *steeds*.' 1 *Tam.* iii. 2 'Barbarian *steeds*.' 2 *Tam.* i. 2.
41. 'Here is a *deer*, his skin is a keeper's fee.' *T. T.* iii. 1.
'Now have we got the fatal struggling *deer*.' *Mas. at Par.* 1. 4.
44. 'The poor *fowl* was drowned.' *T. T.* v. 6.
'Lovely water-*fowl*.' *Dido*, iv. 5. 'Winged *fowls*.' *Edw. II.* v. 3.
48. 'Like the *night-owl*'s lazy flight.' *T. T.* ii. 1.
'Must I be vexed like the *nightly-bird*?' *Edw. II.* v. 3.

On taking a final survey of the evidence adduced in favour of Marlowe's claim to a share in these plays, my original opinion, that he had no hand in them, is confirmed; and I do not think it would be a difficult matter to prove on æsthetic grounds the same conclusion.

The great turning point in the discussion of the authorship of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* has now been reached, and Shakespeare's title to their composition has to be considered. At the outset I nail my colours to the mast by saying emphatically that I believe Shakespeare to be sole author of them: that they are imperfect reports, surreptitiously obtained and piratically published, of the Second and Third Parts of his *Henry VI.* This assertion will necessitate a short digression from the main thread of this argument, for the purpose of offering a few remarks on the First Part of *Henry VI.*, and its relation to the plays here reprinted. There is no edition of the First Part of *Henry VI.* earlier than the Folio of 1623, but the internal evidence proves that it must have been written at a very early date, I should say fully thirty-five years before it was published in the Folio. That would give the year 1588, probably about the middle, as the time of writing, certainly not later nor much earlier; this hypothesis is strengthened by the structure of the blank verse which is of that stiff, formal nature which was the vogue at the time; it is also to be observed that the verse lines, with some few exceptions, have a pause at the end, another sign of early origin. The number of rhymes, 314, is deserving of notice and will be commented upon below. There was no entry at Stationers' Hall until the year of the publication of the first Folio,

1623, when it was entered as the *Third Part of Henry VI*; this is curious, and there is probably some secret history behind it yet to be unravelled. I have shown that the *Contention* was entered in 1594, but the *True Tragedy* does not appear to have been entered until 1602 although it had issued from the press in 1595 and 1600. In April 1602 the copyright was assigned by Millington, to whom both plays belonged, to Pavier, and in the assignment they are called "the *First and Second Parts of Henry VI.* ij books"; there is some jugglery in the transaction, but there can be no doubt that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* were the plays meant. Beyond doubt Pavier's 1 and 2 *Henry VI.* was the embryo, gradually developing year by year by additions obtained at the theatre, of the *Whole Contention* published by Pavier in 1619 as "Written by William Shakespeare, Gent." Now if the play known as the *First Part of Henry VI.* had no connection with, or bearing upon, these plays, why did Messrs Heminge and Condell enter it as the *third part of Henry VI*? The circumstance explains itself; the genuine 2 and 3 parts had been pirated, and entered as the *First and Second parts*, the real *First part* coming last was entered as the *Third Part* of the series, although practically the *First Part*. The astonishing fact in the matter is that no pirated edition of the *First Part* was issued; it shows that the theatrical possessors of the MS. had become alive to its value, and were more careful in their custody of it—a lesson probably taught then by Millington's sharp practice. That this play was the initiative of the trilogy I regard as an indisputable fact; and the theory put forth by some critics that it was written *after*

Parts 2 and 3, is a wholly untenable position: that the play was altered and added to at a later date I shall presently show.

The whole race of commentators, with one or two brilliant exceptions, from Rowe to the present time have regarded it with suspicion if not actual contempt, and have more or less vigorously denied a Shakespearean origin. Unsuccessful attempts have been made to father it upon Greene, Peele, Lodge, and Marlowe, singly or the four authors combined. Malone, who was at first inclined to believe in a Shakespearean authorship, afterwards changed his opinion on the ground that Shakespearean passages were not to be found in it! although he admitted such passages did occur occasionally in the second and third parts. Coleridge, in his Lectures, commenting on the opening lines, "Hung be the heavens with black," said, "Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse, even from Shakespeare's earliest dramas, as *Love's Labours Lost* or *Romeo and Juliet*, and then read in the same way this speech, with special attention to the metre; and if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter being written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears—for so has another animal [*i.e.*, Coleridge himself]—but an ear you cannot have, *me judice*." Well, perhaps so, and perhaps not. Let us now look on the other side of the canvas. The play is as well authenticated as many of Shakespeare's other plays. It was published in the first collected edition of his works issued by his personal friends and fellow actors, Heminge and Condell, who were, undoubtedly, men of credit and position, and their attes-

tation, as Dr. Johnson observes, "may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition." How do the commentators explain the action of Heminge and Condell? By supposing they included the play merely for the sake of making the series complete! Does not this shallow explanation expose and demolish the position they have taken up on this question? Besides, who was most likely to be best informed on the subject, Heminge and Condell or the commentators who lived a hundred and fifty years after they and their "fellow Shakespeare" had "walked the way of nature"? Unless their testimony can be disproved, and it has not yet been shaken, I shall continue to believe that Shakespeare wrote the play and that it must form an integral part of his works. It is true that Meres, enumerating Shakespeare's plays in 1598, does not mention *Henry VI.* although he does *Titus Andronicus*, but the fact does not prove that Shakespeare was not the author of the piece; it is quite possible it escaped his memory at the time, or that it was left out by accident on the part of the author or compositor; such omissions are not uncommon in literature. Meres also mentions a play by Shakespeare called *Love's Labours Won*, which has not yet been satisfactorily recognised, for editors and critics apparently differ in their opinion as to which of his plays went under that title. I do not mention this circumstance with the intention of casting any doubt on Meres' testimony, but as a possible instance of that liability to err which is inseparable from all human endeavour. Under these circumstances I shall assume that Heminge and Condell were right, in deed and fact, in

including it in the Folio edition, that Shakespeare was the author of it, and that the period of writing was about the middle of 1588. Here it is necessary to enquire the time of its production on the stage, the company by whom it was acted, and the theatre where it was presented; on these points there is no definite evidence, but I see no reason why a surmise should not be as admissible in this matter as in any other, especially if it be not at variance with such facts as bear upon it.

When Shakespeare left Stratford-on-Avon and came to London, it is universally believed that he found employment in some capacity at the theatre. The date of his leaving his native town is generally fixed at 1585 or 1586, but the theatre or company where he was first engaged is not known. Most theatrical historians attach him to the Chamberlain's company, but the formation of this distinctive set of players does not date before 1594, although it succeeded other sets and the succession is direct, therefore an interregnum of eight or nine years has to be accounted for. In my opinion Shakespeare on coming to London did not then join the company with whom he afterwards identified himself and remained during the whole of his connection with the theatre; I am rather inclined to think that he passed through two or three companies before the final settling down took place. For a long time past there has been a growing disposition in my mind that Shakespeare when he arrived in London, joined the company of players known as the Queen's. What his status was is of no consequence to this discussion; perhaps, as Rowe suggested, it was some menial capacity, but his native energy and genius

would hardly allow him to remain in that position long ; no doubt he rose rapidly as an actor, at the same time laying by that knowledge of stagecraft which afterwards stood him in such good stead. That he learned his craft as dramatic author by touching up and adding to plays by other dramatists, I do not for a moment believe ; it is marvellous how such men as Dyce and others could propound such a theory. Would a novice be selected to touch up and alter such dramas as held possession of the stage in 1588 or a few years before that date ? Would an embryo Leighton or Millais be called upon to alter or improve a work by a master ? The principle in both cases is the same. Later on Shakespeare may have made additions to, and renovated, old plays for his company—Greene called him an “ absolute Johannes Factotum,”—but in my opinion he commenced dramatic author by trying his hand at original composition. In 1586-87 Greene was the chief playwright for the Queen’s men, and there, no doubt, Shakespeare would come in contact with him ; it may be that there was some relation between them as master and pupil, but whether that were so or no, it is very probable that Shakespeare would extract from him all that was likely to be of value to him in the sphere into which his genius was leading him, and there can be no doubt but that he was soon in a position to give Greene a lesson in his own art. While with this company he wrote for them, as I conceive, the First Part of *Henry VI.*, which was played by them at the Theatre in 1588 ; continuing the vein here struck, he wrote for the same company the Second Part, or as Millington ingeniously called it, the *First Part of the Contention, &c.*

It is not difficult to imagine the stir two such pieces would cause in the theatrical world of the day with its vapid, inanimate dramas written, for the most part, in turgid dialogue. Destiny had formed an unhappy conjunction. There was the gentle Shakespeare, overflowing with robust genius and poetic fancy, and the jealous Greene, the conservative representative of the old school of dramatists, in the same company; the one overpeering the other as much as the sun overpeers a rushlight. Such a state of things was not to be borne by Greene who could not tolerate a peer so near his throne: about this time he commenced his virulent attacks on a player-dramatist who has since been identified as Shakespeare. Disgusted with his fellow artist, Shakespeare left the Queen's men—in sorrow, I hope, rather than anger—and joined Pembroke's players, for whom he wrote the Third Part of *Henry VI.*—Millington's *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*—and perhaps other plays. His stay with this company could not have been long, for in the same year, 1589, or 1590 he joined Lord Strange's men and thus worked himself into that path which he trod with such conspicuous ability and success during the remainder of his theatrical career. Before leaving this branch of the subject I cannot too strongly impress upon the reader that the view here taken is purely hypothetical; such evidence as can be offered in support is of a very meagre and indefinite nature,—the theory is evolved by the method of deductions rather than positive testimony; however, I feel certain that time and patient research will in the end confirm and emphasise the justness of the conjecture.

Returning from this digression to the main thread of the argument, it is to be remarked that this play, in all probability, was not distinguished by the title of the *First Part of Henry VI.* until it was printed in the first Folio; previous to that publication it was known simply as *Henry VI.* It was apparently a very popular drama, and frequent revivals took place. According to Henslowe's Diary it was revived by that money-lending manager in 1592, and played at the Rose theatre by Lord Strange's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged. In the Diary it is called *Henry VI.* only. Between Mar. 3, and June 19, 1592, thirteen representations were given, Henslowe's share in the receipts being entered at £3. 6. 8. Affixed to the entry in the Diary are the letters n. e. [*i.e.* new enterlude] which Henslowe usually attached to a new play. It is clear, however, that it was not a new play in the strict sense of the word, but Shakespeare's old Queen's play revived, with the addition, by him, of the Talbot scene. Henslowe, whose conscience was remarkably elastic, by a polite fiction entered it as a new play, and so it was so far as the new scenes were concerned. Nash, writing in 1592, gives his testimony as to the popularity of the drama, especially the new added Talbot scenes. He says,—“How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that after he had laid two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.” (*Pierce Penniless*, p. 60, ed. Shak. Soc. 1842). The Talbot

scenes are the cream of the play, and show the advance Shakespeare had made between 1588 and 1592. It is a peculiar feature of these scenes that rhyme is freely used; that Shakespeare should have temporally returned to the antiquated style of his early contemporaries is singular, but it is no doubt one of those peculiar phases in the evolution of a great genius which is not capable of explanation. This excessive use of rhyme confirms me in my opinion that the Talbot scenes were a later addition to the play: see my remarks below upon the blank verse and rhyming periods.

That Shakespeare was the author of the entire play I think there can be no doubt; the style, thought, expression, phraseology, so far as those idiosyncrasies of composition were likely to be exhibited in an early work, appear to be entirely in his manner. The great mistake is that this drama has been compared with his masterpieces and judged accordingly, instead of being placed beside those of his plays which are known to be among his earliest efforts. I do not claim a high scale of merit for the play, I admit it has faults, and some parts are of a very indifferent nature, but remembering the early period at which it was written and judging by the state of the historical drama at the time, it is assuredly not unworthy of Shakespeare as a beginner. Who except Shakespeare could have written the scene in the Tower, ii. 5, or the scene in the Parliament House, iii. 1, which are redolent with his expressive phraseology, his energy and, as yet, unexpanded power? There is, moreover, a unity of character and action between it and the *Con-
tention* and *True Tragedy* which emphasises Dr. Johnson's

remark on 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, that those plays were not written without a dependence on the First Part. Among modern English Shakespeare scholars who have advocated a Shakespearean authorship of 1 *Henry VI.* stand Charles Knight and Halliwell-Phillipps, so that the coarse remark that no educated Englishman believes Shakespeare wrote the play, must be taken *cum grano*.

I will now draw this long intercalatory section to a close by producing a few passages parallel in thought and expression between 1 *Henry VI.* and some of Shakespeare's plays.—

- ' *Glos.* Out, scarlet hypocrite !' 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3.
- ' *Surry.* Thy ambition, thou scarlet sin,' etc. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.
- ' *Tal.* Thou antic, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.' 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7
- ' *K. Rich.* Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the temples of a king,
Death keeps his court, and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.' *Rich. II.* iii. 2.
- ' Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.' 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1.
- ' The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.' *Oth.* ii. 1
- ' We must return to the court of guard.' *Ant. & Cleo.* iv. 9.
- ' *Mor.* Like lamps whose wasted oil is spent.' 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5.
- ' *Gaunt.* My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted night.' *Rich. II.* i. 3.
- ' *Plan.* Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?
Plan. Ay, sharp and pricking . . .
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.' 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4.
- ' *Val.* The most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow.' *Two Gent. of Ver.* i. 1.
- ' *Tal.* How are we packed and bounded in a pale.' 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2.
- ' Why should we in compass of a pale ?' *Rich. II.* iii. 4.
- ' *Tal.* Then follow thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus !' 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6.
- ' *Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete, . . .
K. Hen. I, Dædalus, my poor boy Icarus.' 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6.

- ' *Suf.* She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.' 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3.
- ' *Rich.* Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won?' *Rich. III.* i. 2.
- ' She is a woman, therefore may be won.' *Tit. And.* ii. 1.
- ' *Glos.* Thou art a pernicious usurer,
Forward by nature, enemy to peace ;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and thy degree.' 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1.
- ' *Sal.* Oft have I seen this haughty cardinal
Swear and forswear himself, and brave it out,
More like a ruffian than a man of church.' *Con.* i. 1.

Malone considered the absence of Shakspeareanisms in 1 *Henry VI.* a proof that the play was not Shakespeare's. What are these but Shakspeareanisms ? more could be given, but this Introduction is already overloaded with quotation, I admit they are not decisive, but in a case where there is a doubt I submit they are of some value, and taken with the other evidence already offered help to make a strong case in Shakespeare's favour.

I have said above that in my opinion Shakespeare was the author of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, and that they are imperfect reports, surreptitiously obtained, of the first sketches of his 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* When I say surreptitiously obtained, I mean that the copy was acquired by other means than from the author's MS. The piratical practice was by no means uncommon at the time, and a successful play was more liable to be stolen than an unsuccessful one. The mode of procedure was this. An unscrupulous publisher—Barabbas* Millington to wit—employed a shorthand writer to attend the theatre and take down the play, or such of it as he could, during

* " Now, Barabbas was a publisher." BYRON.

representation ; when the action and dialogue was brisk, that was a difficult and not always successful operation, so that the copyist was obliged to content himself with such short rough notes as he could take, which were afterwards botched up by himself or some literary hack into something approaching the play as it was given on the stage. This system necessitated many successive attendances at the theatre, and in some instances the actors were approached for the purpose of perfecting the copy ; in the present case I should hardly think that expense was incurred, for the text is far too corrupt. By this means, I conceive, the text of what Millington called the *Contention and True Tragedy* was obtained ; that such was the case I think easy of proof, but I may say that all the corruption, or what seems to us corruption, in the old copies was not due to Millington's botcher. As proof in support of my hypothesis, I submit the following propositions.—1. Words and lines, necessary to the sense, left out. 2. Words and lines misplaced. 3. Metre misarranged. 4. Gaps, where the shorthand writer lost or misheard the words spoken, filled in by a person other than the author of the plays. 5. Different versions of the same passage given in the different editions. 6. Latin scraps omitted. 7. Lines and scenes transposed. I will deal with these propositions in their regular order, and produce instances in support, and offer such remarks on them as may seem necessary. 1. Omissions. These may be divided into three classes. *a.* Words and lines left out necessary to the sense. *b.* Words dropped, whose omission may be due to the scribe or compositor. *c.* Lines and passages in F. but not in Q., whose omission in Q.

may be due to shortening the original version for purposes of stage representation.

a. Lines left out necessary to the sense.—I. 1, of the *Contention* opens thus :—

“ *Eln.* Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 What see'st thou, Duke Humphrey ? King Henry's crown ?
 Reach at it : and if thine arms be too short,
 Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a prince,
 Uncle to the King, and his Protector ?
 Then what shouldst thou lack that might content thy mind ?”

The speech is given thus, in F.—

“ *Duch.* Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fixed on the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What see'st thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchased with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand ; reach at the glorious gold.—
 What, is 't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;
 And, having both together heaved it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven.”

If these two passages be compared, it will at once be self evident that here is not a case of a poet revising or altering another man's work, but a botched and tinkered version of the original. The shorthand writer correctly reported the first two lines, but while these were being taken down four other lines had been spoken which he did not catch, therefore he left them out ; yet those four lines are absolutely necessary to the sense and connection of what follows. Then he catches the words, “ What see'st thou ?” etc., and while the same process is going

on he loses three lines more, and continues the last line he had taken by "Reach at it" etc., giving the sense of what had been spoken, rather than the words. Towards the close of the speech he becomes thoroughly muddled, and extricates himself from the difficulty by writing down sheer nonsense. To me this is convincing proof that these two plays are not original compositions, but garbled shorthand versions of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* Many similar instances could be produced, but one is sufficient to illustrate my argument; others will be found in the notes to the text, or the reader with the two versions of the plays in hand may readily pick out many more.

b. Words whose omission may due to the scribe or compositor.—In the *Contention* the following line reads—

" And bid me advised how I tread."

F. reads:—

" And bid me *be* advised how I tread."

c. Lines in F. but not in Q., whose omission in Q., may be due to shortening the original version for stage representation,—Parts 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* have, respectively, 3032, 2904 lines (Fleay's numbering). It is hardly reasonable to suppose, even in Shakespeare's time, that those two plays would be given on the stage in their entirety. A theatrical audience demands action; which a dramatist with a knowledge of his craft invariably gives them: however intellectual an audience may be, it does not care to sit and listen to a long monologue although it be composed of the finest poetry that was ever written. In our own time we know how plays, even Shakespeare's, are cut down and curtailed for theatrical

representation ; the same practice no doubt prevailed in the sixteenth century. Therefore such lines and passages in speeches which do not actually bear upon the action of the drama, would be excised to bring it within the necessary length. No doubt 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* underwent this operation, and I submit that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are botched and pirated editions of the stage version of those two plays ; they contain, respectively, 1993 and 2065 lines, about the average length for the acting version of a stage play. This will explain the absence of much matter from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* which is given in full in the Folio version of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* An instance, not solitary, may be found in York's "Anjou and Maine" speech in the *Contention*, i. 1. In the Folio the speech has 46 lines, a rather long strain on the attention of an audience ; in the Q's. it is cut down to 24 lines. The first 22 lines of the F. version are not of much importance so far as the action of the play is concerned, therefore it did not appear in the stage version, and for that reason could not be given by Milington's botcher. The line, "Anjou and Maine, both given to the French," occurs twice in the Folio play, and commences the speech in the quarto ; the repetition in F. I am unable to explain, but I cannot think it was due to a second writer who took the two old plays and enlarged them by interpolation into 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, which is the view taken of the matter by some critics. However, I do not think the pirate-botcher should be charged with all the omissions and interpolations with which these two plays are corrupted. For instance,— words and lines in F. but not in Q., may have been the

result of excision or addition on revisal ; on the other hand, some lines and passages in Q. and not in F. may be interpolations by the players who frequently spoke more than was set down for them. Many of our old plays are, in parts, spurious with the extemporaneous nonsense foisted in by the actors, and if we may believe Hamlet's directions to the players, Shakespeare had suffered annoyance from their vulgar license ; such may have been the case with these two dramas, especially the Cade scenes, where, in some instances (*Con.* iv. 7), they differ so materially from F. Again, some scenes are given so correctly that there is little difference, worthy of mention, between Q. and F.

2. Words and lines misplaced.—In the *True Tragedy*, p. 176, there is a speech by Warwick which reads thus :

“ What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.
 Sweet rest his soul !—Fly, lords, and save yourselves ;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.”

To the shallowest observer it must be clear that the rhyming couplet at the commencement of the speech is out of place, and that it has not the remotest connection with what follows. It is also clear that it could not have been placed in its incongruous position by the author of the play, but that it had been so located by some ignoramus who had heard the words spoken and had written them down but afterwards became muddled in his notes, and being either too ignorant or too lazy to seek for their proper place, inserted them in what he thought the most convenient place ; very possibly he imagined the moralising in them appropriate to Warwick's last speech,

thereby furnishing the best evidence as to the means by which the text of the play was acquired. On turning to the Folio we find things very different; there we meet with the same couplet in its proper place, in fact in the only place in which it can stand if it is to bear any sort of connection with the context. There it is to be found at the end of Warwick's soliloquy, "Ah, who is nigh?" 3 *Henry VI.* v. 2, which is its right place, and where it assuredly was placed by the author of the play, and where it was spoken by the actor on the stage.

3. Metre wrongly arranged.—In many parts of these plays, but more especially in the *Contention*, verse is often found printed as prose and prose arranged as verse; from this circumstance nothing conclusive can be drawn, for it was a common practice at the time and is frequently met with in old plays. On the other hand there are passages which are in verse and so printed, but which have suffered, at the hands of some one, a wrong metrical arrangement, as well as being in some places corruptly given. Here is an instance from the *True Tragedy*, v. 4, towards the end of the scene.—

" Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual
Shame. Oh brave young prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth live again in thee :
Long mayst thou live to bear his image,
And to renew his glories."

That is how it is printed in the old copy, and the metrical misarrangement is wretched in the extreme. The speech is written in the usual five feet iambic measure, and if it be properly arranged, as the dramatist no doubt wrote it, it stands thus :—

“ Women and children of so high resolve,
 And warriors faint ! why, ’twere perpetual shame.—
 Oh, brave young prince ! thy *noble* grandfather
 Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live
 To bear his image, and to renew his glories.”

Now, if this be compared with the corresponding speech in the Folio play, it will be found that it exactly tallies with it in metrical arrangement, and is, with the exception of one corruption and one interpolation (italicised), a verbatim report of that speech. Why or how this misarrangement occurred is beyond my power of explanation ; it may have been due to the crass ignorance of the botcher, or it may have been part of the knavish scheme of Barabbas Millington. Many such passages where the verse is wrongly arranged could be pointed out, but I limit myself to one instance.

4. Gaps, where the shorthand writer lost or misheard the words spoken, filled in by a person other than the author of the plays.—In the *True Tragedy*, ii. 3, an account is given of the death of Salisbury ; this is common to both versions, but the description in the *True Tragedy* differs widely from that in 3 *Henry VI*. Here is the passage ;—

“ *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
 Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
 Cried still for Warwick, his thrice valiant son,
 Until with thousand swords he was beset,
 And many wounds made in his aged breast,
 And as he tottering sat upon his steed,
 He waft his hand to me and cried aloud,
 ‘ Richard, commend me to my valiant son !’
 And still he cried, ‘ Warwick, revenge my death !’
 And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
 And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.”

Compare this with the following speech from the Folio :

“ *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
 Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
 And in the very pangs of death he cried,
 Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,
 ‘ Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!’
 So, underneath the belly of their steeds
 That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.”

In both passages the sense is much about the same, but the method of conveying it is totally different. This difference, I think, is not such as would occur from one author elaborating another man's work, or from an author revising one of his own early works; it is rather such as would arise from rough notes taken during representation; we see that the scribe took down correctly the opening line of the speech, then his chief anxiety was to note the sense of what was being spoken, which at leisure he filled in from memory or out of his own head, adding, with his usual spasmodic verbosity, two extra lines to the speech. Also compare the sentence on the Duchess of Gloster, in the *Contention*, ii. 3, and 2 *Henry VI.* ii. 3.

5. Different versions of the same passage given in the different editions.—In some places the difference between eds. 1594, 1595, 1600, 1619, is very striking. Take as an instance the relation of Duke Humphrey's dream, (*Contention*, i. 2), given on p. vi of this Introduction. Here we find Q. 1619 differs materially from Q's. 1594, and 1600. It will be clear to the most casual observer that these variations are not the result of emendation in the ordinary sense of the word; and it is remarkable that the successive editions, especially Q. 1619, make a nearer approach to the version as contained in F. 1623.

To my mind, this gradual advance towards a more perfect text tells its own story. It seems as if the possessors of the copyright, Millington and afterwards Pavier, conscious that their text was very corrupt, were determined so far as they could to obtain the correct version of the plays. The same method was resorted to as in the case of the first copy; when the plays were revived, as no doubt they frequently were, a shorthand writer attended the theatre, and by paying attention to those scenes which had been corruptly given in the previous edition was thus enabled to correct many errors and issue a text nearer to the original version than had hitherto been done. In some places Q. 1619 differs from the other quartos as well as from F. and has a reading peculiarly its own; where such differences occur I take them to be the independent composition of the person employed to furnish the copy. I can hardly think that the actors at any time were approached or their help solicited; had such been the case there would have been, from the first, a purer text. This appears to me to be the only solution that will reconcile the numerous variations of the same passages in the different editions; its chief recommendation is that it is not at variance with the evidence on the point. Other instances in support of No. 5 will be found in the notes, but I may mention the most important of them: the pedigree speech in the *Contention*, ii. 2, Q. 1594, and 1619, as being, in connection with the above hypothesis, worthy of the reader's investigation.

6. Latin scraps omitted.—A noticeable feature of these plays is that the Latin lines and scraps, which are given in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, are with one or two excep-

tions left out. Now, if these dramas were written by Greene and Marlowe as some people would have us believe, how is their absence here and presence in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* to be accounted for? Greene and Marlowe were both excellent Latin scholars. Does not their absence plainly indicate what I have been striving to show, that the text of the plays was taken down in shorthand during representation and not from the author's MS.? The poetico-botcher, as one may easily perceive, was not a Latinist and therefore wisely omitted what he could not take down or understand: instances of self-convicted bungling were already numerous enough without being multiplied.

7. Lines and scenes transposed.—Before entering on the discussion of this proposition I may remark that I believe F. 1623 to be the correct version in point of succession of words, lines, and scenes, as it is on all other points, here is an instance from the *Contention*, iii. 1, of some curious transpositions:—

“ Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice,
 Beaufort's fiery eyes show his envious mind,
 Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts.”

F. reads:—

“ Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue,
 The envious load that lies upon his heart.”

Other transpositions, indicated in the notes, occur in the Cade scenes, and in the *True Tragedy* some scenes are entirely reversed; thus, v. 4 of Q. is v. 5 of F.; v. 5 is v. 4 of F.; v. 6, is v. 7 of F.; and v. 7, is v. 6 of F.

If these scenes be attentively read it will become clear that the arrangement in Q. is wrong and that in F. right. This mistake can only be explained by supposing that the botcher allowed his notes to get muddled and did not trouble himself about ascertaining the proper sequence of the lines and scenes he transplanted. Before leaving this branch of the subject I may mention that the Folio does not always give the right reading, for in a few instances editors have had to go to the quartos to correct the errors; they are chiefly verbal and may be put down as clerical or compositor's mistakes. This evidence proves that these two plays are not original productions of some unknown playwright, but that they are imperfect reports of the stage versions of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, taken down during representation, and where the shorthand writer's notes were confused or insufficient, the *lacunæ* were filled in by some botcher in the service of Millington or Pavier. This view of the matter seems so reasonable, and is so well supported by evidence and common-sense, that the obstinacy displayed by some critics in clinging to the antiquated notion that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are the plays on which 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* were founded, is really astonishing.

The claims of Greene and Marlowe to the authorship of these plays have been dealt with and, I think, satisfactorily disproved; the remaining claimant is Shakespeare, to whom I have ascribed them, and such evidence and remarks as can be advanced in his favour must now be given. This evidence arranges itself under two heads, viz.,—1. External; 2. Internal.

1. External.—That Shakespeare was known as the

author of the plays in 1592, and probably earlier, is proved by Greene's pamphlet; read in any other light, his abuse of the "Shakescene" becomes meaningless and loses its point. When Millington published his corrupt and pirated editions, beyond doubt he well knew who was the author, but withheld it from the title-page from motives of safety, pecuniary or personal or perhaps both. Had Greene and Marlowe been the authors, Millington's fear would have vanished; there would have been no danger in placing their names on the title-page, for both of them had been dead some months—Greene 19 and Marlowe 11—when Q. 1 was published in 1594; besides, Greene and Marlowe's names at that time being popular would have been more likely to have secured a readier sale than Shakespeare's, for the latter had then published nothing under his own name. Millington however knew better, and if that piece of roguery ever entered his head he did not act upon it; but he was well aware the real author, Shakespeare, was alive, and therefore sent the plays forth anonymously, and did the same again in 1600. In 1602 Pavier acquired the copyright of both plays but there was no issue until seventeen years after. In 1619 he published *The Whole Contention, &c.*, "newly corrected and enlarged," and boldly affixed "by William Shakespeare" to the title; Shakespeare had then been dead three years, so that the fear which held Millington back had disappeared and Pavier was at liberty to fix the real author's name to them, although there was dishonesty in the action knowing that the text was corrupt and surreptitiously obtained; that he possessed that knowledge is proved by the fact of his withholding the

issue until 1619. The communication that Shakespeare was the author I suppose Pavier to have received from Millington. This 1619 publication is the first *direct* ascription to Shakespeare.

If, as I have endeavoured to show, the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are imperfect copies of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, that circumstance taken in conjunction with the fact that Heminge and Condell included the two latter plays in their collection of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" published in 1623, becomes an important piece of evidence in support of a Shakespearean authorship, and I do not see how they can be logically withheld from him after such testimony. The fact that Meres does not mention the plays in his list of 1598 really proves nothing either way: my reasons for the opinion have been given above, p. lxvi. Henslowe, however, in 1592 does mention a play under the title of *Henry VI.*, and it has not been satisfactorily disproved that it was not the play now known as the *First Part of Henry VI.* of which these plays form the middle and conclusion of the series. When the plays were entered at Stationers' Hall neither Shakespeare's nor any other name was put to them; the reason of that must be obvious to any reader who has gone thus far through this Introduction. It was not an uncommon proceeding to enter a play without the author's name, and if I mistake not, some of Shakespeare's genuine dramas were entered without his name; e.g. *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* and others, so the objection that these plays are not his because they were not entered with his name becomes worthless.

Another objection urged against Shakespeare is that the *True Tragedy* was acted by Pembroke's players, whereas none of his acknowledged plays were presented by that company. The fact is, our knowledge of early stage history is so meagre that it cannot be said with any certainty which companies did or did not act his plays in the early part of his career; it is nearly certain that he wrote for more than one company. Pembroke's men did play *Titus Andronicus* at the Curtain theatre, and that tragedy has come down attested as Shakespeare's by Meres, and Heminge and Condell. If Shakespeare wrote one play for Pembroke's men, why should he not write another for them? The fact that the two plays were acted by Pembroke's men rather pleads in favour of Shakespeare having been a writer for, and a member of that company. See my remarks on the subject, *ante*, p. lxix.

2. Internal evidence.—Spurious as many parts of these plays are with the dross and ribald interpolations of the pirate-botcher, they are not so corrupted but that much of the virgin ore remains behind by which their real author can be detected. The internal evidence seems to me so pointed, and so decidedly in favour of Shakespeare being the author, that it seems supererogatory to argue the matter formally and at length. If any particular point be examined, no matter whether it be construction, thought, expression, phraseology, metre or characterisation, it will be found essentially Shakespearean in its character. Who but Shakespeare could have written the scene, *Contention*, iii. 2, where Duke Humphrey is murdered; the death of Cardinal Beaufort, iii. 3; the scene between the Duke of York and Queen Margaret, *True*

Tragedy, i. 4; Clifford's speech, *ib.* ii. 2; Gloster's speech, "Ay, Edward will use woman honourably," *ib.* iii. 2; or his cruel, bitter speech after the murder of King Henry in the Tower, *ib.* v. 6? Not all the genius of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Lodge, singly or combined, could have produced scenes like those; scenes wherein the dramatic element throbs and pulsates with the healthy vigour of natural life; scenes then unexampled in profundity of thought, or felicity of expression. If these scenes be, as assuredly they are, above the power and beyond the scope of Greene and Marlowe, why should they be denied the only dramatist capable of writing them? I await, I fear in vain, for them to be paralleled from the works of any dramatist except Shakespeare. Let the reader compare the scene in the *True Tragedy*, i. 3, where young Rutland is killed by Clifford, and a somewhat analogous scene, that between Prince Arthur and Hubert, in *King John*, and then ask himself whether the mind and hand which conceived and wrote the one, was not the same as that which conceived and wrote the other. Can we imagine any other dramatist but Shakespeare having the spirit or patience to pen those beautiful lines commencing "Tis beauty oft makes women proud," spoken by York in i. 4 of the *True Tragedy*, so pregnant in depth of thought, so felicitous in their beauty of expression? Could Marlowe have written such lines? Great as he was, and at the time unquestionably Shakespeare's peer in some things, I much doubt whether he had the divine afflatus to carry him to such a height. The scenes in which Cade and his Socialist companions appear are, with their realism, incisive dialogue and salient characterisation, one of the

most striking features of the First Part. Who is responsible for them? An attempt has been made to fix them on Greene, but the attempt has miserably failed; there is something in them as much beyond his scope, as are the tragic scenes above the range of Marlowe. To my mind Shakespeare stands confessed their author. The permanent nature of the characters, the living embodiment of certain types of human nature infused into them, make them as real and as lifelike to-day as they were three centuries ago, and present to us the vital semblance of much that surrounds us at the present time. Who but a great and universal genius, born to immortality, could have given this permanence, this unconditional immortality, to the puppets of his brain? I am aware of nothing in our literature that comes within measurable competition with these scenes and the characters in them. The nearest approach to them that I can call to mind, is to be found in an old play printed in 1594, called *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*; it was published anonymously; I have not studied it enough to form an opinion on the authorship, but Mr. Fleay attributes it to Peele. The play deals with Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, John Ball and other early revolutionists of the anarchist type; the characters and scenes bear some resemblance to the Cade scenes in the *Contention*, but the realism, characterisation, and humour is of a much lower order. I take the *Contention* to be the earlier work, and whatever similitude the rebel scenes in *Jack Straw* bear to the Cade scenes, is no doubt the result of imitation, not originality.

If these plays be studied and compared with Shake-

spere's, especially the histories, many points of resemblance in method of work, style, phraseology, etc., will be found between them.

1. Construction, and conduct of the action.

a. Construction.—In point of construction there is a close analogy between these dramas and some of Shakespeare's; e.g. *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.*, the plays that come nearest to them in question of time and order of composition. Here a similar method is used, and a similar means to an end. If in his latest specimen of the historical drama, *Henry VIII.*, this method is not so distinct and so easily traceable, the discrepancy may be accounted for on the hypothesis (maintained by many critics) that the play, as we now have it, is not entirely his composition.

b. Conduct of the action or plot.—Here again we are confronted by many points of similarity. One of Shakespeare's pet idiosyncrasies was the alternate mingling of serious and comic scenes in a single play—a fault rather honoured in the observance than the breach. It is found in both parts of *Henry IV.*, and in *Henry V.*; even in so sublime a tragic effort as *King Lear*, this comic business shows itself; but by the consummate skill of the great master it is always kept subordinate to the tragic element and the requirements of dramatic art. This serious and comic business is found in close juxtaposition in the *Contention*. If some of these comic scenes, e.g. the Simcox episode, seem to our modern notions on the subject, poor, tame, and unworthy of the author, all I can say, is that they could not have appeared so to him, and he undoubtedly was the best judge. Yet scenes not a whit

better may be found in some of Shakespeare's dramas, *e.g.* those between Froth and Elbow in *Measure for Measure*. The fact is, Shakespeare was too good an artist to neglect the proper blending of light and shade, and in his work this toning process is never omitted. In the *True Tragedy* this comic element is not found, but its absence is not to be taken as evidence that Shakespeare was not the author.

c. Similar situations.—There are many similar scenes and situations in these plays and Shakespeare's. In the *Contention*, iii. 1, a charge is made by York against Duke Humphrey of having misappropriated the soldiers' pay; in *Richard II.* i. 1, a similar charge is made against Norfolk by Bolingbroke; the words are not identical, but there is a close resemblance in the situation, the style, and the terms used. Indeed, the bickerings of the nobles and Duke Humphrey in the *Contention* bear more than a casual resemblance to the same thing in *Richard II.* and other historical plays by Shakespeare. Several could be pointed out but there is no occasion to multiply instances; the Shakespearean student will readily recognise them.

d. The use of narration in these plays similar to that found in Shakespeare's plays.—The epic or descriptive element Shakespeare nearly always held subordinate to the dramatic element; he preferred to work out the evolution of the plot by the action; yet occasionally, as we find in his plays, he allowed the action to be suspended for a moment while some event, which was not acted, was described by the actor to the audience. That may be termed the narrative or epic element. Examples

may be found in *Richard II.*, Bolingbroke's entry into London, in *Richard III.* i. 4, *King John*, v. 7, *Henry V.*, and *Henry VIII.* In the *Contention* ii. 2, iii. 1, the same thing is found, and it occurs in the *True Tragedy*, ii. 5, and iii. 2. This use of narration is peculiar, and there is a similarity in the situations which to my mind proves a consanguinity of authorship between these dramas and those mentioned above. This subordination of the narrative or epic element is eminently Shakespearean in its broad principles, and is a weighty argument in support of the hypothesis that he was sole author of these plays. It is the exception to find a drama written before 1590 which does not expound its plot either epically or by means of dumb-show or chorus. This mode of evolution was used by Kyd, Peele, Greene, and the other elder dramatists; even Marlowe, with all his boldness of innovation, was not quite free from it. Here, however, we find a series of plays, written before the above mentioned date, wherein that antiquated custom is boldly flung aside and the evolution of the plot is carried forward naturally and smoothly by the dialogue and action of the piece. That was Shakespeare's method; the fact that the same method is employed in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, affords strong presumptive evidence that he was the author of them.

2. Exposition of the characters.—This is carried out on lines similar to the evolution of the plot; that is, the motives and aims of the characters are developed out of their actions. To me this furnishes additional proof of a Shakespearean origin. In these plays the characters are natural and human—men and women as they appear

on the stage of life; not mere puppets, interpreted by the actors, like the characters in the stilted plays of the time. Their development comes gradually and naturally from within, not by means of description by another actor; each one unfolds himself by his own words and actions and the events of the drama. Is not this the case with Margaret, Henry, Clifford, Warwick, York, Cade, Edward, and Richard? An example of this development of character out of circumstances, may be found in the *True Tragedy*, ii. 1. A Messenger enters to Edward and Richard with the news that the Duke of York has been butchered by Queen Margaret; the different manner in which they each receive the news of their father's death, is worth noting. Edward gives vent to his sorrow by a passionate outburst of weeping; not so Richard; the stern, cruel, iron nature of the man asserts itself and his sorrow can only find an outlet by bitter words and vows of revenge; he exclaims:—

“ I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.”

Here is a development of character out of circumstances which discloses a craft in delineation worthy of a more than ordinary hand; a page of description could not have accomplished what is here done by a few words and a few actions. That is the fundamental note in all Shakespeare's characters, and its distinctly emphasised presence in these play convinces me that he, and he alone, was the author of them.

3. The moral rectitude and æsthetic justice in these plays like Shakespeare's.—Another of Shakespeare's characteristics is his moral rectitude and love of justice.

This is conspicuous throughout his plays ; in no single instance does he allow vice to permanently triumph over virtue ; for a time vice may be rampant and the vindication of justice delayed, but none knew better than he that in the end virtue would win a spotless victory for right's sake, and no man ever expounded the doctrine so nobly or so effectually as did he. This morality and spirit of æsthetic rectitude runs like a golden thread through these two plays. It may be seen in the poetical justice dealt out to Suffolk for his guilty intrigue with Queen Margaret, in Cardinal Beaufort's terrible death, and in the fate of York, Clifford, and Warwick ; in one instance, that of Richard, it is deferred, but Nemesis dogs his heels and in the connecting link, *Richard III.*, justice is sternly dealt out to him. This fact alone, shows a singularity of authorship in this series of historical plays. King Henry is an exception to the rule, but the dramatist was shackled by considerations of historical accuracy. Nothing of this severe code of moral rectitude is found in the dramas of Greene, Peele, or Marlowe ; it is in every page of Shakespeare.

4. Verbal resemblances.—In a note to the text I have drawn attention to the frequent use of the phrase “leave to speak.” This expression is used seven times by Shakespeare, but I have not discovered it once in Greene or Marlowe. The verb “lime” *i.e.* to besmear with bird-lime, or to catch with it, occurs in these plays four times and is used four times by Shakespeare, but not once by Marlowe or Greene ; Kyd occasionally uses the expression. The verb “downright” occurs three times in these plays ; Shakespeare uses the word eight times ; Greene

or Marlowe not once. Other similarites of verbal expression could be pointed out were it necessary. Perhaps there is not much weight to be attached to the use or neglect of single words; nevertheless in discussing a question of doubtful authorship I submit it is evidence of some value, and the cumulation of such evidence becomes worthy of serious consideration.

5. Forms of thought and imagery.—The image called forth by the maternal instinct in the lower animal creation of protecting their young from danger, occurs several times in the *True Tragedy*, viz., i. 4, ii. 2, *bis*. Shakespeare seems to have been remarkably fond of this image and used it with rare skill and beauty of effect; examples may be found in *Antony & Cleopatra*, iii. 2, *Macbeth*, iv. 2, and other of his plays. The image, founded on tradition, of the eagle holding up its brood to the sun to see whether they be genuine or not, is found in the *True Tragedy*, and in Shakespeare. Again, the following image in the *True Tragedy*, i. 4,—

“ My ashes, like the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge it on you all.”

occurs in 1 *Henry VI.* iv. 7, and in *Henry VIII.* v. 4.

6. Versification.—It is a matter of some difficulty to deal with the metre of these plays owing to the botched and corrupt condition in which the text has come down to us, therefore the application of the usual metrical tests is not so satisfactory as could be wished; yet such deductions as can be drawn are, I think, upon the whole rather favourable to a Shakespearean authorship. Before entering on a metrical analysis, and for convenience of reference, I append a Metrical Table of the *Contention*

and *True Tragedy*, 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, and *Titus Andronicus*; the figures for the last three plays are quoted from Mr. Fleay's Metrical Table in the New Shakespeare Society's *Transactions*, 1874, p. 16.

PLAY.	TOTAL LINES.	BLANK.	PROSE.	RHYME.	STOPPED	UNSTOPPD
CONTENTION.	1993	1371	582	40	1317	87
TRUE TRAG.	2065	2003	7	55	1792	156
2 HENRY VI.	3032	2562	448	122		
3 HENRY VI.	2904	2749	—	155		
TIT. AND.	2525	2338	43	144		

The first thing that strikes one on comparing these figures is the difference in the total number of lines in the two parallel plays; thus,—the *Contention* has 1993 lines, and its parent, or offspring as some people say, 2 *Henry VI.* has 3032 lines, a difference in favour of the latter of 1039 lines; the *True Tragedy* has 2065 lines, and 3 *Henry VI.* 2904 lines, a difference of 839 lines. The two parts of *Henry VI.* are very long, and it is not at all likely they would be acted in their entirety; therefore they would have to be cut down to bring them within the necessary length for stage representation. The average length of a stage version of a five act play is from 1700 to 2000 lines, sometimes it is less, but rarely more. The difference in length between the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and the corresponding parts of *Henry VI.* is, as I have already said, a proof that they were not taken from the author's copy, but that they are garbled copies of the stage version of the two latter plays taken down in shorthand during the action. At the same time I do not suppose that all the variations between the two sets

of plays are due to Millington's or Pavier's poet-botcher. Some of them may be, and I have no doubt are, the result of addition or subtraction on a later revision. This disproportion is noticeable in each division throughout the plays, and the reasons given above may, to a large extent, account for it. Thus, there is a difference of over 1000 lines between the blank verse of the *Contention* and 2 *Henry VI.*, and 700 lines between the *True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI.* The amount of prose in the *Contention*, 582 lines, compared with the 448 lines of 2 *Henry VI.*, is singular, indeed more so when taken in conjunction with the corresponding figures in the second column of the Table; the excess is probably due to the botcher, who in many instances took down blank verse as prose, and marred it in the process; signs of corruption are not wanting in much of the prose of the *Contention*. For some inexplicable reason more care appears to have been taken with the *True Tragedy*, which has only 7 prose lines to 0 of 3 *Henry VI.* So far as a conclusion can be drawn from such evidence, these prose and blank verse figures are rather favourable to a Shakespearean authorship. In Shakespeare's early comedies, those written before 1590-2, is found a nearly similar proportion of the two ingredients, *Love's Labour's Lost*, with 1086 prose lines and 579 blank verse lines, being the exception. The early tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, comes near the *True Tragedy* with 2338 blank, and 43 prose lines. The most puzzling item in the Table is the rhyme, and it is a difficult matter to satisfactorily explain the small proportion in these plays when compared with some of Shakespeare's early plays, or even with the Second and Third parts of

Henry VI. Most of Shakespeare's early undisputed plays abound in rhyme; for instance, *Love's Labour's Lost* with 579 verse lines has 1028 rhymed lines; the *Comedy of Errors* has 1150 verse lines and 380 rhymed lines; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has 878 verse lines and 731 rhymed lines; while the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the earliest of his comedies, with 1510 verse lines, has only 160 rhymed lines. These figures placed beside those in the same column of the *Contention and True Tragedy*, or even 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, seem to point, if the rhyme test have any value, to the conclusion that Shakespeare could have had no hand either in the quarto or folio versions of the plays. However this contradiction on examination does not carry much weight with it. It is to be remembered that the earliest recognised allusion to Shakespeare speaks of him as a writer who "supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you," which means, if the words have a meaning, that he wrote blank verse and was not a rhymers. This leads to the question,—Whether Shakespeare commenced his literary career by adopting blank verse as the medium for his plays exclusive, or at least a sparing use, of rhyme? I think he did, and point to the early sketches of some of his plays as proof in confirmation. Thus, *Romeo & Juliet* in Q. 1597, has 1415 blank verse lines and 354 rhymes, the amended version in F. 1623 has 2111 blank and 486 rhymes; *Hamlet*, Q. 1603, has 1462 blank and 54 rhymes, F. 2491 blank and 81 rhymes; *Henry V.*, Q. 1600, has 774 blank and 30 rhymes, F. 1678 blank and 101 rhymes. These early quartos stand in much about the same degree of relationship to the

amended versions as do the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* to 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*; the text of each play may have been improperly obtained, and is no doubt spurious here and there, but there is enough genuine matter left in them to countenance the theory that Shakespeare did commence his literary career by adopting blank verse and indulging in a very sparse use of rhyme. The use of rhyme in Shakespeare's plays is very singular; it commences with the 40 rhymes in the *Contention*, gradually ascends till it reaches a maximum in *Love's Labour's Lost* with 1028, then more leisurely descends, and finishes with 0 in the *Winter's Tale*. Then, I say, this paucity of rhyme in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* does not prove them to be wholly spurious as some critics have supposed, but is confirmatory of a Shakespearean authorship. That there was a non-rhyming period intervening between the excessive use of rhyme, as shown in the early plays, and its partial resumption a few years later, is proved by an old play, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, printed in 1587, which has not a rhyme in it outside the Choruses; that Shakespeare's early dramatic career embraced a part of that period there can be no doubt. Is it, then, matter for surprise that his earliest plays show less rhyme than some written later, when the use of rhyme had been partially resumed? Some estimable critics would have us think so. The disparity of rhyme in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* is explicable on the above grounds and shows, I think, revision and addition at a later period. The application of other metrical tests such as the stopped, unstopped-line, and double-ending tests is not so satisfactory as could be wished, owing to

the corrupt nature of the text; but so far as I have been able to use them the result has been favourable to the argument here advanced,—viz., that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are imperfect and garbled reports of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, and that Shakespeare was the author of the latter plays.

More importance than the subject warranted has been attached to an alteration of a speech by Suffolk in the *Contention*, iv. 1; in Q. 1594 it reads thus:—

“*Suf.* This villain being but captain of a pinnace,
Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*
The great *Macedonian* pirate.”

In F. the speech is altered thus:—

“*Suf.* This villain here,
Being but captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* pirate.”

“*Abradas*” occurs in one of Greene’s prose pamphlets and no where else, except in the *Contention*, therefore it is assumed that he wrote the scene in question. The change of *Abradas* to *Bargulus* in the Folio has rather puzzled the commentators; they maintain the change was not made by Shakespeare, but by Greene who used the first name, but finding it little known afterwards substituted *Bargulus* because it was more popular! Why should Greene be more likely to change a name than Shakespeare? There is no known instance of Greene changing a name in any of his plays, but there is of Shakespeare doing so; he changed *Corambis*, in *Hamlet*, Q. 1603, to *Polonius* in Q. 1604. Shakespeare may have taken the name from Greene’s pamphlet (published in 1588, the same year as I conceive the *Contention* to have

been written), but afterwards changed it to *Bargulus* for some reason not now discoverable. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thinks the alteration was made on account of the metre. The reason for the change is immaterial; the matter is of no importance.

An overwhelming proof of a singularity of authorship in these two plays is the numerous repetitions in them; these consist not merely of words or compound phrases, but of whole lines: the majority of them will be found pointed out in the notes to the text. If these plays were the joint work of two or more dramatists, is it likely that one would happen upon the same thought as his fellow labourer and express it in identical words, or that he would copy a line or a sentence from his coadjutor's work and embed it in his own? An isolated case might occur, but here the thing happens frequently. Yet we are asked to believe that such was the case; for various lines in parts ascribed to Greene are repeated verbatim in parts confidently given to Marlowe. To me these repetitions are emphatic proof that these plays were written by one man, and one man only. Authors do sometimes happen on the same thought, but seldom express it in the same terms; on the other hand an author, when his works are numerous, more or less frequently, and possibly unconsciously, repeats himself in thought and expression. Massinger was a sinner in that direction, and even the great dramatist himself must plead guilty to the soft impeachment; *e.g.* Biron's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* iv. 3, where the same thoughts and expressions are repeated throughout the speech, and the lines commencing

“ From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,” etc.

occur twice, nearly *v.l.* in the same speech. Also compare the following passages :—

“ Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.” *Rich. III.* iv. 2.

“ You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, being touched and tried,
Proves valueless.” *King John*, iii. 1.

“ My lord,
They have all been touched, and proved base metal,
For they have all denied him.” *Timon of Athens*, iii 3.

Here the same thought is expressed in nearly identical language. Other instances could be pointed out where Shakespeare repeats himself in thought and expression. The numerous repetitions in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, I take to be an infallible sign that these plays are not a joint composition, but the work of one man ; and the fact combined with other evidence already given points to Shakespeare as the author.

The *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are crowded with Shakespearean parallel passages where the thought and expression are identical. Some critics attach little value to parallel passages ; Charles Knight calls it a “ fallacious principle,” and further says,—“ This is at once the easiest and the most unsatisfactory species of evidence,” yet in instances he triumphantly produces parallel passages to support his argument. Mr. A. H. Bullen says,—“ The testimony of parallel passages is like the evidence given by experts in handwriting before a jury : it is always expected, it is always produced, and it is seldom regarded.” That may be true to some extent in isolated cases,

but where quotation is supported by other evidence, I submit that parallel passages are valuable and carry great weight with them. Besides parallel passages have been drawn by Dyce and others from the works of Marlowe and Greene to support their authorship of these plays, and why should not the same privilege be allowed in the case of Shakespeare? Imbued with the antiquated notion that sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, I venture to lay before the reader the following passages from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, paralled in thought and expression by quotations from some of Shakespeare's plays.—

Parallel passages from the 'Contention' and Shakespeare.

- ' *Suf.* At my depart for France . . .
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace.' *Con.* i. 1.
- ' *Nor.* Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.' *Rich. II.* i. 1.
- Queen.* Th' excessive love I bear unto your grace,
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speak more than beseems a woman.' *Con.* i. 1.
- ' *Q. Cath.* Loved him next heaven? obeyed him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him.' *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1.
- ' The big-swoln venom of thy hateful heart.' *Con.* i. 1.
- ' The venomous malice of thy swelling heart.' *Tit. And.* v. 3.
- ' *Car.* The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying—' Jesus bless your royal excellence !'
With—' God preserve the good Duke Humphrey !' ' *Con.* i. 1.
- ' *K. Rich.* Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy . . .
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well. *Rich. II.* i. 4.
- ' *Glo.* Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal
Swear and forswear himself, and brave it out,

More like a ruffian than a man of church.' *Con.* i. 1.

' *K. Hen.* Saw you the cardinal?

Nor.

My lord, we have

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion

Is in his brain : he bites his lip and starts ;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight

Springs out into fast gait. . . In most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.' *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.

' *York.* Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head.' *Con.* i. 1.

' *Rich.* I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand.' *Rich. II.* iv. 1.

' *Hum.* I dreamt that this my staff, mine office badge in court,

Was broke in twain, and on the ends,' etc. *Con.* i. 2.

' *Percy.* He hath forsook the court,

Broke his staff of office, and dispersed

The household of the king.' *Rich. II.* ii. 3.

' *Green.* The Earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship.' *ib.* ii. 2.

' *Hum.* That a day of combat be appointed,

And there to try each other's right and wrong,

Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month.' *Con.* i. 3.

' *K. Rich.* Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

The swelling difference of your settled hate.' *Rich. II.* i. 1.

' *King.* Grieve not, noble uncle, but be thou glad,

In that these treasons are come to light,

Lest God had poured His vengeance on thy head,

For her offences.' *Con.* ii. 3.

' *K. Rich.* But when from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts His light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins

Stand bare and naked.' *Rich. II.* iii. 2.

' *Hum.* Sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,

And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.' *Con.* ii. 4.

- ‘ *K. Rich.* Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make me end too sudden : learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream.’ *Rich. II.* v. 1.
- ‘ *Elin.* Be thou mild and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o’er my head.’ *Con.* ii. 4.
- ‘ *Buck.* I have this day received a traitor’s judgment,
And by that name must die . . .
Even as the axe falls if I be not faithful . . .
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,’ etc. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1
- ‘ *King.* What, doth my lord of Suffolk bid me comfort ?
Came he even now to sing a raven’s note,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfy my grief or ease my heart?’ *Con.* iii. 2.
- ‘ *K. Rich.* Of comfort no man speak :
Let’s talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.’ *Rich. II.* iii. 2.
- ‘ *Suf.* If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip.’ *Con.* iii. 2.
- ‘ *Lady Fal.* I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband’s bed.’ *King John*, i. 1.
- ‘ *Car.* What would you have me do, then ?
Can I make men live whether they will or no ? *Con.* iii. 3.
- ‘ *K. John.* Think you I have the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?’ *King John*, iv. 2.
- ‘ *War.* And that my sovereign’s presence makes me mute,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knees,
Make thee crave pardon for thy passed speech.’ *Con.* iii. 2.
- ‘ *Bol.* By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had waundered in the air.’ *Rich. II.* i. 3.
‘ Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage.’ *ib.* i. 1.
- ‘ *Suf.* Now by this ground that I am banished from,
Well could I curse away a winter’s night,
And standing naked on a mountain top,

- Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.' *Con.* iii. 2.
- Gaunt.* Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king.
- Bol.* Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
 By thinking of the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow,
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.' *Rich.* II. i. 3.
- ' *Queen.* And take my heart with thee. [*She kisses him.*
Suf. A jewel locked into the woful'st caske
 That ever contained a thing of worth ;
 Thus like a splitted bark sunder we :
 This way fall I to death,' etc. *Con.* iii. 2.
- ' *K. Rich.* One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again ; 't was no good part
 To take on me to keep and kill my heart. [*They kiss again.*
- K. Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay :
 Once more, adieu ;—the rest let sorrow say. *Rich.* II. v. 1.
- ' *Suf.* Hast thou not waited at my trencher,
 When we have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
 Hast thou not kissed thy hand and held my stirrup,
 And bare-head plodded by my footcloth mule,
 And thought thee happy when I smiled on thee ?' *Con.* iv. 1.
- ' *Buck.* Both fell by our own servants, by those men we loved best :—
 A most unnatural and faithless service.' *Henry VIII.* ii. 1.
- ' *Iden.* How pleasant is this country life !
 This little land my father left me here,
 With my contented mind, serves me as well
 As all the pleasures in the Court can yield :
 Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.' *Con.* iv. 10.
- ' *Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone ?
Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life . . . but in
 respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. . . As it is a spare life, look
 you, it fits my humour well. Wast ever at Court shepherd ?
As You Like It, iii. 2.
- ' *Rich.* And now, behold, under a paltry alehouse sign.' *Con.* v. 1.
Aaron. Ye alehouse painted signs.' *Tit. And.* iv. 2.
- ' *Y. Clif.* Ah, dismal sight ! see where he breathless lies,

All smeared and weltered in his luke-warm blood.' *Con.* v. 2.

- ' *Mac.* Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,' *Macbeth*, ii. 3.

*Parallel passages from the 'True Tragedy' and
Shakespeare,*

- King.* Richard the Second, in view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth.' *True Trag.* i. 1.
- ' *York.* To do the office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke..
- Bol.* I thought you had been willing to resign.' *Rich. II.* iv. 1.
- ' *Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion on the lamb,
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he turns again to rend his limbs in sunder.' *T. T.* i. 3.
- ' *Wol.* So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him,
Then makes him nothing.' *Henry VIII.* iii. 2.
- ' *Clif.* So doves do peck the raven's piercing talons ;
So desperate thieves all hopeless of their lives,' etc. *T. T.* i. 4.
- ' *Eno.* To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge.' *Ant. & Cleo.* iii. 11.
- ' Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove.' *2 Henry IV.* iii. 2.
- ' *York.* 'Tis beauty that makes women proud ;
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.' *T. T.* i. 4.
- ' *Ros.* What though you have no beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you therefore be proud and pitiless ?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.' *As You Like It*, iii. 5.
- ' *York.* But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh, ten times more ! than tigers of Hyrcania.' *T. T.* i. 4.
- ' *Rom.* My intents are savage-wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers.' *Romeo & Juliet*, v. 3.

- ' *York.* And if you tell the heavy story well,
 Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears,
 And say, ' Alas, it was a piteous deed ! ' *T. T.* i. 4.
- ' *K. Rich.* Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds . . .
 For why the senseless brands will sympathise
 The heavy accents of thy moving tongue,
 And in compassion weep the fire out.' *Rich.* II. v. 1.
- ' *York.* And yet be seen to bear a woman's face.' *T. T.*, i. 4.
- ' *Lav.* Thou bear'st a woman's face.' *Tit. And.* ii. 3.
- ' *War.* Had he none else to make a stale but me?' *T. T.* iii. 1.
- ' *Sat.* Was there none else in Rome to make a stale
 But Saturnine?' *Tit. And.* i. 2.
- ' Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a Woman's hide ! ' *T. T.* i. 4.
- ' Oh, serpent heart hid with a flowering face ! ' *Rom. & Jul.* iii. 2.
- ' *King.* My crown is called content : a crown that kings
 Do seldom times enjoy.' *T. T.* iv. 6.
- ' *K. Hen.* Then happy low lie down,
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' 2 *Hen.* IV. iii. 1.
- ' *Hen.* The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign ;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless tune ;
 Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discord sang.' *T. T.* v. 6.
- ' *Glen.* At my nativity
 The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
 Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
 The frame and huge foundation of the earth
 Shaked like a coward.' 1 *Hen.* IV. iii. 1.
- ' *Queen.* What I should say,
 My tears gainsay, for, as you see, I drink
 The water of mine eyes.' *T. T.* v. 4.
- ' *K. Rich.* That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs,' etc. *Rich.* II. iv. 1.
- ' *Prince.* And if there be, as God forbid there should,
 Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
 Let him depart before the battles join. *T. T.* v. 4.

- ' *K. Hen* Proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight.
Let him depart.' *Hen. V.* iv. 3.
- ' *Queen*. You have no children.' *T. T.* v. 5.
- ' He has no children.' *Macbeth*, iv. 3.
- ' *Hen*. Many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.' *T. T.* v. 6.
- ' *K. Hen*. Many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons,' etc. *Hen. V.* i. 2.

These quotations are by no means exhaustive; many other resemblances and coincidences in thought and expression between these plays and Shakespeare's could be pointed out: those who wish to pursue the subject further, may consult with advantage all his historical plays, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The parallelisms of the above quotations will, in some instances, become closer and be better appreciated if the context be read. Below I give the parallel animal allusions from the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* and Shakespeare's plays.

1. 'How high your *hawk* did soar.' *Con.* ii. 1.
'Thou hast *hawks* will soar above the morning lark.' *T. of Shrew*, Ind.
2. 'Partridge in the puttock's nest.' *Con.* ii. 2.
'There's a *partridge's* wing saved.' *Much Ado*, ii. 1.
3. 'Can fly no higher than a *falcon's* pitch.' *Con.* ii. 1.
'*Falcon* towering in the skies.' *Lucrece*, l. 506.
4. 'The rampant *bear* chained to the ragged staff.' *Con.* v. 1.
'Charm me with roaring *bears*.' *Rom. & Jul.* iv. 1.
- 4a. '*Bearward*.' *Con.* v. 1.
'Take sixpence in earnest of the *bearward*.' *Much Ado*, ii. 1.

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5. 'Dogs howled.' *T. T.* v. 6.
 'A dog that should have howled thus.' *Much Ado.* ii. 3.
 'Snarl and bite and play the dog.' *T. T.* v. 6.
 'But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.' *Mer of Ven.* iii. 3.
 6. 'Whilst wolves stand snarring who shall bite him first.' *Con.* iii. 1.
 'Wolves' death-boding cries.' *Lucrece*, l. 165.
 7. 'The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb,' *Con.* iii. 1,
 'As false as fox to lamb.' *Troi. & Cres.* iii. 2.
 8. 'Harmless lamb.' *Con.* iii. 2.
 'Poor innocent lamb.' *Macbeth*, iv. 3.
 'Who like a lamb fell at the butcher's feet.' *T. T.* ii. 1,
 'The lamb entertains the butcher.' *Cymb.* iii. 4.
 9. 'Came he even now to sing a raven's note?' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'I'd as lief hear the night raven.' *Much Ado.* ii. 3.
 10. 'Thinks he that the chirping of a wren?' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'Wren with little quill.' *Mid. N. Dream.* iii. 1.
 11. 'Come, basilisk,
 And kill the silly gazer with thy looks.' *Con.* iii. 2.
 'A basilisk unto mine eye.' *Cymb.* ii. 4.
 12. 'Seek not a scorpion's nest.' *Con.* iii. 2.
 'Full of scorpions is my mind.' *Macb.* iii. 2.
 13. Who sees the heifer dead and bleeding fresh.' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'As wolf to heifer's calf.' *Troi. & Cres.* iii. 2.
 14. 'Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest?' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'I chose an eagle and did avoid a puttock.' *Cymb.* i. 2.
 15. 'Are you the kite?' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'You kite!' *Ant. & Cleo.* iii. 2.
 16. 'Their softest touch as smart as lizard's stings.' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'Blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg.' *Macb.* iv. 1.
 17. 'The lurking serpent's mortal sting.' *T. T.* iii. 2,
 'The lurking serpent . . . mortal sting.' *Lucrece*, ll. 362-64.
 18. 'And boding screech-owl make the concert full.' *Con.* iii. 2,
 'The screech-owl screeching loud.' *Mid. N. Dream.* v. 1.

-
19. 'My footcloth mule.' *Con.* v. 1.
'My footcloth mule.' *Rich. III.* iii. 4.
20. 'A cade of spratts.' *Con.* iv. 2.
'A sprat you shall find him.' *All's Well*, iii. 6.
21. 'For stealing sheep.' *Con.* iv. 2.
'I have played the sheep.' *2 Gent of Ver.* i. 1.
22. 'My palfrey.' *Con.* iv. 7.
'The prince of palfreys.' *Hen. V.* iii. 7.
23. 'Like an angry hive of bees,
Run up and down caring not whom they sting.' *Con.* iii. 2.
'We'll follow where thou lead'st, like stinging bees.' *Tit. And.* v. 1.
24. 'Make thee eat iron like the ostrich.' *Con.* iv. 10.
'The dove will peck the estridge [*i.e.* ostrich].' *Ant. & Cleo.* iii. 13.
25. 'So looks the pent-up lion on the lamb.' *T. T.* i. 3.
'So looks the chafed lion.' *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2.
26. 'My ashes, like the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge it on you all.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'When the bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir.' *Hen. VIII.* v. 4.
27. 'So doves do peck the raven's piercing talons.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove.' *2 Hen. IV.* iii. 1.
28. 'When a cur doth grin.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'Curs are not regarded when they grin.' *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 1.
29. 'So strives the woodcock with the gin.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'Now is the woodcock near the gin.' *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5.
30. 'So doth the coney struggle with the net.' *T, T.* i. 4.
'You coney catching rascals.' *M. Wives of Win.* i. 1.
31. 'Whose tongue more sland'rous than the adder's tooth.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'Whom I will trust as I would adder's fanged.' *Hamlet*, iii. 4.
32. 'Oh; tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!' *T. T.* i. 4.
'That heinous tiger, Tamora.' *Tit. And.* v. 3.
33. 'Tigers of Hyrcania.' *T. T.* i. 4.
'The Hyrcan tiger.' *Macb.* iii. 4.

34. 'As doth a lion 'midst a herd of *neat*. T. T. ii. 1.
'The heifer and the calf are all called *neat*. Winter's Tale, i. 2.
35. 'If thou be that princely *eagle's* bird.' T. T. ii. 1.
'Which foreshadowed our princely *eagle*.' Cymb. v. 5.
36. 'Bestride our foaming *steeds*.' T. T. ii. 1.
'Mounted upon a hot and fiery *steed*.' Rich. II. v. 2.
37. 'The smallest *worm* will turn being trodden on.' T. T. ii. 2.
'I trod upon a *worm* against my will.' Pericles, iv. 1.
38. 'As venom *toads*.' T. T. ii. 2.
'Like the *toad*, ugly and venomous.' As You Like It, ii. 1.
'As *toads* infect fair founts with venom mud.' Lucrece, l. 850.
39. 'Swarm like summer *flies*.' T. T. ii. 6
'As summer *flies* are in the shambles' Othello, iv. 2.
40. 'And whither fly the *gnats*, but to the sun? T. T. ii. 6.
'When the sun shines, let foolish *gnats* make sport.' Com. of Err. ii. 2.
41. 'By and by the *deer* will come this way., T. T. iii. 1.
'The elected *deer* before thee.' Cymb. iii. 4.
42. 'I can add colours to the *cameleon*.' T. T. iii. 2.
'He is a kind of *cameleon*. 2 Gent of Ver. ii. 4.
43. 'The *owl* shrieked at my birth.' T. T. v. 6.
'It was the *owl* that shrieked.' Macb. ii. 2.
44. 'The poor *fowl* was drowned.' T. T. v. 6.
'Alas! poor *fowl*.' Much Ado, ii. 2.
45. 'The *night-crow* cried.' T. T. v. 6.
(Not used by Shakespeare, except in 3 Hen. VI. v. 6.)
46. 'Chattering *pies*.' T. T. v. 6.
(Not used by Shakespeare, except in 3 Hen. VI. v. 6.)
'*Maggot-pies*' is in Macbeth, iii. 4.
47. 'Spurred their *coursers* to the trumpet's sound.' T. T. v. 7.
'Their neighing *coursers*.' 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1.
48. 'Like the *night-owl's* lazy flight., T. T. ii. 1.
'The *night-owl's* shriek.' Rich. II. iii. 3.

A Table of the Animal allusions in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, with the number of times they are used by Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare.

ANIMAL NAMES.	GREENE.	PEELE.	MARLOWE.	SHAKESPEARE.
1. Hawk.	1	—	—	6
2. Partridge.	1	—	—	1
3. Falcon.	—	2	—	7
4. Bear.	—	2	—	43
4a. Bearward.	—	—	—	1
5. Dog.	8	3	1	141
6. Wolves.	3	1	2	11
7. Fox.	7	—	1	26
8. Lamb.	6	5	1	34
9. Raven,	1	4	3	21
10. Wren.	—	—	1	8
11. Basilisk.	1	—	—	5
12. Scorpion.	—	—	—	2
13. Heifer.	—	1	—	3
14. Puttock.	—	—	—	2
15. Kite.	—	—	—	11
16. Lizards.	—	—	—	2
17. Serpents.	5	3	4	33
18. Screech-owl	—	—	—	3
19. Mule.	—	—	1	7
20. Sprat.	—	—	—	1
21. Sheep.	3	2	1	27
22. Palfrey.	—	—	—	3
23. Bees.	2	—	1	11
24. Ostrich.	—	—	—	2
25. Lion.	6	8	2	106
26. Phœnix.	2	—	—	9
27. Doves.	1	—	2	22
28. Cur.	—	1	—	40
29. Woodcock.	—	—	—	8
30. Coney.	—	—	—	1
31. Adders.	1	2	1	15
32. Tigers.	1	—	1	18
33. Tigers of Hyrcania.	—	—	1	2
34. Neat.	—	—	1	6
35. Eagle.	3	3	5	28
36. Steeds.	1	2	3	23
37. Worm.	1	1	—	43
38. Toads.	—	1	—	23
39. Flies.	—	—	—	12
40. Gnats.	—	—	—	9
41. Deer.	3	1	1	30
42. Cameleon.	—	—	—	3
43. Owl	—	3	—	17
44. Fowl	1	1	1	12
45. Night-crow.	—	—	—	—
46. Chattering pies.	—	—	—	—
47. Coursers.	—	—	—	6
48. Night-owl.	—	—	1	3

A study of this Table is very instructive in showing the use or neglect of particular animal names in the works of the four dramatists. From it it appears that out of the 48 animal names in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* 27 are not used at all by Greene, 30 are not used by Peele, and 28 are not used by Marlowe; in other words, about three-fifths of the animal allusions in these two plays are not used by either of the three dramatists. With the exception of two, (45, 46) all of them are used more or less frequently by Shakespeare. Of once used words there are 3 by Shakespeare, 10 by Greene, 7 by Peele, and 14 by Marlowe. In 15 instances Greene, Peele, and Marlowe concur in not using a particular word; in only 11 instances do they agree in using a particular word; and between the three dramatists there are 5 instances of double agreement in the use of a given word. I have already drawn attention to the frequent mention in these plays of birds of ill-omen, and animals of a predatory nature; of such names 11 are not used by Greene or Peele, and 10 are not used by Marlowe. Shakespeare uses all of them except one.

If this test be of any value, and I think it is, the above Table shows, very pointedly, that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* could not have been written by Greene, Peele, or Marlowe, either singly or combined; for by no species of combination can the animal allusions in them be made to agree with their use of cognate expressions. In Shakespeare's case it is a different matter, and the test assumes an importance which it would be absurd to attach to it in connection with Greene, Peele, and Marlowe; I do not claim supreme value for it, but taken

with other evidence given on both sides, I say the cumulation is conclusive against Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, and entirely in favour of Shakespeare. It may be urged as an objection to this conclusion, that Shakespeare's work exceeds that of either of the other three dramatists in the proportion of about 4 to 1, therefore the application of the test is scarcely fair; in answer to the objection I would point out that the words quoted do not always extend over the whole of his plays: in fact, in some instances the plays furnishing the required words are very few in number. A few examples will show my meaning: thus, taking the word "serpent" (No. 17 in the Table), out of the 33 times it occurs in Shakespeare, it is used 7 times in *Antony & Cleopatra*, being more by 2 than it is used in the entire works of either of the three dramatists. Again, No. 25, "lion," a common animal expression, is found 13 times in *King John*, being only 3 below the number used in the twenty-four plays of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. Other examples could be produced but it is unnecessary, for the point is palpable enough. To me it appears that this animal-allusion test furnishes the last link in the chain of evidence which proves that these two plays (minus the interpolations of Millington's and Pavier's botcher) had a Shakespearean origin.

Summing up and condensing my opinion, already expressed at large, I would say that the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* are imperfect reports, surreptitiously obtained, of the first sketches of Shakespeare's Second and Third parts of *Henry VI.* as they were originally pre-

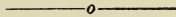
sented on the stage, and that they were issued from the press without authority. That Shakespeare was the author of the three parts of *Henry VI.*, and therefore of the main body of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, I hold to be proven on the testimony of Heminge and Condell. Many attempts have been made to shake and discredit their emphatic evidence on the point, but hitherto they have been conspicuous failures. That the Folio editors were right, in deed and in fact, in printing them with his other plays as his solely, I do not entertain the least doubt.

A. F. HOPKINSON.

London, December 21st, 1897,

THE
FIRST PART
OF
THE CONTENTION,

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.



KING HENRY VI.

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, Uncle to the King.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, Great uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,

LORD CLIFFORD, YOUNG CLIFFORD.—*Of the King's Party.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York,*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*

EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF WARWICK,—*Of the York faction.*

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

LORD SAY.

VAUX.

SIR JOHN HUM. (*Hume in the Folio.*)

An Armourer. (*Called Hornor in the text ; Thomas Horner in the Folio, Peter, his Man.*)

Roger Bolingbroke, *a Conjurer.* *A Spirit raised by him,*

Mayor of Saint Albans

Poor Man (*Sander*), *an Imposter.*

A Sea Captain, Master, *and Master's Mate.*

Walter Whitmore.

Gentlemen, *Prisoners with SUFFOLK.*

JACK CADE.

George, Nick, Dick the Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry,—*Rebels.*

Clerk of Chatham.

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to KING HENRY.*

ELINOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

MARGERIE JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*

Poor Man's Wife.

Lords, Ladies, Heralds, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and his Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Rebels, Servants, Attendants, Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various parts of ENGLAND.*

THE FIRST PART OF
THE CONTENTION
OF THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES OF
YORK AND LANCASTER,
WITH THE DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter at one door King HENRY IV., and HUMPHREY Duke of GLOSTER, and the Duke of SOMERSET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BEAUFORT, and others.

Enter at the other door, the Duke of YORK, and the Marquis of SUFFOLK, Queen MARGARET, and the Earls of SALISBURY and WARWICK.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty's command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So in the ancient famous city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Bretagne and Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty* reverend bishops,
 I did perform my task, and was espoused ;
 And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
 In sight of England and her royal peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen,
 Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent ;
 The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king possessed.

King. Suffolk, arise.—

Welcome, Queen Margaret to English Henry's court ;
 The greatest show of kindness yet we can bestow,
 Is this kind kiss.—Oh gracious God of heaven,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,
 For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowed
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soul.

Queen. Th' excessive love I bear unto your grace,†
 Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
 Lest I should speak more than beseems a woman :
 Let this suffice :—my bliss is in your liking,
 And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable,
 Unless the frown of mighty England's king.

King. Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth
 pierce. [*Aside.*

Lovely Queen Margaret, sit down by my side ;
 And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peers,

* Ed. 1594 reads *and then the*, a clear proof that the play was taken down, probably in shorthand, during the representation, and that the scribe misheard the word. The reading in the text is from the quarto of 1619, which agrees with the first Folio, and the chronicles.

† This and the next speech is given very differently in the Folio play. See 2 *Hen. VI.*, i. 1, l. 24, *et seq.*

With one voice welcome my belovèd queen.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [Sound trumpets.

Suf. My lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles confirmed of peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
Till term of eighteen months be full expired.

Hum. [*reads.*] "Impris,—It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, Marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall wed and espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter to Raynard* King of Naples, Sicils, and Jerusalem; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of the next month.—Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her fa—"
[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.*†

King. How now, uncle, what's the matter, that you stay so suddenly?

Hum. Pardon, my lord, a sudden qualm came over my heart,

Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.

Uncle of Winchester, I pray you read on.‡

Car. [*reads.*] "Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost

* Folio, *Reignier.*

† This stage direction is not in the Folio.

‡ F. gives this line to the King. Q. 1619 reads,—

"My lord of York, I pray do you read on."

and the next speech is accordingly given to York.

and charges, without dowry.

King. They please us well.—Lord marquis kneel down :
 We here create thee first Duke of Suffolk,
 And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
 We here discharge your grace from being regent
 In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
 Be full expired.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
 Gloster, York, and Buckingham, Somerset,
 Salisbury, and Warwick ;*
 We thank you all, for this great favour done
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
 To see her coronation be performed.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK ; and Duke
 HUMPHREY stays all the rest.*]

Hum. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you Duke Humphrey must unfold his grief.
 What ! did my brother Henry toil himself,
 And waste his subjects for to conquer France ?
 And did my brother Bedford spend his time
 To keep in awe that stout unruly realm ?
 And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here,
 Done all we could to keep that land in peace ?
 And are all our labours then spent in vain,
 For Suffolk, he the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath given away for our King Henry's queen,
 The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.
 Ah, lords, fatal is this marriage ; cancelling our states,
 Reversing monuments of conquered France,

* In the 1594 quarto this speech, to this point, is printed as prose.

Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.*

Car. Why, how now, cousin Gloster, what needs this?
As if our king were bound unto your will,
And might not do his will without your leave.
Proud Protector, envy in thine eyes I see,
The big swol'n venom of thy hateful heart,
That dares presume 'gainst that thy sovereign likes.†

Hum. Nay, my lord, 'tis not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I'll be gone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell, my lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long. } *[Exit.*

Car. There goes our Protector in a rage;
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby covers his deceitful thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walk the streets,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, "Jesus bless your royal excellence!"
With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
And many things besides that are not known,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.
But I will after him, and if I can,
I'll lay a plot to heave him from his seat. *[Exit.*

Buc. But let us watch this haughty cardinal;
Cousin of Somerset, be ruled by me,

* In the Folio this speech is considerably altered and expanded. It may be pointed out that eleven lines are incorporated in Gloster's speech, and lines 10 11 12 are condensed into two and transplanted into Gloster's next speech.

† Between this and the next speech, the Folio has thirty-two lines of which but very faint traces are to be found in the old play.

We'll watch Duke Humphrey and the cardinal too,
And put them from the mark they fain would hit.

Som. Thanks, cousin Buckingham, join thou with me,
And both of us with the Duke of Suffolk,
Will quickly heave Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Buc. Content.—Come then, let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[*Exeunt BUC. and SOM.*]

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.—
Whilst these do seek their own preferments thus,
My lords let us seek for our country's good.
Oft have I seen this haughty cardinal
Swear, and forswear himself, and brave it out,
More like a ruffian than a man of church.
Cousin York, the victories thou hast won
In Ireland, Normandy, and in France,
Hath won thee immortal praise in England.
And thou, brave Warwick, my thrice valiant son,
Thy simple plainness and thy housekeeping,
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort.
The reverence of mine age, and Nevil's name,
Is of no little force if I command;
Then let us join all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possess:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my noble son?*

War. For grief that all is lost that Warwick won.
Zounds, † Anjou and Maine both given away at once!

* In the Folio this line is introduced earlier in the scene; it is in Salisbury's speech, l. 114.

† Old copy, *Sonnes*. a misprint for *Scuns*, or *Zounds*. The same mistake appears in l. 4.

Why, Warwick did win them, and must that then
Which we won with our swords be given away
With words?

York. As I have read, our Kings of England
Were wont to have large dowries with their wives,
But our King Henry gives away his own.

Sal. Come, sons, away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh, father, Maine is lost,
Which Warwick by main force did win from France;
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt SAL., and WAR.*]

York. Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French;*
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England.†

A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey:
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.

Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,

* Twenty-two lines, of which there is no trace in the old play, precede this speech of York's in the Folio.

† These two lines are repeated by York, in III. 1. They are also in the Folio play, I. 1, and, with a slight variation, in III. 1, q. v.

Till Henry surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars,
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed,
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple* with the house of Lancaster ;
 And force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pulled fair England down. †

[Exit.

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in Duke HUMPHREY'S House.*

Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELINOR COBHAM, his Wife.

Elin. Why droops my lord like over-ripened corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 What seest thou, Duke Humphry ? King Henry's crown ?
 Reach at it ; and if thine arms be too short,
 Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a prince,
 Uncle to the king, and his Protector ?
 Then what shouldst thou lack that might content thy
 mind ?

Hum. My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart
 To think of treasons 'gainst my sovereign lord,
 But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
 And God I pray it do betide no ill.

* Ed. 1594 *graffle*, another instance of mishearing. Q.1619 reads *grapple*, and so does the Folio.

† This scene in the Folio contains 261 lines.

Elin. What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey, tell
it me,
And I'll interpret it; and when that's done,
I'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were placed
The heads of the cardinal of Winchester,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.*

Q 1594

Elin. Tush, my lord, this signifies nought but this,—
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall for th' offence make forfeit of his head.†
But now, my lord, I'll tell you what I dreamt:
Methought I was in the cathedral church
At Westminster, and seated in the chair
Where kings and queens are crowned, and at my feet
Henry and Margaret with a crown of gold
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

* The reading in the text is that of Q. 1594; the difference between it and Q. 1619, which also differs from F. 1623, is so wide and so important, that it is necessary to give the two readings.—

“*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office badge in Court,
Was broke in twain, by whom I cannot guess,
But as I think by the cardinal. What it bodes,
God knows; and on the ends were placed
The heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.” Q. 1619, I. 2.

“*Glo.* Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal!
And on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first Duke of Suffolk.” F. 1623

† This line occurs in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, II. 1.

Hum. Fie Nell, ambitious woman as thou art !
 Art thou not second woman in this land,
 And the Protector's wife, beloved of him,
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus ?
 Away, I say, and let me hear no more.

Elin. How now, my lord ! What, angry with your Nell
 For telling but her dream ? The next I have,
 I'll keep to myself, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay, Nell, I'll give no credit to a dream ;
 But I would have thee think on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, the king and queen
 to-morrow morning will ride a-hawking to Saint Albans,
 and crave your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart, I will attend his grace :
 Come, Nell, thou wilt go with us* I am sure. *[Exit.*

Elin. I'll come after you, for I cannot go before ;
 But ere it be long I'll go before them all,
 Despite of all that seek to cross me thus. †
 Who's within there ?

* *Us* repeated in old copy.

† There is a material variation between the text and the same speech in the 1619 quarto, which reads,—

“ *Elin.* I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
 As long as Gloster bears this base and humble mind :
 Were I a man, and Protector as he is,
 I'd reach to th' crown, or make some *hop headless* :
 And being but a woman, I'll not be behind
 For playing of my part, in spite of all
 That seek to cross me thus.”

Compare the same speech in the Folio play. The expression *hop headless*, occurs in *King Leir*, III. 2, and the old *King John*, Pt. 1, III. 1 ; there is a similar thought in the *True Tragedy of Richard III.*

Enter SIR JOHN HUM.*

What, Sir John! what news with you?

Sir John. Jesus preserve your majesty.

Elin. My majesty! Why, man, I am but grace.

Sir John. Ay, but by the grace of God, and Hum's advice,

Your grace's state shall be advanced ere long.

Elin. What, hast thou conferred with Margrey Jourdain, the cunning witch of Ely, with Roger Bolingbroke† and the rest, and will they undertake to do me good?

Sir John. I have, madam, and they have promised me to raise a spirit from the depth of underground, that shall tell your grace all questions you demand.

Elin. Thanks, good Sir John. Some two days hence, I guess,

Will fit our time, then see that they be here;
For now the king is riding to Saint Albans,
And all the dukes and earls along with him;
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my orchard here,
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolve us of the thing we wish;
Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. Now Sir John Hum, no words but mum,
Seal up your lips for you must silent be.
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich;
The duchess she thinks now that all is well,

* Hume in Folio. The title of Sir John was usually applied to priests in the 16 and 17th centuries.

† Ed. 1594, *Bulingbroke*; in some places it is *Bullenbroke*.

But I have gold comes from another place,
 From one that hired me to set her on
 To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
 And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolk ;
 For he it is, but I must not say so,
 That by my means must work the duchess' fall,
 Who now by conjurations thinks to rise.
 But whist Sir John, no more of that I trow,
 For fear you lose your head before you go.* [Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourer's man.

1 *Pet.* Come, sirs, let us linger hereabouts awhile,
 Until my lord Protector come this way,
 That we may show his grace our several causes.

2 *Pet.* I pray God save the good Duke Humphrey's life,
 For but for him a many were undone,
 That cannot get no succour in the Court ;
 But see where he comes with the queen.

Enter the Duke of SUFFOLK, with the Queen, and they take him for the Duke HUMPHREY, and give him their writings.

1 *Pet.* Oh, we are undone; this is the Duke of Suffolk!

Queen. Now, good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2 *Pet.* If it please your majesty, with my lord Protector's grace.

Queen. Are your suits to his grace? Let us see them first:—look on them, my lord of Suffolk.

* This scene in the Folio play contains 107 lines.

Suf. A complaint against the cardinal's man. What hath he done?

2 *Pet.* Marry, my lord, he hath stole away my wife, and th' are gone together, and I know not where to find them.

Suf. Hath he stole thy wife? that's some injury indeed.—But what say you?

Peter Thump. Marry, sir, I come to tell you that my master said that the Duke of York was true heir unto the crown, and that the king was an usurper.

Queen. An usurper, thou wouldst say.

Peter. Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

Queen. Didst thou say the king was an usurper?

Peter. No, forsooth, I said my master said so th' other day when we were scouring the Duke of York's armour in our garret.

Suf. Ay, marry, this is something like.
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirrah, take in this fellow and keep him close,
And send out a pursuivant for his master straight;—
We'll hear more of this before the king.

[Exeunt Servants with the Armourer's man.]

Now sir, what's yours? Let me see it. What's here?
Complaint against the Duke of Suffolk for enclosing the commons of Long Melford. How now, sir knave?

1 *Pet.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, I am but a messenger for the whole township. *[He tears the papers.]*

Suf. So, now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.
Villains, get you gone, and come not near the Court.—

Dare the peasants write against me thus ?

[*Exeunt* Petitioners.]

Queen. My lord of Suffolk you may see by this,*
 The Commons' love unto that haughty duke,
 That seeks to him more than to King Henry,
 Whose eyes are always poring on his book,
 And ne'er regards the honour of his name,
 But still must be protected like a child,
 And governed by that ambitious duke,
 That scarce will move his cap nor speak to us ;
 And his proud wife, high-minded Elinor,
 That ruffles it with such a troop of ladies,
 As strangers in the Court take her for the queen.
 She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back ; †
 The other day she vaunted to her maids,
 That the very train of her worst gown,
 Was worth more wealth than all my father's lands.
 Can any grief of mind be like to this ?
 I tell thee, Poole, when thou didst run at tilt,
 And and stol'st away our lady's heart in France, ‡
 I thought King Henry had been like to thee,
 Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suf. Madam, content yourself a little while ;
 As I was the cause of your coming to England,

* The corresponding scene in the Folio is much altered and expanded, *q. v.*

† This line, which is not in the early quartos—a significant fact, is from the edition of 1619. The same line, slightly varied, occurs in the Folio a little farther on, l. 80. There is a similar thought in *King Lear*, i. 6,—

“ She'll lay her husband's benifce on her back.”

and in Marlowe's *Edward II.* i. 3,—

“ He wears a lord's revenues on his back.”

‡ Cf. *Edward II.*, v. 5,—

“ Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France.”

So will I in England work your full content ;
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall understand :
But stay, madam, here comes the king.

Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORK, and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him ; and enter Duke HUMPHERY, Dame ELINOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earl of SALISBURY, the Earl of WARWICK, and the Cardinal of WINCHESTER.

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in France ;
Or York, or Somerset, all 's one to me.

York. My lord, if York hath ill demeaned himself,
Let Somerset enjoy his place and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinks worthy, let him go,
And there be made Regent over the French.

War. Whomsoever you account worthy,
York is the worthiest.

Car. Peace, Warwick ! Give thy betters leave to speak.

War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters far.

War. And Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Queen. My lord, in mine opinion, it were best
That Somerset were Regent over France.

Hum. Madam, our king is old enough himself,
To give his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be Protector over him so long ?

Hum. Madam, I am but Protector over the land,
And when it please his grace I will resign my charge.

Suf. Resign it then, for since that thou wast king,
 (As who is king but thee?) the common state
 Doth, as we see, all wholly go to wrack,
 And millions of treasure hath been spent;
 And as for the Regenship of France,
 I say Somerset is more worthy than York.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am not worthy;
 Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that York hath done,
 Should make him worthy to be honoured here.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason;
 Pray God the Duke of York do clear himself!
 Ho, bring hither the armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his Man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here hath accused his master of high treason, and his words were these,—That the Duke of York was lawful heir unto the crown, and that your grace was an usurper.

York. I beseech your grace let him have what punishment the law will afford, for his villainy.

King. Come hither, fellow; didst thou speak these words?

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said any such matter, God is my witness; I am falsely accused by this villain here.

Peter. 'Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

York. I beseech your grace, let him have the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the

words; my accuser is my 'prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be even with me; I have good witness of this, and therefore I beseech your majesty do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle Gloster, what do you think of this?

Hum. The law, my lord, is this, by case it rests suspicious,

That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to try each other's right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtieth of this month,
With ebon staves and sandbags combatting,
In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.

[*Exit.*

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I am not able to fight.

Suf. You must either fight, sirrah, or else be hanged;
Go take them hence again to prison.* [Exit with them.

[*The Queen lets fall her glove, and hits the Duchess of
GLOSTER a box on the ear.*

Queen. Give me my glove, my minion, can you not see?
[*She strikes her.*

I cry you mercy, madam, I did mistake;
I did not think it had been you.

Elin. Did you not? Proud Frenchwoman,
Could I come near your dainty visage with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments† in your face.

King. Be patient, gentle aunt; it was against her will.

* In the Folio this incident between the Armourer and Peter is placed after the insult offered to the Duchess of Gloster.

† The ten commandments meant the ten finger nails: the line is in the Folio play. The expression is used in *The Taming of a Shrew*, I. 1, *Lochrine*, IV. 3, *Westward Ho*, and other old plays.

Elin. Against her will! Good king, she'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt always thus be ruled by her :
But let it rest. As sure as I do live,
She shall not strike dame El'nor unrevenged.* [Exit.

King. Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame ;
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble uncle had been here in place.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

But see where he comes ; I am glad he met her not.—
Uncle Gloster, what answer makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the realm of France ?
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send ?

Hum. My gracious lord, then this is my resolve,—
For that these words the armourer should speak,
Doth breed suspicion on the part of York,
Let Somerset be Regent over the French,
Till trial's made, and York may clear himself.

King. Then be it so ; my lord of Somerset,
We make your grace Regent over the French,
And to defend our rights 'gainst foreign foes,
And so do good unto the realm of France.
Make haste, my lord, 'tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I think is full expired.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And take my leave to post with speed to France. [Exit.

King. Come, uncle Gloster, now let's have our horse,
For we will to Saint Albans presently.
Madam, your hawk they say is swift of flight,

* At this point 22 lines are introduced in the Folio play, of which scarcely a trace can be found in the old copies.

And we will try how she will fly to-day.* [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of GLOSTER's Garden.*

Enter ELINOR with SIR JOHN HUM, ROGER† BOLINGBROKE
a Conjuror, and MARGERY JOURDAIN a Witch.

Elin. Here, Sir John, take this scroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask,
And I will stand upon this tower here,
And hear the spirit what it says to you,
And to my questions write the answers down.

[*She goes up to the Tower.*

Sir John. Now, sirs, begin and cast your spells about,
And charm the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell dame Elinor of the thing she asks.

Witch. Then, Roger Bolingbroke, about thy task,
And frame a circle here upon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talk and whisper with the devils below,
And conjure them for to obey my will.

[*She lies down upon her face. BOLINGBROKE makes a circle.*

Bol. Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,‡
Wherein the Furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up, I charge you, from Cocytus's§ lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centric earth;
And hither come in twinkling of an eye:

* This scene in F. contains 121 lines.

† Old copy, *Koger*, a misprint.

‡ F. reads, *silent*: the expression, "silence of the night," occurs at p. 11.

§ Old copy prints *Soetus lake*. Cocytus was one of the rivers of hell.

Askalon, ascenda, ascenda !*

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth up.*]

Spirit. Now, Bolingbroke, what wouldst thou have me do ?

Bol. First, of the king ; what shall become of him ?

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

Bol. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk ?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bol. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset ?

Spirit. Let him shun castles : safer shall he be
Upon the sandy plains, † than where castles mounted
stand.

Now question me no more, for I must hence again.

[*He sinks down again.*]

Bol. Then down, I say, unto the damnèd pool

Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
Riding amidst the singed and parchèd smokes
The road of Ditus by the river Styx,
There howl and burn for ever in those flames ;
Rise, Jourdain, rise, and stay thy charming spells.—
Zounds, ‡ we are betrayed !

*Enter the Duke of YORK, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and
Others.*

York. Come, sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them
sure ;

This time was well watched. What, madam are you there ?

* The opening of this scene is somewhat different to the Folio version.

† According to Mr. Fleay, one of Lodge's trade-marks ; the phrase is in F.

‡ Old copy, *Sonnes* ; see note *ante*, p. 6.

This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treasons thus with conjurors ;
The king shall have notice of this thing.

[Exit ELINOR above.

Buc. See here, my lord, what the devil hath writ.

York. Give it me, my lord, I'll show it to the king.—
Go, sirs, see them fast locked in prison.

[Exeunt with them.

Buc. My lord, I pray you let me go post unto the king,
Unto Saint Albans, to tell this news.

York. Content. Away then ; about [it] straight.

Buc. Farewell, my lord.* [Exit.

York. Who's within, there ?

Enter one.

One. My lord.

York. Sirrah, go will† the earls of Salisbury
And Warwick to sup with me to-night. [Exit.

One. I will, my lord.‡ [Exit.

* This scene is considerably amplified, towards the close, in the Folio ; many lines being introduced which are not to be found in the old play.

† i. e. Bid, desire ; the Folio word is *invite*.

‡ This scene in the Folio contains 83 lines.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

Enter the KING, and QUEEN with her Hawk on her fist, and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLK and the CARDINAL, as if they came from hawking.*

Queen. My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?

But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And 't was ten to one old Jone had not gone out.

King. How wonderful the Lord's works are on earth,
Even in these silly creatures of his hands!
Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,
And on a sudden soused the partridge down.

Suf. No marvel, if it please your majesty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do† tower so well,
They know their master loves to be aloft.

Hum. Faith, my lord, it is but a base mind
That can soar no higher than a falcon's pitch. ‡

Car. I thought your grace would be above the clouds.

* Not in F. The stage directions in these old plays differ materially from those of the Folio; I have retained them as they appear in the old copies, as they furnish important and conclusive evidence that the plays were taken down during representation, and not from the author's MS. or the playhouse transcripts.

† Ed. 1594 reads, "hawk done tower so well." The reading adopted agrees with eds. 1600, 1619, and the Folio.

‡ This speech differs in Q. 1619, which closely agrees with the Folio text:—

"*Hum.* Faith, my lord, 'tis but a base mind,
That soars no higher than a bird can soar." Q. 1619.

"*Glo.* My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar." F. 1623.

Hum. Ay, my lord cardinal, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heaven?

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts
Beat* on a crown, proud Protector,
Dangerous peer, to smooth it thus with king
And commonwealth.

Hum. How now, my lord? Why, this is more than
needs ! †
Churchman so hot! Good uncle, can you do it? ‡

Suf. Why not, having so good a quarrel and so bad a
cause?

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suf. As you, my lord;
And it like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Hum. Why, Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.

King. Cease, gentle queen,
And whet not on these furious lords to wrath,
For blessèd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessèd for the peace I make
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith, holy uncle, I would it were come to that.

Car. Even when thou darest.

Hum. Dare! I tell thee, priest,
Plantagenets could never brook the dare.

Car. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,
And son to John of Gaunt.

* *i.e.* To keep the thoughts busied or fixed on any particular subject,

† Following this line, in the Folio, there is a line of Latin,—

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

which, as usual with other Latin scraps, is not found in the old play.

‡ So Q. 1619, and the Folio: Q. 1594, *doate*.

Hum. In bastardy.

Car. I scorn thy words.

Hum. Make up no factious numbers,
But even in thine own person meet me
At the east end of the grove.

Car. Here 's my hand ; I will.

King. Why, how now, my lords ?

Car. Faith, cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off
so soon, we had had more sport to-day.—Come with thy
sword and buckler.

Hum. Faith, priest, I'll shave your crown.

Car. Protector, protect thyself well.

King. The wind grows high, so doth your choler, lords.

Enter one crying " A miracle ! a miracle ! "

How now ! Now, sirrah, what miracle is it ?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that
came blind to Saint Albans, and hath received his sight
at his* shrine.

King. Go fetch him hither, that we may glorify the
Lord with him.

Enter the MAYOR *of Saint Albans and his Brethren, with*
music, bearing the Man that had been blind between two
a chair. †

King. Thou happy man ! give God eternal praise,
For He it is that thus hath helped thee

Hum. Where wast thou born ?

* So Q. 1594 ; Q. 1619, *the* shrine, but query, " at *this* shrine".

† Compare these directions with the Folio, and modern editions.

*Poor man.** At Berwick, sir, in the north.

Hum. At Berwick, and come thus far for help?

Poor man. Ay, sir, it was told me in my sleep that sweet Saint Allans should give me my sight again.

Hum. What, art† thou lame too?

Poor man. Ay, indeed, sir; God help me!

Hum. How cam'st thou lame?

Poor man. With falling off on‡ a plum tree.

Hum. Wert thou blind, and would climb plum trees?

Poor man. Never but once, sir, in all my life; my wife did long for plums.

Hum. But tell me, wert thou born blind?

Poor man. Ay, truly, sir.

Woman. Ay, indeed, sir, he was born blind.

Hum. What art thou, his mother?

Woman. His wife, sir.

Hum. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told. Why, let me see, I think thou canst not§ see yet.

Poor man. Yes, truly, master, as clear as day.

Hum. Sayst thou so? What colour's his cloak?

Poor man. Why, red, master; as red as blood.

Hum. And his cloak?

Poor man. Why, that's green.

Hum. And what colour's his hose?

Poor man. Yellow, master; yellow as gold.

* There seems some confusion about the name of this individual; he is called *Poor man*, in the speech prefix, and a few lines lower down he owns to his name being *Sander*. In the Folio play the speech prefix is *Simpc.*, and in the text it is *Symon*, and *Saunder Simpcox*.

† Old copy, *are*.

‡ Not in Q. 1619, or Folio.

§ Old copy, *cant not*,

Hum. And what colour's my gown?

Poor man. Black, sir; as black as jet.

King. Then belike he knows what colour jet is on.

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Hum. But cloaks and gowns, ere this day, many a one.—But tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Poor man. Alas, master, I know not.

Hum. What's his name?

Poor man. I know not.

Hum. Nor his?

Poor man. No, truly, sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

Poor man. No, indeed, master.

Hum. What's thine own name?

Poor man. Sander, and it please you, master.

Hum. Then, Sander, sit there the lyingest knave in Christendom.* If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightest as well have known our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Albans here hath done a miracle, and would you not think his† cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?‡

Poor man. Oh, master, I would you could!

Hum. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not

* Cf. *Soliman and Perseda*, i. 2,—

“The bragging'st knave in Christendom,”

and *Arden of Feversham*, iv. 4,—

“The railingest knave in Christendom.”

† The Folio misprints “his” *it*; since Malone, who adopted *that*, on Rowe's suggestion, modern editors have restored the genuine word from the old play.

‡ In the Folio this speech is printed as verse.

beadles in your town, and things called whips?*

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit one.*]

Hum. Now fetch me a stool hither, by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Enter Beadle.

Poor man. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

Hum. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Poor man. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle had hit him one jerk, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they run after him, crying,—“A miracle! A miracle!”*†]

Hum. A miracle, a miracle! Let him be taken again,

* Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, iv. 4; Hieronimo is the speaker:—

“And there is Nemesis and furies,

And things called whips.”

This occurs in the additions to the play by Ben Jonson in 1601-2. Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, says:—“Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store.” No such passage is to be found in *Hamlet*, but there may have been an older *Hamlet* which contained these words. It is very probable, however, that Armin was quoting from this play and confused Hieronimo with Hamlet.

† This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The imposter's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. MALONE.

and whipped at every market town till he comes at Berwick, where he was born.

Mayor. It shall be done, my lord. [Exit.

Suf. My lord Protector hath done wonders to-day; he hath made the blind to see, and* halt to go.

Hum. Ay, but you did greater wonders, when you made whole dukedoms fly in a day; witness France.

King. Have done, I say, and let me hear no more Of that.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

What news brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?

Buc. Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,—
That proud dame Elinor, our Protector's wife,
Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers,
By witchcraft, sorceries, and conjurings,
Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
To tell her what hap should betide the state;
But ere they had finished their devilish drift,
By York and myself they were all surprised,
And here's the answer the devil did make to them.

King. First of the king; what shall become of him?
[Reads.] The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,
Yet him outlive, and die a violent death.—
God's will be done in all!

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?—
By water shall he die and take his end.

Suf. By water must the Duke of Suffolk die?
It must be so, or else the devil doth lie.

* Ed. 1600 reads, "and *the* halt"; the article seems necessary to the sense of the passage.

King. Let Somerset shun castles ;
For safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Car. Here's good stuff. How now, my lord Protector ?
This news, I think, hath turned your weapon's point ;
I am in doubt you 'll scarcely keep your promise.

Hum. Forbear, ambitious prelate, to urge my grief ;—
And pardon me, my gracious sovereign,
For here I swear unto your majesty,
That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done ;
And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and board,
And leave her open for the law to judge,
Unless she clear herself of this foul deed.

King. Come, my lords, this night we'll lodge in Saint
Albans,
And to-morrow we will ride to London,
And try the utmost of these treasons forth.
Come, uncle Gloster, along with us,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of York's Garden.*

*Enter the Duke of York, and the Earls of SALISBURY and
WARWICK.*

York. My lords, our simple supper ended, thus
Let me reveal unto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of York,
To England's crown by lineal descent.

* This scene in the Folio contains 231 lines.

War. Then York, begin, and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus, my lords.—Edward the third had seven sons ;*—the first was Edward the black prince, Prince of Wales ; the second was Edmund of Langley, † Duke of York ; the third was Lionel, Duke of Clarence ; the fourth was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ; the fifth was Roger Mortimer, † Earl of March ; the sixth was Sir Thomas of Woodstock ; William of Windsor was the seventh, and last. Now, Edward the black prince, he died before his father, and left behind him Richard, that afterwards was king, crowned by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heir. Edmund

* There is a material difference between the pedigree as here given, and that of Q. 1619 ; the latter makes a nearer approach to the Folio, which should be compared with the quartos. A transcript of the account as contained in the quarto of 1619, is here given.

“ Edward the third had seven sons,
The first was Edward the black prince, Prince of Wales.
The second was William of Hatfield, who died young.
The third was Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
The sixth was William of Windsor, who died young.
The seventh, and last, was Sir Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of York.

“ Now, Edward the black prince died before his father, leaving behind him two sons ; Edward, born at Angolesme, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned by the name of Richard the second, who died without an heir.

“ Lionel, Duke of Clarence, died, and left him one only daughter, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March and Ulster : and so by her I claim the crown, as the true heir to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son to Edward the third. Now, sir, in time of Richard’s reign, Henry of Bolingbroke, son and heir to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third, he claimed the crown, deposed the mirthful king, and, as both you know, in Pomfret castle harmless Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard’s death came the house of Lancaster unto the crown.”

† A mistake ; corrected in the Folio.

of Langley, Duke of York, died and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, died, and left behind Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claim the crown, as the true heir to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the third. Now, sir, in the time of Richard's reign, Henry of Bolingbroke, son and heir to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third, he claimed the crown, deposed the mirthful* king, and as both you know, in Pomfret castle harmless Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster unto the crown.

Sal. Saving your tale, my lord, as I have heard, in the reign of Bolingbroke, the Duke of York did claim the crown, and but for Owen Glendower, had been king.

York. True: but so it fortun'd then, by means of that monstrous rebel Glendower, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so, ever since, the heirs of Gaunt have possessed the crown. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawful heir unto the kingdom.

War. What plain proceedings can be more plain?—he claims it from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward the third; and Henry, from John of Gaunt, the fourth son; so that till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign. It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee, and in thy sons, brave slips of such a stock!—Then, noble father, kneel we both together, and in this private place

* F. *rightful*.

be we the first to honour him with birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live Richard, England's royal king !

York. I thank you both. But, lords, I am not your king, until this sword be sheathed even in the heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.*

War. Then, York, advise thyself and take thy time ;
 Claim thou the crown, and set thy standard up,
 And in the same, advance the milk-white rose ;
 And then to guard it will I rouse the bear,
 Environed with ten thousand ragged staves,
 To aid and help thee for to win thy right,
 Maugre the proudest lord of Henry's blood,
 That dares deny the right and claim of York ;
 For why ?—my mind presageth I shall live,
 To see the noble Duke of York to be a king. †

York. Thanks, noble Warwick ; and York doth hope to see the Earl of Warwick live to be the greatest man in England, but the king. Come, let's go. ‡ [Exeunt.]

* Cf *True Tragedy*, II. 1,—

“ I cannot joy till this white rose be dyed,
 Even in the heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.”

In the Folio play, ten lines are added to this speech of York's.

† The first eight lines of this speech are not in the Folio.

‡ This scene in the Folio has 90 lines.

SCENE III.—London. *A Hall of Justice.*

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEEN, Duke HUMPHREY, the Duke of SUFFOLK, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the CARDINAL, and Dame ELINOR COBHAM, led with the Officers; and then enter to them the Duke of YORK, and the Earls of SALISBURY and WARWICK.**

King. Stand forth, dame Elinor Cobham, Duchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our states and peers. First, for thy heinous crimes, thou shalt two days in London do penance barefoot in the streets, with a white sheet about thy body, and a wax taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of Man, there to end thy days; and this is our sentence irrevocable. Away with her!

Elin. Even to my death, for I have lived too long. †
[*Exeunt some with ELINOR.*

King. Grieve not, noble uncle, but be thou glad,
 In that these treasons thus are come to light,
 Lest God had poured his vengeance on thy head,
 For her offences that thou held'st so dear.

Hum. Oh, gracious Henry, give me leave awhile,
 To leave your grace, and to depart away,
 For sorrow's tears hath gripped my agèd heart,

* Compare this with the Folio, where it is evident that Margery Jourdain and her satellites are introduced on the scene; in fact modern editors print their names in the stage directions. No mention is made of them in the present scene of the old play.

† Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, v. 6,—

“ *Q. Isab.* Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived.

And make the fountains of mine eyes to swell ;
And therefore, good my lord, let me depart.

King. With all my heart, good uncle, when you please ;
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey, resign thy staff,
For Henry will be no more protected ;
The Lord shall be my guide, both for my land and me.

Hum. My staff?—ay, noble Henry, my life and all.
My staff I yield as willing to be thine,
As erst* thy noble father made it mine ;
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it ;
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Uncle Gloster, stand up and go in peace,
No less beloved of us, than when
Thou wert Protector over my land.†

[*Exit* GLOSTER.]

Queen. Take up the staff, for here it ought to stand ;
Where should it be, but in King Henry's hand ?

York. Please it, your majesty, this is the day
That was appointed for the combatting
Between the armourer and his man, my lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may try their
rights.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunken, and he enters with

* Q. 1619 reads, *e'er*, which is the reading of the Folio.

† Q. 1619 reads " over *this* my land" ; the reading in the text agrees with the Folio.

a drum before him, and his staff and a sandbag fastened to it ; and at the other door his Man, with a drum and sandbag, and Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Hornor,† I drink to you in a cup of sack, and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 *Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour, drink and be merry, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come ; i' faith, I'll pledge you all, and a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Here, Peter, here's a pint of claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master ; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all, but I'll drink no more ; here, Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer ; and Will, thou shalt have my apron ; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. Oh, Lord, bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name ?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter, what more ?

* According to the old law of duels persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or baton, to the further end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. WARBURTON.

† Folio, Horner.

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? then see that thou thump thy master.

Arm. Here's to thee, neighbour, fill all the pots again, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind,* for I am come hither as it were of my man's instigation, to prove myself an honest man, and Peter a knave; and so have at you, Peter, with downright blows, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you he's in his fence already.

[*Alarm*, and PETER hits him on the head and fells him.

Arm. Hold, Peter, I confess. Treason, treason!

[*He dies.*

Peter. Oh, God, I give thee praise! [*He kneels down.*

Pren. Ho, well done, Peter! God save the king!

King. Go take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God in justice hath revealed to us,
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.† [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his Men in mourning cloaks.

Hum. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Serving. Almost ten, my lord.

Hum. Then is that woful hour hard at hand,

* The first part of this speech is not in the Folio, and the remainder is given very differently: Bevis of Southampton is not mentioned, but Steevens, without authority, prints it in his *Shakespeare*.

† This scene in the Folio has 108 lines.

That my poor lady should come by this way,
 In shameful penance wand'ring in the streets.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

*Enter Dame ELINOR COBHAM barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on, and accompanied with the Sheriffs of London and SIR JOHN STANLEY, and Officers with bills and halberts.**

Serving. My gracious lord, see where my lady comes !
 Please it your grace, we'll take her from the sheriffs.

Hum. I charge you, for your lives, stir not a foot,
 Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
 But let them do their office as they should.

Elin. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
 Ah, Gloster, now thou doest penance too !
 See how the giddy people look at thee,
 Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here ;
 Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
 And in thy pent-up study rue thy shame,
 And ban thine enemies :—ah, mine and thine !

Hum. Ah, Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
 And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elin. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself ;
 For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
 The† thought of this doth kill my woful heart.

* Compare Folio and modern editions of the play.

† From Q. 1619 ; Q. 1594 reads *then*.

The ruthless flints doth cut my tender feet,
 And when I start the cruel people laugh,
 And bid me [be] advisèd how I tread ;
 And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
 Mailed up in shame, with papers on my back,—
 Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and live ?
 Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
 And he a prince, Protector of the land ;
 But so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
 As he stood by whilst I, his fòrlorn duchess,
 Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
 To every idle rascal follower.

Hum. My lovely Nell, what wouldst thou have me do ?
 Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
 I should incur the danger of the law,
 And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elin. Be thou mild and stir not at my disgrace,
 Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
 As shortly it will be ; for Suffolk,—he
 The new-made duke, that may do all in all
 With her that loves him so, and hates us all,—
 And impious York, and Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
 And fly thee how thou canst,* they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Arms.

Her. I summon your grace unto his highness' parliament, holden at Saint Edmund's-bury, the first of the next month.

Hum. A parliament, and our consent never craved

* The reading of Q. 1619 and the Folio : Q. 1504 reads, *can*.

therein before? This is sudden!—Well, we will be there.
 [Exit Herald.]

Master sheriff, I pray proceed no further against my lady than the course of law extends.

Sher. Please it your grace, my office here doth end, and I must deliver her to Sir John Stanley, to be conducted into the Isle of Man.

Hum. Must you, Sir John, conduct my lady?

Stan. Ay, my gracious lord, for so it is decreed, And I am so commanded by the king.

Hum. I pray you, Sir John, use her ne'er the worse; In that, I entreat you use her well.

The world may smile again, and I may live
 To do you favour if you do it her,
 And so, Sir John, farewell.

Elin. What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Hum. Witness my bleeding heart;—I cannot stay to speak.
 [Exeunt HUMPHREY and his Men.]

Elin. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone?
 And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
 Then let me haste from out fair England's bounds.—
 Come, Stanley, come, and let us haste away.

Stan. Madam, let us go unto some house hereby,
 Where you may shift yourself before we go.

Elin. Ah, good Sir John, my shame cannot be hid,
 Nor put away with casting of my sheet;
 But come, let us go: master sheriff, farewell,
 Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

* This scene in the Folio contains 115 lines.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bury Saint Edmunds. *The Abbey.*

Enter to the Parliament. Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLK, and then the Duke of YORK, and the CARDINAL of Winchester, and then the KING and QUEEN, and then the Earl of SALISBURY, and the Earl of WARWICK.

King. I wonder our uncle Gloster stays so long.

Queen. Can you not see, or will you not perceive,
How that ambitious duke doth use himself?
The time hath been, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was;
But now, let one meet him even in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
And he will neither move or speak to us.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troops, crying, "God save the good Duke Humphrey,"
And, "With long life Jesus preserve his grace!"
Honouring him as if he were their king.
Gloster is no little man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
'Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it pass, and call it a woman's fear.
My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Disprove my allegations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can disprove me,
I will subscribe and say, I wronged the duke.

Suf. Well hath your grace foreseen into that duke,
And if I had been licensed first to speak,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
Smooth runs the brook whereas* the stream is deepest :
No, no, my sovereign, Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset, what news from
France ?

Som. Cold news, my lord, and this it is,—
That all your holds and towns within those territories,
Is overcome, my lord ;—all is lost.

King. Cold news indeed, Lord Somerset ;
But God's will be done.

York. Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England. † [*Aside.*

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

Hum. Pardon, my liege, that I have stayed so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou prove more loyal than thou art ;
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Hum. Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change mine countenance for thine arrest.
Whereof am I guilty ? Who are my accusers ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, your grace took bribes
from France,
And stopped the soldiers of their pay,
By which his majesty hath lost all France.

* *i. e.*, Where.

† See note † *ante*, p. 7.

Hum. Is it but thought so? and who are they that think so?

So God help me, as I have watched the night,
 Ever intending good for England still,
 That penny that ever I took from France,
 Be brought against me at the judgment day;
 I never robbed the soldiers of their pay,—
 Many a pound of mine own proper cost,
 Have I sent over for the soldiers' wants,
 Because I would not rack the needy commons

Car. In your protectorship you did devise
 Strange torments for offenders, by which means
 England hath been defamed by tyranny.

Hum. Why, 'tis well known that whilst I was Protector,
 Pity was all the fault that was in me;
 A murderer or foul felonous* thief,
 That robs and murders silly passengers,
 I tortured above the rate of common law.

Suf. Tush, my lord, these be things of no account,
 But greater matters are laid unto your charge:
 I do arrest thee on high treason here,
 And commit thee to my good lord Cardinal,
 Until such time as thou canst clear thyself.

King. Good uncle, obey to his arrest,
 I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself;
 My conscience tells me thou art innocent.

Hum. Ah, gracious Henry, these days are dangerous,
 And would my death might end these miseries,
 And stay their moods for good King Henry's sake;
 But I am made the prologue to their play,

* i.e. Felonious.

And thousands more must follow after me,
 That dread not yet their lives' destruction.
 Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice,
 Beaufort's fiery eyes show his envious mind,
 Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts,*
 And doggèd York, that levels at the moon,†
 Whose overweaning arm I have held back,
 All you have joinèd to betray me thus ;
 And you, my gracious lady and sovereign mistress,
 Causeless have laid complaints upon my head ;
 I shall not want false witnesses enough,
 That so amongst you, you may have my life.
 The proverb, no doubt, will be well performed,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.‡

Suf. Doth he not twit our sovereign lady here,
 As if that she, with ignominious wrong,
 Had suborned or hired some to swear against his life ?

Queen. Ay, but I can give the loser leave to speak.

Hum. Far truer spoke than meant,—I lose indeed ;—
 Beshrew the winners' hearts, they play me false.

Buc. He'll wrest the sense and keep us here all day ;
 My lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car. Who's within, there ? Take in Duke Humphrey,
 And see him guarded sure within my house.

Hum. Oh, thus King Henry casts away his crutch,

* Here some curious transpositions occur in the Folio play, which reads,—

“ Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate :
 Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart.”

† *i. e.* Aspires to something beyond his reach ; “ *reaches at the moon,*” it the Folio reading.

‡ In the Folio this speech is expanded to 38 lines.

Before his legs can bear his body up,
 And puts his watchful shepherd from his side,
 Whilst wolves stand snarling who shall bite him first.
 Farewell, my sovereign, long mayst thou enjoy,
 Thy father's happy days, free from annoy.

[*Exeunt HUMPHREY with the Cardinal's Men.*]

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms shall seem best,
 Do and undo, as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is killed with grief.*
 Where I may sit and sigh in endless moan,
 For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

[*Exeunt KING, SALISBURY and WARWICK.*]

Queen. Then sit we down again: my lord cardinal,
 Suffolk, Buckingham, York, and Somerset,
 Let us consult of proud Duke Humphrey's fall:—
 In mine opinion it were good he died,
 For safety of our king and commonwealth.

Suf. And so think I, madam; for, as you know,
 If our King Henry had shook hands with death,
 Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king:
 And it may be by policy he works,
 To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt;
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb;

* Form the want of sense and connection between this and the next line, I suspect something has been omitted either by the compositor or the pirate-botcher who took down the play during representation, and afterwards vamped it for the press. Some sense may be made of the passage by transposing the second and third words of the second line, and printing it thus:—

“Ay, Margaret; my heart is killed with grief.

Where *may I* sit and sigh in endless moan?

For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.”

The same speech in the Folio extends to 25 lines, *q. v.*

But if we take him ere he do the deed,
 We should not question if that he should live.
 No! Let him die, in that he is a fox,
 Lest that in living he offend us more.*

Car. Then let him die before the commons know,
 For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.

Suf. Let that be my lord Cardinal's charge, and mine.

Car. Agreed, for he's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.†

Queen. How now, sirrah, what news?

Mes. Madam, I bring you news from Ireland;
 The wild O'Neal, my lords, is up in arms,
 With troops of Irish kerns‡ that, uncontrolled,§
 Doth plant themselves within the English pale,||
 And burn and spoil the country as they go.¶

Queen. What redress shall we have for this, my lords?

York. 'Twere very good that my lord of Somerset,
 That fortunate champion, were sent over,
 To keep in awe these stubborn Irishmen;

* Q. 1619 gives this and the previous line to York. † F. "Enter a Post."

‡ Light-armed Irish foot-soldiers.

§ Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II.*, II. 2,—

"The wild O'Neal, with swarms of Irish kerns,
 Live uncontrolled within the English pale."

|| The term *pale* was applied to that portion of Ireland to which, for some centuries after its invasion by the English under Henry II. in 1172, the dominion of the latter was confined. The limits of the *pale* seldom extended beyond the modern province of Leinster, and were frequently much less.

¶ This line is misplaced in Q. 1594, being in York's next speech, thus—

„That fortunate champion were sent over,

And burns and spoils the country," etc.

but the line clearly ought to come at the end of the Messenger's speech, and it is put there in Q. 1600, and 1619. •

He did so much good when he was in France.

Som. Had York been there with all his far fetched Policies, he might have lost as much as I.

York. Ay, York would have lost his life before That France should have revolted from England's rule.

Som. Ay, so thou might'st, and yet have governed worse than I.

York. What, worse than nought? then a shame take all!

Som. Shame on thyself, that wisheth shame!

Queen. Somerset, forbear; good York, be patient; And do thou take in hand to cross the seas, With troops of armèd men to quell the pride Of those ambitious Irish that rebel.

York. Well, madam, sith your grace is so content, Let me have some bands of chosen soldiers, And York shall try his fortune against those kerns.*

Queen. York, thou shalt. My lord of Buckingham, Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

Buc. Madam, I will, and levy such a band, As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels: But, York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee?

York. At Bristow† I will expect them ten days hence.

Buc. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

[Exit Buc.]

York. Adieu, my lord of Buckingham.

Queen. Suffolk, remember what you have to do, And you, lord Cardinal, concerning Duke Humphrey;

* The quartos of 1600 read "gainst those kerns," that of 1619,

"And York shall try his fortunes 'gainst those kerns."

† i.e. Bristol.

'Twere good that you did see to it in time :
Come, let us go, that it may be performed.

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet YORK.*

York. Now York, bethink thyself and rouse thee up ;*
Take time whilst it is offered thee so fair,
Lest when thou wouldst thou canst it not attain ;
'Twas men I lacked, and now they give them me :
And now whilst I am busy in Ireland,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
Under the title of John Mortimer, †
To raise commotion, and by that means
I shall perceive how the common people
Do affect the claim and house of York ;
Then if he have success in his affairs,
From Ireland then comes York again,
To reap the harvest which that coistrel sowed.
Now if he should be taken and condemned,
He'll ne'er confess that I did set him on ;
And therefore, ere I go, I'll send him word,
To put in practice and to gather head,
That so soon as I am gone he may begin
To rise in arms with troops of country swains,
To help him to perform this enterprise ;
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to England's crown,
But York can tame and headlong pull them down. ‡

[*Exit.*

* This speech is considerably enlarged in the Folio play.

† After this line, Q. 1619 contains the following line,—

“ For he is like him every kind of way.”

which is not in either of the early editions or the Folio.

‡ This scene in the Folio contains 386 lines.

SCENE II.—Bury Saint Edmunds. *A room in the Palace.*

*Then the curtains being drawn, DUKE HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLK to them.**

Suf. How now, sirs, what, have you dispatched him?

1 Man. Ay, my lord, he's dead, I warrant you.

Suf. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him still,
That when the king comes he may perceive
No other but that he died of his own accord.

2 Man. All things is handsome now, my lord.

Suf. Then draw the curtains again, and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward, anon.

[*Exeunt Murtherers.*]

Then enter the KING and QUEEN, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Duke of SOMERSET, and the CARDINAL.

King. My lord of Suffolk, go call our uncle Gloster;
Tell him this day we will that he do clear himself.

Suf. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

King. And, good my lords, proceed
No further against our uncle Gloster,
Than by just proof you can affirm;
For as the sucking child or harmless lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

* In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, was an apparatus then not known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now, Suffolk, where 's our uncle ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead !

[*The KING falls in a swoon.**]

Queen. Ay me, the king is dead ! Help, help, my lords !

Suf. Comfort, my lord ; gracious Henry, comfort.

King. What, doth my lord of Suffolk bid me comfort ?

Came he even now to sing a raven's note,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfy my griefs, or ease my heart ?
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight,
For even in thine eyeballs murder sits ;—
Yet do not go. Come, basilisk,
And kill the silly gazer with thy looks.

Queen. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus,
As if that he had caused Duke Humphrey's death ?
The duke, and I too, you know, were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murder him.

King. Ah, woe is me, for wretched Gloster's death !

Queen. Be woe for me more wretched than he was ! †
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face !
I am no loathsome leper ; look on me :
Was I for this nigh wracked upon the sea,
And thrice by awkward winds driven back from Eng-
land's bounds ?
What might it bode, but that well-foretelling
Winds said, " Seek not a scorpion's nest." ‡

* Old copies, " The King falls in a sound."

† That is, Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me. JOHNSON.

‡ This speech is expanded to 49 lines in the Folio play.

Enter the Earls of WARWICK and SALISBURY.

War. My lord, the commons, like an angry hive of bees,*

Run up and down caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murdered by Suffolk and the Cardinal here.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knows, not Henry.

War. Enter his privy chamber, my lord, and view the
body.

Good father, stay you with the rude multitude till I return.

Sal. I will, son. [Exit SAL.]

[WARWICK draws the curtains, and shows Duke
HUMPHREY in his bed.]

King. Ah, uncle Gloster, heaven receive thy soul!
Farewell poor Henry's joy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by His soul that took our shape upon him,
To free us from his father's dreadful curse,
I am resolved that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famous duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue;
What instance gives Lord Warwick for these words?

War. Oft have I seen a timely-parted† ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodless;
But, lo, the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured than when he lived;
His well-proportioned beard made rough and stern,

* Q. 1619, "an hungry hive of bees." F. agrees with the old play.

† A timely parted ghost means a *body* that has become inanimate in the common course of nature; to which violence has not brought a *timeless* end. So says Malone; some editors explain *timely parted* as meaning *recently*.

His fingers spread abroad* as one that gasped for life,
Yet was by strength surprised: the least of these are
probable,

It cannot choose but he was murtherèd†

Queen. Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they I trust, sir, are no murtherers.

War. Ay, but 'twas well known they were not his
friends;

And 'tis well seen he found some enemies.

Car. But have you no greater proofs than these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's‡ nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kite soar with unbloody beak?—
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your
talons?
Is Suffolk the butcher? where's his knife?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengeful sword rusted with ease,§
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dare, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exit* CARDINAL.]

* *i. e.* Outstretched.

† Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, 2:—

“It cannot be but thou hast murdered him.”

‡ A kite.

§ Q. 1594, *case*; the later quartos and Folio read *ease*.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say it,
That every word you speak in his defence,
Is slander to your royal majesty.

Suf. Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed
Some stern untutored churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevil's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mute,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knees
Make thee crave pardon for thy passèd speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,*
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy
blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

* This line is rather different in Q. 1619, which reads,—

“ Give thee thy hire, and send *tee* down to hell.”

F. agrees with the text as above.

War. Away, even now, or I will drag thee hence.

[*WARWICK pulls him out. Exeunt WARWICK and SUFFOLK and then all the commons within cry,—*
 “Down with Suffolk! Down with Suffolk!” *And then enter again Duke of SUFFOLK and WARWICK with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, my lords?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury,
 Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

[*The commons again cry,—*“Down with Suffolk!
 Down with Suffolk!” *And then enter from them, the Earl of SALISBURY.*

Sal. My lord, the commons made you word by me,
 That unless false Suffolk here be done to death,
 Or banished fair England's territories,
 That they will err from your highness' person;
 They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
 They say by him they fear the ruin of the realm;
 And therefore if you love your subjects' weal,
 They wish you to banish him from forth the land.*

Suf. Indeed, 'tis like the commons, rude unpolished
 hinds,
 Would send such message to their sovereign;
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employed,
 To try how quaint† an orator you were;
 But all the honour Salisbury hath got,
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from a sort of tinkers‡ to the king.

* This speech in F. contains 28 lines.

† i.e. A company of tinkers.

‡ i.e. Skilful, fit.

[*The commons cry*,—"An answer from the King,
my lord of Salisbury."

King. Good Salisbury, go back again to them,
Tell them we thank them all for their loving care,
And had I not been cited thus by their means,
Myself had done it : therefore, here I swear,
If Suffolk be found to breathe in any place,
Where I have rule, but three days more, he dies.

[*Exit SAL.*

Queen. Oh, Henry, reverse the doom of gentle Suffolk's
banishment !

King. Ungentle queen to call him gentle Suffolk ;
Speak not for him, for in England he shall not rest ;
If I say, I may relent ; but if I swear, it is irrevocable.
Come, good Warwick, and go thou in with me,
For I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt KING and WAR. Manet QUEEN and SUF.*

Queen. Hell-fire and vengeance go along with you !
There's two of you, the devil make the third.*—
Fie, womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! Wherefore should I curse
them ?

Could curses kill as do the mandrake's groans,
I would invent as many bitter terms,†
Delivered strongly through my fixèd teeth,
With twice so many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced envy‡ in her loathsome cave.

* Between this and the next line the Folio introduces a speech by Suffolk of two lines ; then Queen Margaret goes on, " Fie, womanish man," etc. which condenses the two lines of the Folio.

† F. " as bitter-searching terms."

‡ Q. 1594, " leaue fast enuy ;" the later quartos and Folio read as above.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 My hair be fixed on end, as one distraught,
 And every joint should seem to curse and ban ;
 And now methinks my burdened heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste ;
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cyprus trees ;*
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings ;
 Their music frightful like the serpent's hiss,
 And boding screech-owls make the concert† full !
 All the foul terrors in dark seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torments thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me cease ?‡
 Now by this ground that I am banished from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 And standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. No more. Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to
 France,
 Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris§ that shall find thee out ;
 And long thou shalt not stay, but I'll have thee repealed,
 Or venture to be banished myself.
 Oh, let this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That when thou see'st it thou mayst think on me.
 Away, I say, that I may feel my grief,

* Here the Folio adds the following line :—

“ Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks.”

† Q. 1594, *consort*.

‡ F. reads, *leave*.

§ Q. 1594, *Irish*. This line in F. is placed further on, l. 407.

For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.*

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd ;
Once by the king, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter VAUX. †

Queen. How now, whither goes Vaux so fast ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
Sometimes he raves and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him ;
And sometime he calls to speak unto the king ;
And I am going to certify unto his grace,
That even now he called aloud for him.

Queen. Go, then, good Vaux, and certify the king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Oh, what is worldly pomp ! all men must die,
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end.
But why mourn I for him, whilst thou art here ?
Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

Suf. And if I go, I cannot live ; but here to die,
What were it else but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air, ‡
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,

* This speech in F. is expanded to 18 lines. Eight lines are also added to Suffolk's next speech.

† Q. 1594, *Vause*.

‡ Cf. *Fair Em*, I. 3,—

“ But let them breathe their souls into the air.”

That dies with mother's dug between his lips ;
 Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
 That I might breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
 By thee to die, were but to die in jest ;
 From thee to die, were torment more than death.
 Oh, let me stay ! befall what may befall.

Queen. Oh, might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
 Then shouldst thou stay ; but heavens deny it,
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repealed.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee. [*She kisses him.*

Suf. A jewel locked into the wofull'st cask,
 That ever yet contained a thing of worth !
 Thus like a spitted bark, so sunder we ;
 This way fall I to death.

[*Exit Suf.*

Queen.

This way for me.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—London. *Cardinal BEAUFORT's Bed-chamber*

*Enter KING and SALISBURY, and then the curtains be drawn,
 and the Cardinal is discovered in his bed, raving and star-
 ing as if he were mad.*

Car. Oh, death, if thou wilt let me live
 But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
 As will purchase such another island.

King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled.
 Lord cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.

* This scene in the Folio play contains 414 lines.

Car. Why, died he not in his bed?
 What would you have me do, then?
 Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the strong poison which
 The 'pothecary sent me.—

Oh, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
 And stares me in the face! Look, look! comb down
 His hair! So, now he's gone again. Oh, oh, oh!

Sal. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly
 bliss,

Hold up thy hand and make some sign to us.*

[*The CARDINAL dies.*

Oh, see, he dies and makes no sign at all.

O God, forgive his soul!

Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
 But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,—
 For God will judge us all. Go take him hence,
 And see his funerals be performed.†

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Cf. *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, Pt. 2, v. 1,—

“ In token of thy faith,
 And sign thou diest the servant of the Lord,
 Lift up thy hand that we may witness here,
 Thou diest the servant of our Saviour Christ.”

† This scene in the Folio contains 33 lines.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

Alarms within, and then chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captain of the ship, and the Master, and the Master's Mate, and the Duke of SUFFOLK disguised, and others with him WATER WHICKMORE.†*

Cap. Bring forth these prisoners that scorned to yield;
Unlade their goods with speed and sink their ship.
Here, master, this prisoner I give to you,
This other, the master's mate shall have;
And Water Whickmore, thou shalt have this man;
And let them pay their ransoms ere they pass.

Suf. Water! [*He starteth.*]

Water. How now! what, dost fear me?
Thou shalt have better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thyself.
I do remember well a cunning wizard told me
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloody-minded;
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.

Water. Gualter or Water, all's one to me;
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a gentleman,—look on my ring;
Ransom me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

* Folio, "Lieutenant;" modern editions, however, follow the old play.

† Folio, "Walter Whitmore." These directions should be compared with the Folio.

Water. I lost mine eye in boarding of the ship,
And therefore ere I, merchant-like, sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

2 *Pris.* But what shall our ransoms be ?

Mas. A hundred pounds apiece ; either pay that or die.

2 *Pris.* Then save our lives ; it shall be paid.

Water. Come, sirrah, thy life shall be the ransom I
will have.

Suf. Stay, villain, thy prisoner is a prince ;
The Duke of Suffolk,—William de la Poole.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolk folded up in rags !

Suf. Ay, sir, but these rags are no part of the duke ;
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I ?*

Cap. Ay, but Jove was never slain as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base jady groom, † King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swain ;
I am sent ambassador for the queen to France,
I charge thee waft me 'cross the Channel safe.

Cap. I'll waft thee to thy death.—Go, Water, take
him hence,
And on our long-boat's side, chop off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thine own.

Cap. Yes, Poole. †

Suf. Poole !

Cap. Ay, Poole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt,
I'll stop that yawning mouth of thine.

* This line is omitted in F.

† A low fellow fit only to attend upon horses. MALONE.—This line in F. is given to the Lieutenant, and reads,—

“ Obscure and lowsie swain, King Henry's blood,” etc.

‡ This and the next speech not in F.

Those lips of thine that so oft have kissed
 The queen, shall sweep the ground ; and thou
 That smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,*
 Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

Suf. This villain being but captain of a pinnace,
 Threatens more plagues than mighty Abradas,
 The great Macedonian pirate ; †—
 Thy words add fury and not remorse ‡ in me.

Cap. Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon.

Suf. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,
 When we have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
 Hast not thou kissed thy hand, and held my stirrup ?
 And barehead plodded by my footcloth mule,
 And thought thee happy when I smiled on thee ?
 This hand hath writ in thy defence ;
 Then shall I charm thee hold thy lavish tongue ?

Cap. Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his
 head.

1 *Pris.* Good my lord, entreat him mildly for your life.

Suf. First let this neck stoop to the axe's edge,
 Before this knee do bow to any,
 Save to the God of heaven, and to my king :
 Suffolk's imperial tongue cannot plead

* This speech, which has but six lines, is expanded to 34 lines in the Folio.

† The reading of the Folio differs materially here :

“ This villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Bargalus the strong Illyrian pirate.”

Greene mentions, in *Penelope's Web*, printed in 1588, “ Abradas the great Macedonian pirate.” “ Bargalus, a pirate on the high sea of Illyria,” is also mentioned by two early writers. See the notes of the commentators on the passage.

‡ *i.e.* Pity. The construction is—Your words rather excite my anger than solicit me to pity.

To such a jady groom.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speak?
I long to have his head for ransom of mine eye.

Suf. A sworder and bandetto slave,*
Murthered sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard-hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar,
And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WATER.]

Cap. Off with his head and send it to the queen,
And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe delivered unto her.

Come, let's go.†

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away, Nick, and put a longstaff in thy pike and provide thyself, for I can tell thee they have been up this two days.

Nick. Then they had more need to go to bed now; bnt, sirrah George, what's the matter?

George. Why, sirrah, Jack Cade the dyer of Ashford here, he means to turn this land and set a new nap on it.

Nick. Ay, marry, he had need so, for 'tis grown threadbare; 't was never merry world with us, since these gentlemen came up.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt never see a lord wear a leather apron now-a-days.

* F. reads,—“A Roman sworder and banditto slave,”—*i.e.* Herennius a centurion, and Papilius Lænas, a tribune of the soldiers. STEEVENS.

† This scene in the Folio play contains 107 lines.

Nick. But, sirrah, who comes more beside Jack Cade?

George. Why, there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the saddler, and Will that came a-wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should have your Parnell, and a great sort* more is come from Rochester, and from Maidstone and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we must all be lords or squires as soon as Jack Cade is king.

Nick. Hark, hark, I hear the drum; they be coming.

Enter JACK CADE, DICK [*the*] *butcher*, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY *and the rest, with long staves.*

Cade. Proclaim silence.

All: Silence!

Cade. I, Jack Cade, so named for my valliancy,—

Dick. Or rather for stealing a cade of sprats.†

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Nick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.‡

Will. She was a pedlar's daughter, indeed, and sold many laces.

Robin. And now being not able to occupy her furred pack,§ she washeth bucks|| up and down the country.

Cade. Therefore, I am honourably born.

Harry. Ay, for the field is honourable, for he was born under a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

* *i.e.* A set or company,

† A cask or barrel containing about 500.

‡ Q. 1619 reads, *Lacies*; the Folio, *Plantagenet*.

§ A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. JOHNSON.

|| A term used for a quantity of linen washed at once. Cf. *Lochrine*, II, 1.—
The word is used in a different sense in *The Puritan*, I, 1, q. v.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true; I know he can endure anything, for I have seen him whipped two market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.*

Dick. But methinks he should fear the fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Therefore be brave, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation; you shall have seven half-penny loaves for a penny, and the three hooped† pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer and if I be a king, as king I will be.

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people; you shall all eat and drink of my score, and go all in my livery, and we'll have no writing but the score and the tally, and there shall be no laws but such as come from my mouth.

Dick. We shall have sore laws, then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. Ay, and stinking law, too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.‡

Enter WILL with the Clerk of Chatham.

Will. Oh, captain, a prize!

Cade. Who's that, Will?

* Mr. Halliwell-Phillips rightly suggests [*Exit*, ought to be placed here, as Will soon afterwards enters with the Clerk of Chatham.

† Quart pots were usually bound with three hoops, but Cade promises they shall be increased to ten, *i.e.* increase the measure.

‡ The last two speeches, slightly modified, appear in iv. 7 of the Folio play; a curious transposition.

Will. The Clerk of Chatham; he can write and read, and cast account; I took him setting of boys' copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds,* he's a conjurer! bring him hither.—
Now, sir, what['s] your name?

Clerk. Emanuel, sir, and it shall please you.

Dick. It will go hard with you, I can tell you, for they use to write that o' th' top of letters.†

Cade. And what do you use to write your name? or do you as ancient forefathers have done, use the score and the tally?

Clerk. Nay, true sir, I praise God I have been so well brought up, that I can write mine own name.

Cade. Oh, he's confessed; go hang him with his pen and inkhorn‡ about his neck.

[*Exeunt one with the Clerk.*]

Enter Tom.§

Tom. Captain, news, news! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are coming with the king's power, and mean to kill us all.

Cade. Let them come, he's but a knight, is he?

Tom. No, no, he's but a knight.

Cade. Why, then, to equal him, I'll make myself knight. Kneel down, John Mortimer. [*CADE kneels down.* Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Is there any

* Old copy, *Sounes*: see note *ante*, p. 6.

† Cf. *The Famous Victories of Henry V.* III. 3.—

“ My lord of York, deliver him our safe conduct under our broad seal *Emanuel.*”

‡ Q. 1594, *penny inkhorn*, another instance of the scribe having misheard what was said. Q. 1619, and F. read as above.

§ F. *Michael.*

more of them that be knights?

Tom. Ay, his brother. [*He knights DICK the butcher.*]

Cade. Then kneel down Dick Butcher. [*DICK kneels.*]
Rise up Sir Dick Butcher. [*Now sound up the drum.*]

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum and Soldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaves, I pass not a pin;* 'tis to you, good people, that I speak.

Staf. Why, countrymen, what mean you, thus in troops to follow this rebellious traitor, Cade? Why, his father was but a bricklayer.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a gardener;† what then? But I come of the Mortimers.

Staf. Ay, the Duke of York hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of York? nay, I learnt it myself; for look you, Roger‡ Mortimer, the Earl of March, married the Duke of Clarence's daughter.

Staf. Well, that's true; but what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staf. That's false!

Cade. Ay, but I say 'tis true.

All. Why, then 'tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolen away by a beggar woman, and that was my father, and I am his son, deny it and you can.

Nick. Nay, look you, I know 't was true, for his father

* *i.e.* I care not a pin.

† A similar thought is uttered by a kindred spirit, John Ball, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1594, i. 1,—

“ But when Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?”

‡ Folio, *Edmund.*

built a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify.

Cade. But, dost thou hear, Stafford? tell the king that for his father's sake, in whose time boys played at span-counter* with French crowns, I am content that he shall be king as long as he lives: marry, always provided I'll be protector over him.

Staf. Oh, monstrous simplicity!

Cade. And tell him we'll have the lord Say's head, and the Duke of Somerset's, for delivering up the dukedoms of Anjou and Maine, and selling the towns in France, by which means England hath been maimed† ever since, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puissance held it up. And, besides they can speak French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staf. And how, I pr'ythee?

Cade. Why, the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not? and then can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good subject? Answer me to that.

Staf. Well, sirrah, wilt thou yield thyself unto the king's mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds.

Cade. Nay, bid the king come to me, and he will, and then I'll pardon him; or otherwise I'll have his crown, tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go, herald, proclaim in all the king's towns,

* A puerile game, supposed to be thus played:—One throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins, if he can throw another so as to hit it or lie within a span of it. NARES. The expression is found in the same scene of the Folio play, and no where else in Shakespeare.

† F. reads *mained*, and so, no doubt, did the MS. of the old play; Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thinks a pun was intended on "Maine" of the previous line.

That those that will forsake the rebel Cade,
Shall have free pardon from his majesty.

[*Exeunt* STAFFORD *and his men.*

Cade. Come, sirs, Saint George for us and Kent.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums to the battle, and SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his Brother is slain. Then enter* JACK CADE *again, and the rest.*

Cade. Sir Dick Butcher, thou hast fought to-day most valiantly, and knocked them down as if thou hadst been in thy slaughter-house: and thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long again as it was; thou shalt have license to kill for four-score and one a week. Drum, strike up, for now we'll march to London, for to-morrow I mean to sit in the king's seat at Westminster.†

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.—London, *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the KING *reading a letter, and the* QUEEN *with the Duke of* SUFFOLK's head, *and the* Lord SAY *with others.*

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slain, And the rebels march amain to London; Go back to them, and tell thus, from me, I'll come and parley with their general. Yet stay, I'll read the letter once again. [*Reads.*

* This scene in F. contains 189 lines.

† This scene in F. contains 17 lines.

Lord Say, Jack Cade hath solemnly vowed
To have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death? I fear, my love, if I had been dead, thou wouldst not have mourned so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, fly, my lord, the rebels are entered Southwark, and have almost won the bridge, calling your grace an usurper, and that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworn to crown himself king in Westminster; therefore fly, my lord, and post to Kenilworth.*

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An army up, and meet with the rebels.—
Come, madam, let us haste to Kenilworth.
Come on, Lord Say, go thou along with us,
For fear the rebel Cade do find thee out.

Say. My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me;
And therefore with your highness' leave I'll stay behind.

King. Even as thou wilt, my Lord Say.—
Come, madam, let us go.† [*Exeunt omnes.*

* Q. 1594, *Killingworth*; the old name for Kenilworth.

† This scene in F. contains 63 lines.

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

Enter Lord SCALES upon the Tower walls, walking. Enter three or four Citizens below.

Scales. How now, is Jack Cade slain ?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craveth aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command ; But I am troubled here with them myself : The rebels have attempted to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will* send you Mathew Goffe. Fight for your king, your country and your lives ; And so farewell, for I must hence again.† [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his Sword upon London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city ; and now, sitting upon London Stone, we command that the first year of our reign, the pissing conduit‡ run nothing but red wine. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me any otherwise than Lord Mortimer.

* These words are transposed in Q. 1619.

† This scene in F. contains 13 lines.

‡ A small conduit near the Royal Exchange, so called in contempt, or jocularly from its running with a small stream. Its more respectable name was the conduit in Cornhill. It was set up in 1430.—NARES.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Zounds, knock him down. [*They kill him.*

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together into Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them; but first go on and set London bridge a-fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarms, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slain, and all the rest with him. Then enter JACK CADE again, and his company.

Cade. So, sirs, now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the Inns of Court: down with them all!

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, Dick, and thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. That we burn all the records, and that all writing may be put down, and nothing used but the score and the tally.

Cade. Dick, it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. Why, is't not a miserable thing that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment be made, and then with a little blotting over with ink, a man should undo himself? Some say 'tis the bees that sting, but I say 'tis their wax, for I am sure I never sealed to any-

* This scene in F. contains 17 lines.

thing but once, and I was never mine own man since.*

Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which you told us of?

Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall go with me and take up these commodities following:— Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smock.

Enter GEORGE, [*with* LORD SAY.]

George. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say which sold the towns in France.

Cade. Come hither, thou Say, thou George,† thou buckram lord. What answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur bus mine cue,‡ the Dauphin of France? And more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar school to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity, thou hast built up a paper mill; nay, it will be said to thy face that thou keepest men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast appointed certain justices of peace in every shire to hang honest men that steal for their living, and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most

* In F. the latter part of this speech appears in iv. 3, q. v.

† A pun is here attempted on Say's name; *say* being a kind of woollen stuff or serge. F. reads, "Ah, thou *Say*, thou *serge*," and the quibble on the word is clear. The shorthand botcher probably misheard the word *serge*, hence the astounding reading in the text.

‡ So in old copy; F. has *basimecu* a corruption of *baisermeycu*, an Italian word difficult of translation into our vernacular.

worthy to live. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, dost thou not ?

Say. Yes, what of that ?

Cade. Marry, I say thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when an honest man than thyself goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent,—

All. Kent, what of Kent ?

Say. Nothing but *bona terra*.

Cade. Bonum terum ; zounds, what 's that ?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No, 'tis Dutch.

Dick. No, 'tis Outtalian ;* I know it well enough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentries Cæsar wrote,
Termed it the civil'st place of all this land ;
Then, noble countrymen, hear me but speak :
I sold not France, I lost not Normandy.†

Cade. But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so ?

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou nod'st thy head, as who [should]‡ say, thou wilt be even with me, if thou get'st away ; but I'll make sure enough now I have thee. Go take him to the standard in Cheapside, and chop off his head ; and then go to Mile-end-green, to Sir James Cromer his son-in-law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me upon two poles presently. Away with him !

[*Exeunt one or two with the Lord SAY.*]

* *i.e.* Italian. The last four speeches are not in F.

† This speech in F. is very differently given ; a comparison with that and the text above suggests that the latter has been botched up.

‡ Not in old copy ; but the word is necessary, and is found in F.

There shall not a nobleman wear a head on his shoulders, but he shall pay me tribute for it. Nor there shall not a maid be married, but he shall fee* to me for her maidenhead, or else I'll have it myself. Marry, I will† that married men shall hold of me *in capite*,‡ and that their wives shall be as free as heart can think,§ or tongue can tell.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Oh, captain, London bridge is a-fire !

Cade. Run to Billingsgate and fetch pitch and flax, and quench it.

Enter DICK and a Sergeant.

Serg. Justice, justice ! I pray you, sir, let me have justice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why, what has he done ?

Serg. Alas, sir, he has ravished my wife.

Dick. Why, my lord, he would have 'rested me, and I went and entered my action in his wife's paper house.

Cade Dick, follow thy suit in her common place. You whoreson villain, you are a sergeant, you'll take any man by the throat for twelve pence, and 'rest a man when he's at dinner, and have him to prison ere the meat be out of his mouth.—Go, Dick, take him hence, cut out his tongue for cogging, hough him for running, and to conclude, brain him with his own mace.||

[*Exit* DICK with the Sergeant.]

* Old copy, *see* ; Halliwell's correction.

† *i.e.* Command.

‡ Old copy, *capitie*. " A tenure *in capite*. This is an equivoque on the preceding line." HALLIWELL. Dr. Johnson thought it too learned for Cade.

§ F. *wish*.

|| The lines from, *Enter Robin*, to this point are not in F.

*Enter two with the Lord SAY's head and SIR JAMES
CROMER's upon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at every lane's end
let them kiss together.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD the
Earl of Cumberland.†*

Clif. Why, countrymen and warlike friends of Kent,
What means this mutinous rebellions,‡
That you in troops do muster thus yourselves
Under the conduct of this traitor Cade,
To rise against your sovereign lord and king?
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous rebel here.
If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haste to France, that your forefathers won,
And win again that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seek your country's overthrow.

* This scene in F. contains 134 lines.

† The opening of this scene has been left out, and the omission is significant in explaining the means by which the text was obtained. The Folio reads,—“Alarm and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.” A speech of half a dozen lines by Cade follows, and then “Enter Buckingham,” etc., as in the old play. It is quite clear all this must have been in the stage copy and the author's MS., and therefore in the representation, for later on we find Cade and his followers on the scene although their entrance is not marked. The part was either lost in the hurry of the scene by the shorthand scribe, or the omission is due to the compositor; the former is more probable.

‡ Q. 1600 reads,—

“What means this mutinous rebellion?”

Q. 1619,—

“What means these mutinous rebellions?”

the line is not in the Folio.

All. A Clifford! A Clifford! [*They forsake CADE.*

Cade. Why, how now, will you forsake your general,
And ancient freedom which you have possessed,
To bend your necks under their servile yokes?
Who, if you stir, will straightways hang you up.
But follow me, and you shall pull them down,
And make them yield their livings to your hands.

All. A Cade! A Cade! [*They run to CADE again.*

Clif. Brave warlike friends, hear me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you;
The king is merciful,—then yield to him,
And I myself will go along with you
To Windsor castle, whereas the king abides,
And on mine honour you shall have no hurt.

All. A Clifford! A Clifford! God save the king!*

Cade. How like a feather is this rascal company
blown every way! but that they may see there wants no
valiancy in me, my staff shall make way through the
midst of you, and so a pox take you all!

[*He runs through them with his staff, and flies away.*

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaim
That those that bring the head of Cade,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his labour.
Come, march away.†

[*Excunt omnes.*

* This scene in F. up to this point, varies considerably from the old play.

† This scene in F. contains 70 lines.

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY and the QUEEN, and SOMERSET.

King. Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

Som. This, my gracious lord; that the Lord Say is done To death, and the city is almost sacked.

King. God's will be done, for as He hath decreed, So must it be: and be it as He please, To stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queen. Had the noble Duke of Suffolk been alive, The rebel Cade had been suppressed ere this, And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and CLIFFORD, with the rebels with halters about their necks.

Clif. Long live King Henry, England's lawful king! Lo, here, my lord, these rebels are subdued, And offer their lives before your highness' feet.

King. But tell me, Clifford, is their captain here?

Clif. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth that he that can but bring his head shall have a thousand crowns. But may it please your majesty to pardon these their faults, that by that traitor's means were thus misled.

King. Stand up you simple men and give God praise, For you did take in hand you know not what, And go in peace, obedient to your king, And live as subjects, and you shall not want Whilst Henry lives and wears the English crown.

All. God save the king ! God save the king !

King. Come, let us haste to London now with speed,*
That solemn processions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
And triumphs of this happy victory.† [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

Enter JACK CADE at one door, and at the other Master
ALEXANDER IDEN‡ and his men, and JACK CADE lies down
picking of herbs and eating them.

Iden. Good lord, how pleasant is this country life !§
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented mind, serves me as well
As all the pleasures in the Court can yield ;
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Zounds, here 's the lord of the soil !—Stand,
villain, thou wilt betray me to the king, and get a thou-
sand crowns for my head ; but ere thou go'st I'll make
thee eat iron like an ostrich,|| and swallow my sword like
a great pin.

Iden. Why, saucy companion, why should I betray
thee ?
Is't not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entered into my ground without the leave

* These four lines are not in F., but 26 lines follow, of which there is no trace in the old play.

† This scene in F. contains 49 lines.

‡ Old copy, *Eyden*.

§ Before this speech the Folio has a soliloquy by Cade of 14 lines.

|| Q. 1594, *Astridge* ; 1619, *estridge*. Shakespeare uses *estridge* twice ; once in 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1, and in *Ant. & Cleo.*, iii. 2 : the word occurs in Lyly's *Euphues*.

Of me the owner, but thou wilt brave me too ?

Cade. Brave thee, and beard thee too, by the best blood of the realm ; look on me well : I have ate no meat this five days, yet and I do not leave thee and thy five men as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it never shall be said, whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, took odds to combat with a famished man ; look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine, and every way as big,—then hand to hand I'll combat thee.—Sirrah, fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

Cade. Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-boned churl into chines of beef, I beseech God* thou mayst fall into some smith's hands and be turned to hobnails.

Iden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight and CADE falls down.*

Cade. Oh, villain, thou hast slain the flower of Kent for chivalry ! but it is famine, and not thee, that has done it, for come then thousand devils, and give me but the ten meals that I wanted this five days, and I'll fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for Jack Cade must die. [He dies.

Iden. Jack Cade ! and was it that monstrous rebel which I have slain ? Oh, sword ! I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monu-

* Q. 1619 reads "I would thou mightst fall" etc. ; the Folio, "I beseech Jove on my knees." etc. The alteration must have been made later than 1605, and is very significant, besides showing that the play, as we have it in F. must have been represented on the stage about that time or shortly after.

ment* to after age for this great service thou hast done to me. I'll drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head and bear it to the king. † [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

Enter the Duke of YORK with Drum and Soldiers.

York. In arms from Ireland comes York amain ;
Ring bells aloud, bonfires perfume the air,
To entertain fair England's royal king.
Ah, *Sancta majesta!* who would not buy thee dear ?

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

But soft, who comes here ? Buckingham, what news
with him ?

Buc. York, if thou mean well, I greet thee so.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome, I swear :
What, comes thou in love, or as a messenger ?

Buc. I come as a messenger from our dread lord and
sovereign,
Henry, to know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or that thou, being a subject as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so near with colours spread,
Whereas ‡ the person of the king doth keep.

* F. reads,—“ Sword, I will hallow thee for this deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.”

The thought is more correctly expressed in the old play, but it is to be remembered that Homer sometimes nods.

† This scene in F. contains 82 lines.

‡ i.e. Where.

York. A subject as he is, —
 Oh, how I hate these spiteful abject terms !
 But, York, dissemble till thou meet thy sons,
 Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
 And far hence I know they cannot be.— [Aside.
Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
 That I answered not at first ; my mind was troubled :
 I came to remove that monstrous rebel Cade,
 And heave proud Somerset from out the Court,
 That basely yielded up the towns in France.

Buc. Why, that was presumption on thy behalf ;
 But if it be no otherwise but so,
 The king doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
 And Somerset is sent unto the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is it so ?

Buc. York, he is, upon mine honour.

York. Then before thy face, I here dismiss my troops :
 Sirs, meet me to-morrow in Saint George's fields,
 And there you shall receive your pay of me.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Buc. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king ;
 But see, his grace is coming to meet us.

Enter King HENRY.

King. How now, Buckingham, is York friends with us,
 That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee ?

Buc. He is, my lord, and hath discharged his troops,
 Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
 To heave the Duke of Somerset from hence,*
 And to subdue the rebels that were up.

* This line occurs in York's speech a few lines above.

King. Then welcome, cousin York ; give me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great service done to us,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebelled.

Enter Master IDEN with JACK CADE's head.

Iden. Long live [King] Henry in triumphant peace !
Lo, here, my lord, upon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.

King. First thanks to heaven, and next to thee, my
friend,
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.—
Oh, let me see that head that in his life
Did work me and my land such cruel spite !
A visage stern, coal-black his curlèd locks ;
Deep trenchèd furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.*
Here, take it hence ; and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediately created knight.
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what 's thy name.

* This description of Cade is not in the Folio. Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, II. 1,

“ A lean-faced writhen knave,
Hawk nosed and very hollow eyed,
With mighty furrows in his stormy brows.”

Again, *Ibid*, III. 1,—

“ And Mosbie's name, a scandal unto mine,
Is deeply trenchèd in my blushing brow.”

Also, *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1,—

“ A hungry, lean-faced villain, . . .
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,” etc.

And *King John*, III. 1,—

“ Ugly, slanderous, . . .
Full of displeasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, crooked, swart, prodigious,” etc.

Idea. Alexander Iden, if it please your grace,
A poor esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise up, Sir Alexander Iden, knight ;
And for thy maintenance I freely give
A thousand pound a year to* maintain thee,—
Beside the firm reward that was proclaimed,
For those that could perform this worthy act,—
And thou shalt wait upon the person of a king.

Idea. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer live,
Than I prove just and loyal to the king. [Exit.

Enter the QUEEN, with the Duke of SOMERSET.

King. Oh, Buckingham, see where Somerset comes ;
Bid him go hide himself till York be gone.

Queen. He shall not hide himself for fear of York,
But beard and brave him proudly to his face.

York. Who's that? Proud Somerset at liberty !
Base, fearful Henry, that thou† dishonour'st me :
By heaven thou shalt not govern over me !
I cannot brook that traitor's presence here,
Nor will I subject be to such a king,
That knows not how to govern nor to rule.
Resign thy crown, proud Lancaster, to me,
That thou usurpèd hast so long by force,
For now is York resolved to claim his own,
And rise aloft into fair England's throne.

Som. Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason
Against thy sovereign lord ; yield thee, false York,
For here I swear thou shalt unto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast given the king.

* Q. 1600, for to.

† Query, thus ; the line is not in F.

York. Thou art deceived, my sons shall be my bail,
And send thee there in despite of him.—
Ho, where are you, boys!

Queen. Call Clifford hither, presently.

*Enter the Duke of YORK's sons, EDWARD the Earl of March,
and Crookback RICHARD, at one door, with Drum and
Soldiers; and at the other door, enter CLIFFORD and his
Son, with Drum and Soldiers; and CLIFFORD kneels to
HENRY and speaks.*

Clif. Long live my noble lord and sovereign king!

York. We thank thee, Clifford.

Nay, do not affright us with thy looks,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee; kneel again.

Clif. Why, I did no way mistake; this is my king.
What, is he mad? To Bedlam* with him!

King. Ay, a Bedlam frantic humour drives him thus
To levy arms against his lawful king.

Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he saith, shall be his bail.

York. How say you, boys, will you not?

Edw. Yes, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if our words will not, our swords shall.

York. Call hither to the stake my two rough bears.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatal hour.

* A corruption of Bethelhem. According to Nares this place was not converted into an hospital for lunatics till 1546; Stow, however, says it was founded as "an hospital for distracted people" in 1246.

Enter at one door the Earls of SALISBURY and WARWICK, with Drum and Soldiers; and at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drum and Soldiers.

Clif. Are these thy bears? We'll bait them soon,
Despite of thee and all the friends thou hast.*

War. You had best go dream again,
To keep you from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,†
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now by my father's age,‡ old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the bear,
And tread him underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bearward that protects him so.

Y. Clif. And so, renowned sovereign, to arms,§
To quell these traitors and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie, charity, for shame! speak it not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic,|| thou canst not tell.

* Between this and the next speech there are 42 lines inserted in the Folio play. The two speeches commencing "Call Buckingham," are shifted further on in the scene, after the entrance of Salisbury and Warwick.

† A helmet.

‡ F. *badge*; the butcher misheard the word.

§ F.—"And so to arms, victorious father."

|| A stigmatic is one on whom a deformity or *stigma* has been fixed,

Rich. No, for if not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.* [Exit omnes.]

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

Alarms to the Battle; and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kills him under the sign of "The Castle" in Saint Albans.

Rich. So, lie thou there, and breathe thy last.†
 What's here, the sign of "The Castle"?
 Then the prophecy is come to pass,
 For Somerset was forewarned of castles,
 The which he always did observe; and now,
 Behold, under a paltry ale-house sign,
 "The Castle" in Saint Albans, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous‡ by his death.§ [Exit.]

Alarm again, and enter the Earl of WARWICK alone.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls,
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear.
 Now whilst the angry trumpets sound alarms,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Clif [speaks within]. Warwick, stand still and view the way that Clifford hews with his murdering curtel-axe through the fainting troops to find thee out.

† This scene in F. contains 216 lines.

† Q. 1619 reads,—“So lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.”

‡ This allusion is to the prophecy in i. 1, of this play, q. v.

§ In F. this speech occurs further on in the scene.

Warwick, stand still and stir not till I come.

Enter YORK.

War. How now, my lord? What, a-foot!
Who killed your horse?

York. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble lord,
Five horse this day slain under me,
And yet, brave Warwick, I remain alive;
But I did kill his horse he loved so well,
The bonniest gray that e'er was bred in north.*

Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICK offers to fight with him.

Hold, Warwick, and seek thee out some other chase,
Myself will hunt this deer to death.

War. Brave lord, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st:—
Clifford, farewell; as I intend to prosper well to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassailed. [*Exit.*

York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us,
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

Clif. And here I stand and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing never to stir till thou or I be slain;
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I have spoiled the hateful house of York.

[*Alarms, and they fight; and YORK kills CLIF.†*

* Compare with the Folio play.

† This does not agree with the account of Clifford's death in *The True Tragedy*, i. 1; there he is said to have been slain by the hands of common soldiers. The discrepancy however is no argument against a singleness of authorship in the two plays. Many similar instances can be found in the old drama. The Folio play has the same mistake.

York. Now, Lancaster, sit sure, thy sinews shrink.*
 Come, fearful Henry, grovelling on thy face,
 Yield up the crown unto the prince of York. [Exit.

Alarms, then enter Young CLIFFORD, alone.

Y. Clif. Father of Cumberland!
 Where may I seek my agèd father forth?
 Oh, dismal sight! see where he breathless lies,
 All smeared and weltered in his luke-warm blood!
 Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house!
 Sweet father, to thy murdered ghost I swear,
 Immortal hate unto the house of York;
 Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,
 Till I have furiously revenged thy death,
 And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[*He takes him up on his back.*

And thus as old Anchises son did bear
 His agèd father on his manly back,
 And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,
 Even so will I: but stay, here's one of them,
 To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.†

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD lays down his father,
 fights with him, and RICHARD flies away again.‡*

Out, crookback villain, get thee from my sight!
 But I will after thee, and once again,
 When I have borne my father to his tent,
 I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.§

* This phrase occurs several times in *The Troublesome Reign of King John*.

† This speech is much elaborated in the Folio version, and extends to 35 ll.

‡ There is not a vantage of this in F.

§ This speech not in F.

[Exit Y. CLIFFORD with his father.
Alarms again, and then enter three or four bearing the Duke
of BUCKINGHAM, wounded, to his tent.*

Alarms still, and then enter the KING and QUEEN.

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight;
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them.
Come, stand not to expostulate;—let's go.†

King. Come, then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
And summon up a parliament with speed,
To stop the fury of these dire events.‡ [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarms, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of YORK,§
and RICHARD.

York. How now, boys? Fortunate this fight hath been,
I hope, to us and ours for England's good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights:
But did you see old Salisbury since we,
With bloody minds, did buckle with the foe?
I would not, for the loss of this right hand,
That aught but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary arms,
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him up again,
And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes,

* Not in F.

† This line occurs in *The True Tragedy*, II. 1.

‡ This scene in F. contains 91 lines.

§ Q. 1619, adds *Edward*, and correctly, for a little further on he is one of the speakers.

The boldest sprited man that e'er mine eyes beheld.*

Enter SALISBURY and WARWICK.

Edw. See, noble father, where they both do come,
The only props unto the house of York.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke,
And thou, brave bud of York's increasing house.
The small remainder of my weary life
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm,
Three times this day thou hast preserved my life.

York. What say you, lords, the king is fled to London,
There, as I hear, to hold a parliament.
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them? nay, before them if we can.
Now, by my faith,† lords, 'twas a glorious day!
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York,
Shall be eternized‡ in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as these to us befall.§

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* The two last speeches appear to have been revised in the Folio play.

† F. "Now by my hand." Steevens and others adopt the reading of the old play.

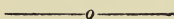
‡ Q. 1594, *eternest*; Q. 1619, *eternized*, which is also the reading of the Folio. Shakespeare does not use the word except in 2 *Hen VI*. Miss Lee (*Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1876) cites several instances of its use by Marlowe.

§ This scene in F. contains 34 lines.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE TRUE TRAGEDY
OF
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK,
AND THE DEATH OF GOOD
KING HENRY THE SIXTH
WITH THE
WHOLE CONTENTION
BETWEEN THE TWO HOUSES
LANCASTER & YORK.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.



KING HENRY VI.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*

LEWIS XI, *King of France.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF EXETER, EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, EARL OF WESTMORLAND, LORD
CLIFFORD,—*Lords on KING HENRY'S side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGNET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD *Earl of March, afterwards KING EDWARD IV.* EDMUND,
Earl of Rutland. GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,* RICHARD,
afterwards Duke of Gloster,—his Sons.

DUKE OF NORFOLK, MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE, EARL OF
WARWICK, EARL OF PEMBROKE, LORD HASTINGS, LORD
STAFFORD,—*Of the Duke of York's Party.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*

Sir John Mortimer, Sir Hugh Mortimer,—*Uncles to the Duke of York.*

Sir William Stanley.

Sir John Montgomery.

Sir John Somerville.

Tutor to Rutland.

Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman.

Two Keepers

A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his Father.

A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

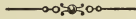
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to EDWARD IV.*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

*Soldiers, Attendants on KING HENRY, and KING EDWARD, Guards,
Messengers, Watchmen, &c., &c.*

SCENE,—*During part of the Third Act, in FRANCE; during the rest
of the play, in ENGLAND.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDY
OF
RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK,
AND THE DEATH OF GOOD
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament House.*

Enter RICHARD, *Duke of York, the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD, *Earl of* MARCH, *Crookback* RICHARD, *and the young Earl of* RUTLAND,* *with Drum and Soldiers, with White Roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. Whilst we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his men ;
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Charged our main battle's front, and there, with him,
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abreast,
Brake in, and were by the hands† of common soldiers
slain.‡

* The entrance here of young Rutland is a mistake ; he does not make his appearance till sc. 3 of the present act.

† F. *swords.*

‡ See note *ante*, p. 87.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously ;
I cleft his bever with a downright* blow :
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

Mon. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's
blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down SOMERSET's head.*†

York. What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?‡

Nor. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heavens§ these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearful king,
And that the regal chair ; possess it, York :
For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither are we broken in by force.

Nor. We 'll all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords ;
And soldiers, stay you here and lodge this night.

* This expression occurs frequently in this play ; it is also in 1 *Con.* II. 3,—
“with *downright* blows”. The word is used by Shakespeare nine times, apart
from the *Hen.* VI. series.

† This direction in neither in Q. or F, but without it Richard's words are
unintelligible, and it is usually inserted by modern editors.

‡ In F. the following line commences York's speech,—

“ Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.”

What, in the text, is there changed to *but*.

§ So Q. 1595 ; Q. 1619 and F. 1623, *heaven*.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.

Rich. Armed as we be, let 's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords, for now I mean
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king nor him that loves him best,
The proudest bird* that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, and root him out who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard : claim the English crown.

*Enter King HENRY the Sixth, with the Duke of EXETER, the
Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, the Earl of WESTMORLAND,
and CLIFFORD the Earl of Cumberland, with Red Roses in
their hats.*

King. Lock, lordlings, where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state ! Belike, he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, † Clifford, and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heavens be revenged on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel.

* F. reads, "the proudest *he*" ; scarcely an improvement. The allusion in the next line is to falconry.

† Here F. adds *Lord*.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pull* him down:

My heart for anger breaks, I cannot speak.

King. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmorland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here, in the parliament,
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

King. Oh, know you not the city favours them?
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck.

Ex. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.†

King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the Parliament house.
Cousin of Exeter, words, frowns, and threats,
Shall be the wars that Henry means to use.—
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceived;‡ I am thine.

Ex. For shame, come down! he made thee Duke of
York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the kingdom§ is.

Ex. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford, and that is Richard Duke of York.

* F. *pluck*.

† F. gives this line to Westmorland; editors however correct to *Exeter*, form the old play.

‡ Not in F.

§ F. *earldom was*.

King. And shall I stand while thou sitt'st in my throne?

York. Content thyself, it must and shall be so.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

West. Why, he is both king and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earl of Westmorland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those that chased you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread,
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

Nor. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief,
And by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and of thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest in revenge thereof,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn thy worthless threats!

York. Will* ye we show our title to the crown?
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field.

King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York,
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March;
I am the son of Henry the fifth, who tamed the French,
And made the Dauphin stoop, and seized upon
Their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, since thou hast lost it all.

King. The lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crowned I was but nine months old.

* *i.e.* Desire.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose.—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head!

Ex. Do so, sweet father; set it on your head.

Mon. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly,

York. Peace, sons!

North. Peace, thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.*

King. Ah, Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally descent?
Suppose by right and equity thou be king, †
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly seat,
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall war unpeople this my realm!
I and our colours, often borne in France,
(And now in England to our hearts' great sorrow)
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title's better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

King. Why, Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion 'gainst his sovereign.

King. I know not what to say, my title's weak. [*Aside.*
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

War. What then? ‡

* The recurrence, throughout these plays, of this phrase "leave to speak," is very singular.

† These four lines are not in F.

‡ Given to Plantagenet in F.

King. Then am I lawful king. For Richard
The second, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry* the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. I tell thee, he rose against him, being his
Sovereign, and made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lord, he did it unconstrained,
Think you that were prejudicial to the crown?

Ex. No, for he could not so resign the crown,
But that the next heir must succeed and reign.

King. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Ex. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will revolt from me and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not King Henry shall be thus deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be in despite of thee.

North. Tush, Warwick!

Thou art deceived; 'tis not thy southern powers
Of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and of Kent,
That makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.—
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I do kneel to him that slew my father.

King. Oh, Clifford, how thy words revive my soul!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men.

* Pronounce as a trissyllable.

And over the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with thy usurping blood.

Enter Soldiers.

King. Oh, Warwick, hear me speak :*—
Let me but reign in quiet whilst I live.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.

King. Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captain, conduct them into Tothill fields.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this for England, and himself!

North. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou wrongèd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. [*Exit.*]

Clif. Nor I.—Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unkingly† deed. [*Exit.*]

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandoned and despised. [*Exit.*]

Ex. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield,
my lord.

King. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

King. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I, unnaturally, shall disinherit :—
But be it as it may, I here entail the crown
To thee and to thine heirs conditionally,‡
That here thou take thine oath§ to cease

* F. reads,—“ My lord of Warwick, hear but one word.”

† Q. 1619, *unkindly*; F. *unmanly*.

§ Q. 1619, *an oath*, which agrees with the Folio.

‡ F. *for ever*.

These civil broils, and whilst I live to honour
Me as thy king and sovereign.

York. That oath

I willingly take and will perform.

War. Long live King Henry ! Plantagenet, embrace
him.

King. And long live thou and all thy forward sons.

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Ex. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes !

[*Sound trumpets.**]

York. My lord, I'll take my leave, for I'll to Wakefield,
To my castle. † [Exit *YORK and his Sons.*]

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers. [Exit.

Nor. And I'll to Norfolk with my followers. [Exit.

Mon. And I to the sea from whence I came. [Exit.

Enter the QUEEN and the PRINCE.

Ex. My lord, here comes the queen ; I'll steal away.

King. And so will I.

Queen. Nay, stay, or else I follow thee.

King. Be patient, gentle queen, and then I'll stay.

Queen. What patience can there be ? Ah, traitorous
man !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me, ‡
And given our rights unto the house of York.
Art thou a king, and wilt be forced to yield ?
Had I been there, the soldiers should have tossed
Me on their lances' points, before I would

* The direction in F. is.—“ Sennet. Here they come down.”

† Sandal castle near Wakefield.

‡ Between this line and the last there are 14 lines inserted in the Folio play,
ll. 216-230, q. v.

Have granted to their wills. The duke is made
 Protector of the land : stern Faulconbridge
 Commands the narrow seas.* And think'st thou then
 To sleep secure ? I here divorce me, Henry,
 From thy bed, until that act of parliament
 Be recalled, wherein thou yield'st to the house of York.
 The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine if once they see them spread,
 And spread they shall unto thy deep disgrace.—
 Come, son, let's away, and leave him here alone. †

King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore
 be still.

King. Gentle son Edward, wilt thou stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murd'ed by his enemies. [Exit.]

Prince. When I return with victory from ‡ the field,
 I'll see your grace ; till then, I'll follow her. [Exit.]

King. Poor queen, her love to me and to the prince
 Her son, makes her in fury thus forget herself.§
 Revenged may she be on that accursed duke !—||
 Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here,
 For Clifford and those northern lords be gone,
 I fear, towards Wakefield to disturb the duke. ¶ [Exeunt.]

* Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II.* ii. 2,—

“The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.”

† This speech in F. is expanded to 27 lines.

‡ F. reads, *to* ; probably a misprint

§ Expressed rather differently in F.

|| After this line there are five more inserted in F., ll. 267-271.

¶ These two lines not in F. This scene in F. contains 273 lines.

SCENE II.—*A room in Sandal Castle near Wakefield.*

Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cousin Montague, give me leave to speak.

Rich. Nay, I can better play the orator.

Mon. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. How now, sons, what, at jar among yourselves ?*

Rich. No, father, but a sweet † contention,
About that which concerns yourself and us—
The crown of England, father.

York. The crown, boy ?

Why, Henry's yet alive, and I have sworn
That he shall reign in quiet till his death.

Edw. But I would break an hundred oaths to reign
one year.

Rich. And if it please your grace to give me leave,
I'll show your grace the way to save your oath,
And dispossess King Henry from the crown.

York. I pry'thee, Dick, let me hear thy device.

Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
Being not sworn ‡ before a lawful magistrate ;
Henry is none, but doth usurp your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then, noble father, resolve yourself,

* F. reads,—“ Why, how now, sons and brother ! at a strife.”

† F. *slight*. This speech is printed as prose in the old copy.

‡ F. reads, *being not took*.

And once more claim the crown.*

York. Ay, sayst thou so, boy? why then it shall be so :
I am resolved to win the crown or die.

Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brook, Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise ;
Thou, cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk straight,
And bid the duke to muster up his soldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presently ;
And Richard, thou to London straight shalt post,
And bid Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick,
To leave the city, and with his men of war,
To meet me at Saint Albans ten days hence.
Myself here in Sandal castle will provide
Both men and money to further our attempts.†

Enter a Messenger.‡

Now, what news ?

Mes. My lord, the queen with thirty thousand§ men,
Accompanied with the Earls of Cumberland,
Northumberland, and Westmorland,
And others of the house of Lancaster,
Are marching towards Wakefield to besiege
You in your castle here.||

Enter SIR JOHN, and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. A God's name, let them come. Cousin Montague,

* This speech in F. is expanded to 13 lines.

† This speech varies from the corresponding speech in F., *q.v.*

‡ The Folio has *Enter Gabriel*, and the speech prefix is also *Gabriel*; that was probably the Christian name of the actor who took the Messenger's part, hence the name being inserted in the playhouse MS.

§ F. *twenty thousand.*

|| This speech reads differently in F.

Post you hence : and boys, stay you with me.—
 Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
 You're welcome to Sandal in an happy hour,
 The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, my lord, we'll meet her in
 The field.

York. What, with five thousand soldiers, uncle ?

Rich. Ay, father, with five hundred for a need ;
 A woman's general, what should you fear ?

York. Indeed, many brave battles have I won
 In Normandy, whenas the enemy
 Hath been ten to one, and why should I now doubt
 Of the like success ? I am resolved :—come, let's go.

Edw. Let's march away, I hear their drums.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

*Alarms, and then enter the young Earl of RUTLAND and his
 Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh, fly, my lord ! let's leave the castle,
 And fly towards Wakefield, straight.

Rut. Oh, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes !

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. Chaplain, away, thy priesthood saves thy life ;
 As for the brat of that accursèd duke,
 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. Oh, Clifford, spare this tender lord, lest
 Heaven revenge it on thy head. Oh, save his life !

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce ;—

* This scene in F. contains 75 lines.

Away with the villain ! [Exit Chaplain.]

How now, what dead already, or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes ? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion on the lamb,
And so he walks insulting o'er* his prey,
And so he turns again to rend his limbs in sunder. †—
Oh, Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look !
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath ;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's
blood

Hath stopped the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood ope it again ;
He is a man, and Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
Or should I dig up thy forefathers' graves,
And hang their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York,
Is as a fury to torment my soul :
Therefore till I root out that cursèd line
And leave not one on earth, I'll live in hell.
Therefore—

Rut. Oh, let me pray before I take my death !

* " Insulting o'er thee." *Arden of Feversham*, III. 1

† Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, II. 2,—

" Thus feeds the lamb securely on the down,
Whilst through the thicket of an arbour break
The hunger-bitten wolf o'erprires his haunt,
And takes advantage for to eat him up."

To thee I pray, sweet Clifford ; pity me.

Clif. Ay, such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.*

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith† God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Oh, let me live in prison all my days !

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy father slew my father, therefore
die !‡

[*Stabs him.*§

Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet !

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood

Congealed with his, do make me wipe off both. || [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Alarms. Enter the Duke of YORK *solus.*

York. Ah, York, post to thy castle ; save thy life :
The goal is lost ! Thou house of Lancaster,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heaven abridged my days and calls me hence.
But God knows what chance hath betide my sons,

* See the notes of the commentators on this passage, in 3 *Henry VI.*

† *i.e.* Since.

‡ In the Folio a line of Latin, spoken by Rutland, follows this line. It is very significant that the Latin scraps do not appear in these two plays.

§ Not in the old play or F. but the direction is necessary, and was first added in the Folio of 1632.

|| This scene in F. has 54 lines.

But this I know, they have demeaned themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times this day came Richard to my sight
 And cried, "Courage, father, victory or death!"
 And twice so oft came Edward to my view,
 With purple falchion painted to the hilts
 In blood of those whom he had slaughtered.—
 Oh, hark, I hear the drums! No way to fly,
 No way to save my life! And here I stay,
 And here my life must end.*

*Enter the QUEEN, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and
 Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
 I dare your quenchless fury to more blood:
 This is the butt, and this abides your shot.

North. Yield to our mercies, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 With downright† payment lent unto my father;
 Now Phæton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.‡

York. My ashes, like the phœnix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge it on you all,§
 And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heaven,

* This speech in F. is expanded to 26 lines, which should be compared to note the variations.

† This word has occurred before, pp. 36 96.

‡ *i.e.* The point or *prick* of noon. The metaphor is, that York has met his death in the noontide of his career, instead of descending to the grave in the ordinary course of nature

§ Cf. 1 *Henry VI.* iv. 7,—

“But from their ashes shall be reared
 A phœnix that shall make all France afear’d.”

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why stay you, lords? What, multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no longer;
So doves do peck the raven's piercing talents;*
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh, Clifford, yet bethink thee once again,
And in thy mind o'errun my former time,
And bite thy tongue that sland'rest him with cowardice,
Whose very look hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitor's life awhile.
Wrath makes him deaf,† speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford, do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger though to wound his heart;
What value were it when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
'Tis war's prize to take all advantages,
And ten to one is no impeach in wars.

[*Fight and take him.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle with the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty.
So true men yield by robbers overmatched.

North. What will your grace have done with him?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

* *i.e.* Talons.

† Q. 1595, *death*; 1600, 1619, and F. *deaf*.

Come make him stand upon this molehill here,
 That aimed at mountains with outstretchèd arm,
 And parted but the shadow with his hand.
 Was it you that revelled in our parliament,
 And made a preachment of your high descent ?
 Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
 Or where's* that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
 Or, amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
 Look, York ! I dipped this napkin in the blood,
 That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of thy boy ;
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee much,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee grieve to make me merry, York ;
 Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What ! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;
 York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York ! and, lords, bow low to him.
 So ; hold you his hands whilst I do set it on. †

* Q. 1595, *where is*.

† York's paper crown is alluded to in *Richard III.* I. 3,—

“ The curse my noble father laid on thee,
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
 Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland.”

Ay, now looks he like a king !
 This is he that took King Henry's chair,
 And this is he was his adopted heir ;
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crowned so soon, and broke his holy oath ?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 Till our Henry had shook hands with death ;
 And will you impale* your head with Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem
 Now in his† life, against your holy oath ?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable !
 Off with the crown, and with the crown his head,
 And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.‡

Clif. That's my office, for my father's death.

Queen. Yet stay, and let's hear the orisons he makes.

Yerk. She wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
 France,

Whose tongue more poisoned than the adder's tooth,§
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an Amazonion trull,
 Upon his woes whom Fortune captivates ;
 But that thy face is vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent by use of evil deeds,
 I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
 To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom derived,
 'T were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
 shamelsss ;

* *F. pale.*

† Old copy, *this.*

‡ *i.e.* Avail ourselves of the opportunity to put him to death.—COLLIER.

§ *F.* reads,—“ Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth.” *Q.* 1619 reads, *tongue's.* Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes a parallel line from *Wily Beguiled*, 1606,—“ Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting ”

Thy father bears the type* of King of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, or it boots thee not, proud queen,
 Unless the adage must be verified,
 That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty that oft make women proud,
 But God he wots thy share thereof is small;
 'Tis government that makes them most admired,
 The contrary doth make thee wondered at;
 'Tis virtue that makes them seem divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.†
 Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!‡
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
 Women are mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou indurate, stern, rough, remorseless.
 Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
 Wouldst have me weep? why so thou hast thy wish,
 For raging winds blow§ up a storm of tears,

* *i. e.*, Title.

† The north. The word occurs in Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda*, p. 326.

‡ This is the line parodied by Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit*; see Introduction. Nicholson has it in his *Acolastus*, 1600,—

“ Oh, wolfish heart wrapped in a woman's hide !”

which was no doubt borrowed from the old play.

§ So Q. 1619; Q. 1595, *blows*. F. reads,—

“ For raging wind blows up incessant showers.”

And when the rage allays the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
 And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
 On thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.*

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
 As hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Could not have touched, would not have stained with
 blood ;

But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
 Oh, ten times more ! than the tigers of Hyrcania.†
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears !
 This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy,
 And lo, with tears I wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin and go boast of that ;
 And if thou tell the heavy‡ story well,
 Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears,
 (Ay, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears)
 And say, " Alas, it was a piteous deed !"

* All the quartos read, "the false Frenchwoman," which is probably an error of the press. F. reads,—

" And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman."

† Old copy, *Arcadia*. F. *Hyrcania*, the correct reading. Tigers in *Arcadia* ! as well expect to find saints in hell. Verily the botcher engaged to pirate these two plays was an adept in the art of bathos, and was as ignorant as stupid. Shakespeare appears to have been rather fond of using the word *Hyrcania* and its derivatives ; thus,—

" The Hyrcan tiger." *Macbeth*, III. 4,

" The Hyrcanian desert." *Merchant of Venice*, II. 7.

" The Hyrcanian beast," *Hamlet*, II. 2.

Marlowe uses the expression in his *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, v. 1,—

" Tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck."

the only instance I have found outside Shakespeare.

‡ Not in Q. 1619.

Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy two* cruel hands.
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world :—
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughterman of all my kin,
 I could not choose but weep with him, to see
 How inly† anger gripes his heart.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumber-
 land !

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry your melting tears.

Clif. There 's for my oath ; there 's for my father's
 death. [Stabs him.

Queen. And there 's to right our gentle-hearted king.‡
[Stabs him.

York. Open thy gates of mercy, gracious God !
 My soul flies forth to meet with thee. [Dies.§

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates :
 So York may overlook the town of York.||

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Q. 1619, and F. read, *too*.

† Q. 1619, *inward*. The reading in the text agrees with F.

‡ All the quartos read "gentle hearted *kind*. a misprint.

§ These directions are not in the old play, or the Folio version.

|| This scene in F. contains 183 lines.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with drum and Soldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapless war,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare ?

Rich. I cannot joy until I be resolved,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him bear himself,
As doth a lion 'midst a herd of neat ;
So fled his enemies our valiant father :*
Methinks 'tis pride † enough to be his son—

[*Three Suns appear in the air. ‡*

Edw. Lo, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun ! §
Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns,
Not separated by a racking cloud,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolate ;
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun !

* Q. 1619 reads,—“ So fled the enemies from our valiant father,”
F.—“ So fled his enemies my warlike father.”

† F. *prize*. See the notes of the commentators.

‡ A similar phenomenon is found in *The Troublesome Reign of King John*,
pt. 1, v. 1, where five moons appear.

§ Let the reader compare this and the next line with any of Greene's works,
and I think the conclusion will be that Greene was not the author of them.

In this the heavens do figure some event.

Edw. I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Already each one shining by his mead,*
May join in one and overpeer the world,
As this the earth; and therefore, henceforward
I'll bear upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Enter a Messenger. †

But what art thou, that look'st so heavily?

Mes. Oh, one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain.

Edw. Oh, speak no more, for I can hear no more!

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Whenas the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursued by Clifford and the queen,
And many soldiers moe, who all at once
Let drive at him and forced the duke to yield;
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crowned the gracious duke in high despite,
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthless queen perceiving he did weep, ‡
Gave him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipped in the blood of sweet young Rutland,
By rough Clifford slain, who weeping took it up.
Then through his breast they thrust their bloody swords,
Who like a lamb fell at the butchers' feet.

* F. "Each one already blazing by our meads."

† This direction is from Q. 1619. F. reads "Enter one blowing."

‡ Compare I. 4, p. 112, which does not agree with this statement. The same thing occurs in the Folio version.

Then on the gates of York they set his head,
And there it doth remain, the piteous spectacle
That e'er mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York ! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for us ;
Now my soul's palace is become a prison ;
Oh, would she break from compass of my breast,
For never shall I have mere joy !

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart ;*
I cannot joy till this white rose be dyed
Even in the heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.†—
Richard, I bear thy name, and I'll revenge thy death,
Or die myself in seeking of revenge.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
His chair and dukedom that remains for me.‡

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :§
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say ;
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter the Earl of WARWICK, MONTAGUE, with drum, ancient,
and Soldiers.*

War. How now, fair lords, what fare, what news
abroad ?

* Q. 1619, *hate* ; F. *heart*,

† This line occurs in 1 *Contention*, p. 32, l. 5.

‡ In F. these two lines do not rhyme.

§ There was a tradition among the ancients that the eagle held up its brood to the sun as soon as they were hatched, to see whether they were genuine or not ; if they were dazed by the rays, the parent bird killed them at once. Similar allusions are found in *King Leir*, l. 6, and in *Soliman and Perseda*, III. 1, q. v. The two lines are in F.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, should we report the baleful news*
And at each word's deliverance stab poinards
In our flesh till all are told, the words would add
More anguish than the wounds.

Ah, valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain !

Edw. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, that Plantagenet
Which held thee dear, ay, even as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned those news in tears,
And now to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things † since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his departure,
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought, ‡
Marched to Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along,
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash your § late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's heirs and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought ;
But whether 't was the coldness of the king,

* Q. 1600,—“ Ah, gentle Warwick, should we but report,” etc.

† Q. 1619, *news*.

‡ This line is not in F. but it is inserted by Steevens and modern editors.

§ F. *our*.

(He looked full* gently on his warlike queen)
 That robbed my soldiers of their heated† spleen,
 Or whether 't was report of his success,
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captains‡ blood and death,
 I cannot tell:§ but to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightnings went and came;
 Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle|| thresher with a flail,—
 Fell gently down, as if they smote¶ their friends.
 I cheered them up with justice of the cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards,
 But all in vain; they had no hearts to fight,
 Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled: the king unto the queen,
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marshes here, we heard you were
 Making another head to fight again.

Edu. Thanks, gentle Warwick;

How far hence is the duke with his power?

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some five** miles off the duke is with his power;
 But as for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers 'gainst this needful war.

* Q. 1600, *who looked*, which is the reading of F.

† So the quartos and F. Steevens reads, *hated*.

‡ F. *captives*.

§ F. *I cannot judge*.

|| F. *lazy*, an awkward repetition of the word in the previous line; no doubt a printer's mistake.

¶ F. *struck*.

** F. *six*.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard thy praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, thy* scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T was love I bare† thy glories, made me speak.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And clad‡ our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—"Ay," and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords.—The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught§ Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath enrollèd in the parliament;
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate|| his oath, or what beside

* *F. his*, in both lines.

† *F. 'T is love I bear.*

‡ *F. wrap.*

§ It is singular that this word (which is also in *F.*) is used by Shakespeare only in his histories.

|| *F. adds both*, which is necessary for the metre.

May make against the house of Lancaster :
 Their power, I guess them fifty thousand* strong.
 Now if the help of Norfolk and myself,
 Can but amount to forty-eight† thousand,
 With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
 Among the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 Why, *Via*, to London we will march amain,‡
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry,—“ Charge, upon the foe !”
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak.
 Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 That cries,—“ Retire,” when Warwick bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
 And when thou faint'st§ must Edward fall :
 Which peril heaven forefend.

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York ;
 The next degree is England's royal king ;||
 And King of England shalt thou be proclaimed,
 In every borough as we pass along ;
 And he that casts not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.¶
 King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague,
 Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
 But forward to effect these resolutions.

* F. *thirty thousand.*

† F. *five-and-twenty thousand.*

‡ *Amain* not in F. but added by recent editors.

§ F. reads,—“ And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour)

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend.”

The scribe evidently did not catch the words in parenthesis, hence the omission. Malone suggested *fall'st* in place of *fail'st*.

|| F. *throne.*

¶ This line occurs in the *Contention*, p. 9, l. 11.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant power,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts,* brave lords, Let's march
away.† [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

*Enter the KING and QUEEN. Prince EDWARD, and the
Northern Earls, with drum and Soldiers.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemy,
That sought to be impalèd with your crown :
Doth not the object please your eye, my lord ?

King. Even as the rocks please them that fear their
wrack.—

Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious lord, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their‡ den.
Whose hand is that the savage bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils his young before his face.
Who§ 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

* Agrees.

† This scene in F. contains 209 lines.

‡ Old copy, *his*.

§ Q. 1595, *Whose* ; Q's. 1600, 1619, and F., *who*,

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
 And doves will peck in rescue* of their brood.
 Ambitious York did level at thy crown ;
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows ;
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue like a loving sire.
 Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
 Didst give consent to disinherit him ;
 Which argued thee a most unnatural father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young,
 And though mans' face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those same wings
 Which they have sometime used in fearful flight, †
 Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
 For shame, my lord ! make them your precedent.
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy,
 Should lose his birthright through his father's fault ?
 And long hereafter say unto his child, —
 “ What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
 My careless father fondly ‡ gave away.”
 Look on the boy, and let his manly face,
 Which promiseth successful fortune to us all, §
 Steel thy melting thoughts, ||
 To keep thine own, and leave thine own with him.
King. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.

* F. *safeguard*.

† F. “ *with fearful flight*.” Some editors adopt the reading of the 4to.

‡ *i.e.* Foolishly.

§ *To us all* not in F.

|| F. *heart*.

But tell me, didst thou never yet hear tell,
 That things evil got* had ever bad success?
 And happy ever was it for that son
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
 I leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
 And would my father had left me no more;
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As asks a thousand times more care to keep,
 Than may the present profit countervail.†
 Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
 How it doth grieve me that thy head stands there.

Queen. My lord, this harmful pity‡ makes your followers faint.

You promised knighthood to your princely son;
 Unsheathe your sword, and straight§ do dub him knight.
 Kneel down, Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
 And learn this lesson, boy,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

North. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness,

* F. *ill-got*.

† Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says this word is a particular favourite of Greene's, it is used twenty-two times in his *Card of Fancie*, 1584, and only twice by Shakespeare,—viz., in *Pericles*, II. 3. and *Rom. & Jul.*, II. 6. The word is found in the *Conflict of Conscience*, 1581, IV. 1, Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, Greene's *Friar Bacon*, p. 153, ed. Dyce, and in Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda*, p. 286, ed. Hazlitt. The meaning of the word is balance, make up for.

‡ F. *this soft courage*. *Harmful pity* occurs on p. 124.

§ Q. 1619, *straightway*, Compare F.

For with a band of fifty thousand* men,
Comes Warwick backing of the Duke of York ;
And in the towns whereas they pass along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Prepare† your battles, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field :
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Do, good my lord, and leave us to our fortunes.

King. Why, that 's my fortune, therefore I'll stay still.

Clif.‡ Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father, cheer these noble lords ;
Unsheathe your sword, sweet father ; cry " Saint George ! "

Clif. Pitch we our battle here, for hence we will not
move.§

Enter the house of YORK.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown,
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet ?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert,
Before thy king and lawful sovereign ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee ;
I was adopted heir by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath.
For as we hear, you that are king,
Though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,

* F. *thirty thousand.*

† F. *darraign, i.e., prepare.*

‡ The speech-prefix in F. is *North*, i.e., Northumberland ; or does it mean the united voices of the " Northern Earls " of the quartet ?

§ This line is not in F.

To blot our brother out and put his own son in.*

Clif. And reason, George;

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand,
To answer thee or any of your sort.

Rich. 'T was you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old York too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight!

War. What sayst thou, Henry, wilt thou yield thy
crown?

Queen. What, long-tongued Warwick, dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Ay, then 't was my turn to fly, † but now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, ‡ and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, that drove § me
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, Warwick, that could
make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, || we hold thee reverently;
Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big swoll'n ¶ heart,

* This speech in the folio is a muddle: it is given to Clarence, but is evidently a continuation of Edward's speech: it reads,—

“ *Cla.* Since when his oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown.
Have caused him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.”

The old play gives the speech to George, Duke of Clarence, and the words “to blot our brother out,” make it intelligible enough, coming from him.

† Q. 1595, *see*. The reading adopted is from Q. 1619, which agrees with F.
; Q. 1619, *as much before*. § *That*, omitted by Q. 1619, and not in F.

|| Northumberland repeated in old copy.

¶ This expression occurs in the *Contention*, p. 5, l. 6.

Against that Clifford there,—that cruel child-killer.

Clif. Why, I killed thy father; call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a villain, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words, great lords, and hear
me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileged to speak.*

Clif. My lord, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cured with words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood hangs upon his tongue.

Edw. What say'st thou, Henry, shall I have my right
or no?

A thousand men have broke their fast to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head,
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If all be right that Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.†

Rich. Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.‡

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,§
Marked by the destinies to be avoided,

* Q. 1619, "I being a king, am privileged to speak."

† F. "but every thing is right."

‡ F. gives this speech to Warwick.

§ This expression is in the *Cantention*, p. 85, last line.

As venom toads or lizard's fainting looks.*

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel† should be called the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art derived‡
To parley thus with England's lawful heirs?

Educ. A whip of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shameless callet§ know herself.||
Thy husband's father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the French and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory till this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Then that sunshine bred¶ a shower for him,
Which washed his father's fortunes out of France,
And heaped seditions on his crown at home.
For what hath moved these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek our title yet had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought thee
gain,
And that the harvest brought us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root,

* F. "lizards' dreadful stings." *Lizards' stings* occurs in 1 *Cor.* iii. 2.
Cf. *Lucrece*. l. 850,— "As toads infect fair founts with venom mud."

† *i.e.* Canal.

‡ F. *extraught*. The word occurs in the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, Pt. 1, l. 1. The word is not used by Shakespeare except in 3 *Hen VI.* ii. 2.

§ A woman of bad character.

|| Four lines added here in F.

¶ F. *brewed*.

And though the edge have something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, we will never cease to strike,
 Till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.*

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee ;
 Not† willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets !—Let our bloody colours wave,
 And either victory or else a grave,

Queen. Stay, Edward, stay.

Edw. Hence, wrangling woman ; I'll no longer stay,
 Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.‡ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A field of battle near Towton.*

Alarms. Enter WARWICK.

War. Sore spent§ with toil, as runners with the race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
 For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
 Hath robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And force perforce needs must I rest myself,

Enter EDWARD.¶

Edw. Smile, gentle heavens, or strike, ungentle death,
 That we may die unless we gain the day.
 What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven,
 Upon the harmless line of York's true house ?¶¶

* This speech is slightly varied in F.

† Q. 1619, *Nor.*

‡ F. *this day* ; Steevens follows the reading of the old play. This scene in F. has 177 lines.

§ F. *fore-spent.*

¶ F. *Enter Edward, running.*

¶¶ The last three lines not in F.

Enter GEORGE.

George. Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day;
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Lest they retire now we have left the field*

War. How now, my lords? what hap, what hope of
good?†

Enter RICHARD, *running*.‡

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cried still for Warwick his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast;
And as he tottering sat upon his steed,
He waft his hand to me and cried aloud,—
“Richard, commend me to my valiant son!”
And still he cried,—“Warwick, revenge my death!”
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.§

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood;
I'll kill my horse because I will not fly.||
And here to God of heaven I make a vow,
Never to pass from forth this bloody field,

* These four lines are not in F., but three lines are there given to George which are not found in the old play.

† In F. this line occurs at the end of Edward's previous speech.

‡ *Running*, not in F.

§ This speech varies considerably from the corresponding one in F. *q. v.* For the historical inaccuracy in it see the notes of the commentators in STEEVENS' *Shakespeare*.

|| In F. there are four lines inserted between this and the next line; Warwick's vow is also altered.

Till I am full revengèd for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my soul to thee.—
Thou setter up and puller down of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day.*

George. Then let us haste to cheer the soldiers' hearts,
And call them pillars that will stand to us,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty service in these dangerous wars.

Rich. Come, come, away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, give me your hands and let us part,
And take our leaves until we meet again,
Where e'er it be in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwick, farewell!

War. Away, away! once more, sweet lords, farewell, †
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the field.*

*Alarms, and then enter RICHARD at one door, and CLIFFORD
at the other. ‡*

Rich. A Clifford! A Clifford!

Clif. A Richard! A Richard!

* Six lines are added to this speech in F.

† This scene in F. contains 56 lines.

‡ The stage directions of these old plays let us into the secret as to how the copy was obtained for the press; the scene is supposed to be a field of battle, yet the direction is, "Enter Richard at one door, and Clifford at the other"! F. reads, "Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford."

Rich. Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death.

This thirsty sword that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs and slice thy cursèd heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone ;
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself :
And so have at thee.

[*Alarms. They fight, and then enters WARWICK and rescues RICHARD, and then exeunt omnes.**]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarms still, and then enter HENRY solus.

King. Oh, gracious God of heaven, look down upon us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs !
How like a mastless ship upon the seas,
This woful battle doth continue still ;
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars !
Would I had never reigned, nor ne'er been king !
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well !
Or would my crown suffice, I were content

* This scene in F. contains 13 lines.

To yield it them and live a private life.*

Enter a Soldier with a dead man in his arms.†

Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody ;
 This man that I have slain in fight to-day,
 May be possessèd of some store of crowns,
 And I will search to find them if I can ;
 But stay :—methinks it is my father's face !
 Oh, ay, 'tis he whom I have slain in fight !—
 From London was I pressed out by the king ;
 My father he came on the part of York ;
 And in this conflict I have slain my father.
 Oh pardon, God ! I knew not what I did ;
 And pardon, father ! for I knew thee not.

Enter another Soldier with a dead man.

2 *Sol.* Lie there, thou that fought'st with me so
 stoutly ;

Now let me see what store of gold thou hast :
 But stay,—methinks this is no foeman's face !‡
 Oh no, it is my son that I have slain in fight !
 Oh monstrous times, begetting such events !
 How cruel, bloody and erroneus,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !
 Poor boy ! thy father gave thee life too late,
 And hath bereaved thee of thy life too soon.§

* This speech, which consists of 13 lines, is expanded to 54 lines in F., q. v.

† Compare the stage directions in F.

‡ Old copy, *famous* ; either a mishearing or a misprint. F. *foe-māns*.

§ F, reads,—“ Oh boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.”

Here the last word of the two lines of the old play is transposed, and makes excellent sense of the passage ; see the notes of the commentators.

King. Woe above woe, grief more than common grief!
 Whilst lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses ;
 Wither one rose and let the other flourish.
 For if you strive, ten thousand lives must perish.

1 *Sol.* How will my mother, for my father's death,
 Take on* with me, and ne'er be satisfied.

2 *Sol.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied.

King. How will the people now misdeem their king :
 Oh, would my death their minds could satisfy !

1 *Sol.* Was ever son so rued his father's blood to spill ?

2 *Sol.* Was ever father so unnatural his son to kill ?

King. Was ever king thus grieved and vexèd still ?

1 *Sol.* I'll bear thee hence from this accursèd place,
 For woe is me to see my father's face.

[*Exit with his father.*

2 *Sol.* I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with his son.*

King. Weep, wretched man, I'll lay thee tear for tear ; †
 Here sits a king as woe-begone as thee.

Alarms, and enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Away, my lord, to Berwick presently,
 The day is lost, our friends are murdered ;

* *i. e.*, Persist in lamentation ; the phrase is vulgar rather than obsolete.

† In F. this line occurs earlier in the scene. This speech of King Henry's commences,—“ Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care.”

No hope is left for us, therefore, away.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD.

Prince. Oh, father, fly; our men have left the field:
Take horse, sweet father, let us save ourselves.

Enter EXETER.

Ex. Away, my lord, for vengeance comes along with
him;

Nay, stand not to expostulate,* make haste,
Or else come after, I'll away before.

King. Nay, stay, good Exeter, for I'll along with thee.†
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter CLIFFORD *wounded, with an arrow in his neck.*‡

Clif. Here burns my candle out,§
That whilst it lasted gave King Henry light.—
Ah, Lancaster, I fear thine overthrow,
More than my body's parting from my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies,||

* This expression is used in the *Contention*, p. 89, l. 7, q. v.

† This scene in F. contains 324 lines.

‡ F. "Enter Clifford, wounded." The direction "with an arrow in his neck" is from Holingshead. Beaumont and Fletcher ridicule the circumstance in the Induction to the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

§ Cf. 1 *Henry VI*, ii. 6,—

"Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer."

|| This similitude has been used before; see *Contention*, p. 50, l. 2. The line is not in F., but it seems necessary, and is inserted by Steevens, Collier and other editors.

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun ?
 And who shines now but Henry's enemy ?
 O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
 That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car had never scorched the earth ;
 And Henry, hadst thou lived as kings should do,
 And as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no foot unto the house of York,*
 I and ten thousand in this woful land,
 Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
 And thou this day had kept thy throne in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
 And what make robbers bold but lenity?—
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 No way to fly, no strength to hold our flight ; †
 The foe is merciless and will not pity me,
 And at their hands I have deserved no pity.
 The air has got into my bleeding wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
 Come York, and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
 I stabbed your fathers, now come and split my breast.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD and WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edw. Thus far, our fortunes keep an upward course,
 And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That now towards Berwick doth post amain :
 But think you that Clifford is fled away with them ?

* Here the Folio has the following line,—

“ They never then had sprung like summer-flies.”

which is not in the old play.

† Q. 1619 and F. read, “ to hold out flight.”

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape,
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD groans and then dies.]

Edw. Hark! what soul is this that takes his heavy
leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departure.

Edw. See who it is;* and now the battle's ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly used.

Rich. Reverse that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who killed our tender brother Rutland,
And stabbed our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head which Clifford placèd there;
Instead of that, let his supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answerèd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung to us but blood and death;
Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. Oh, would he did! and so perhaps he doth,
And 'tis his policy that in the time of death,
He might avoid such bitter storms as he,
In his hour of death, did give unto our father.

George.† Richard, if thou think'st so, vex him with
eager words.

* In F. these words form part of the preceding speech,

† The 460. does not mark the entrance of George,

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.

George. Whilst we devise fell tortues for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pitied'st York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, and I will pity thee.

George. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then I know he's dead.
'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath.*
By this I know he's dead, and by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all contempt might rail at him,
I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain whose unstaunchèd thirst,
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he is dead; off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownèd England's lawful king.
From thence shall Warwick cross the seas to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,
And, having France thy friend, thou needst not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz† to offend thine ears.
First I'll see the coronation done,
And afterwards I'll cross the seas to France,

* Cf Folio.

† 4to., *busie*.

To effect this marriage if it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, good Warwick, let it be ;
But first, before we go, George, kneel down ;
We here create thee Duke of Clarence,
And girt thee with the sword : our younger brother,
Richard, Duke of Gloster. Warwick, as myself,
Shall do, and undo, as him* pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George, of Gloster ;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous,

War. Tut ! that's a childish † observation :
Richard, be Duke of Gloster.—Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. ‡ [*Exeunt omnes.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers § with bow and arrows,

Keep. Come, let's take our stands upon this hill,
And by and by the deer will come this way ;

* Q. 1619, *himself.*

† F. *foolish.*

‡ This scene in F. contains 109 lines.

§ In F. they are called Sincklo and Humphrey, the names of the actors who represented these two characters. The fact is significant, and seems to indicate that 3 *Henry VI.* was acted by another, and probably earlier, company than the Chamberlains ; if, indeed, it does not actually identify it with the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*. Sincklo, or Sinkler, acted in the second part of the *Seven Deadly Sins*, revived in, or shortly after, 1539, and the plot, which is extant, contains a species of Induction in which appear Henry VI., Warwick, a Pursuivant, Warders, and a Keeper. Sincklo's part was a Keeper—a singular coincidence. This actor no doubt took the part of a Keeper in the present scene of the *True Tragedy*, and that serves to fix the date of its production on the stage, which must have been 1539. This surmise is confirmed by the fact that Sincklo was a member of Pembroke's company of players till 1592, when he joined Lord Strange's. Humphrey, I take to mean Humphrey Jeffes, also a member of Pembroke's company.

But stay, here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.*

Enter KING HENRY, disguised.†

King. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
And thus disguised, to greet my native land.

No, Henry, no, it is no land of thine ;
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now ;
No humble suitors sue to thee for right,
For how canst thou help them, and not thyself ?

Keep. Ay, marry, sir, here is‡ a deer, his skin
Is a keeper's fee.—Sirrah, stand close, for as I think,
This is the king King Edward hath deposed.

King. My queen and son, poor souls ! are gone to
France,
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick,
To entreat a marriage with the Lady Bona ;
If this be true, poor queen and son,
Your labour is but spent in vain,
For Lewis is a prince soon won with words,
And Warwick is a subtle orator ;
He laughs, and says—his Edward is installed ;
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed ;
He, on his right hand, asking a wife for Edward,
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry.§ *[Aside,*

Keep. What art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens ?

King. More than I seem, for less I should not be ;
A man at least, and more I cannot be :

* In F. the dialogue between the two keepers extends to 12 lines.

† "With a prayer-book," adds the Folio.

‡ Q. 1619, and F., *here's*.

§ This speech in F. is expanded to 27 lines.

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king
Thyself.

King. Why, so I am in mind, though not in show.

Keep. And if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head.
My crown is called content; a crown that kings
Do seldom times enjoy.

Keep. And if thou be a king crowned with content,
Your crown, content, and you must be content
To go with us unto the officer,
For as we think, you are our quondam king,
King Edward hath deposed; and therefore we charge you,
In God's name and the king's, to go along
With us unto the officers.

King. God's name
Be fulfilled; your king's name be obeyed:
And be you kings, command and I'll obey.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, MONTAGUE,
HASTINGS, and the LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
This lady's husband, here, Sir Richard† Grey,
At the battle of Saint Albans did lose his life;
His lands then were seized on by the conqueror:

* This scene in F. contains 100 lines.

† A mistake, continued in F.; his real name was John. Here and in F., Sir John Grey is represented as fighting on the Yorkist side, when in reality he was a Lancastrian; the mistake was corrected by Shakespeare in *Rich. III.*, i. 3. where he says Grey had been factious for the house of Lancaster.

Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
 And sith in quarrel of the house of York,
 The noble gentleman did lose his life,
 In honour we cannot deny her suit.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant it then.

K. Edw. Ay, so I will; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Ay, is the wind in that door?

I see the lady hath something to grant,
 Before the king will grant her humble suit. [*Aside.*

Cla. He knows the game, how well he keeps the wind.
 [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, come some other time to know our
 mind.

La. May it please your grace, I cannot brook delays;
 I beseech your highness to dispatch me now,

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave, we mean to try this
 widow's wit,

Cla. Ay, good leave have you.

Glo. For you will have leave till youth take leave,
 And leave you to your crutch.

K. Edw. Come hither, widow;—how many children
 hast thou?

Cla. I think he means to bag a child on her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then, he'll rather give her two.

[*Aside.*

La. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, and you will be ruled by
 him. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Were't not pity they should lose their father's
 lands?

La. Be pitiful, then, dread lord, and grant it them.

K. Edw. I'll tell thee how these lands are to be got.

La. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service will you do me if I grant
It them?

La. Even what your highness shall command.

Glo. Nay, then, widow, I'll warrant you all your
Husband's lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close, or in good faith

You['ll] catch a clap.* [*Aside.*

Cl. Nay, I fear her not unless she fall.

Glo. Marry, gods forbot, man, for he'll take 'van-
tage then. [*Aside.*

La. Why stops my lord; shall I not know my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

La. That's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely give
thee.

La. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Cl. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Stay, widow, stay.—

What love dost thou think I sue so much to get?

La. My humble service, such as subjects owe,
And the law commands.

K. Edw. No, by my troth; I meant no such love:—
But to tell thee the truth, I aim to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plain, my lord, I had rather lie in
prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou canst not get thy husband's
lands.

* *F. blow.*

La. Then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

La. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the sadness* of my suit.
Please it your highness to dismiss me either
With ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou say "ay" to my request.
No, if thou say "no" to my demand.

La. Then—no, my lord; my suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she bends the brow.

[*Aside.*]

Cl. Why, he is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

[*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Her looks are all replete with majesty;—
One way or other she is for a king:
And she shall be my love, or else my queen. [*Aside.*]
Say that King Edward took thee for his queen?

La. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear I speak
No more than what my heart intends,
And that is to enjoy thee for my love,

La. And that is more than I will yield unto;
I know I am too bad to [be] your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

* *i.e.*, Seriousness.

La. Your grace would be loth my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
And by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father of many children.—

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cl. When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talk the widow
And I have had : you would think it strange
If I should marry her ?

Cl. Marry her, my lord, to whom ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

Cl. Why, that's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers, I can tell you
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.*

Enter a Messenger.†

Mes. And it please your grace, Henry, your foe, is
taken,
And brought a prisoner to your palace gates.

K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower ;
And let us go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords, along, and use

* Compare this wooing of Lady Grey with King Edward III's wooing of the Countess of Salisbury in Shakespeare's *Edward III.*

† *F. Nobleman.*

This lady honourably. [Exeunt. Manet GLOSTER.]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably :—
 Would he were wasted marrow, bones, and all !
 That from his loins no issue might succeed,
 To hinder me from the golden time I look for ;*
 For I am not yet looked on in the world.
 First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
 And his son, and all the looked † for issue
 Of their loins, ere I can plant myself :
 A cold premeditation for my purpose !
 What other pleasure is there in the world beside ?
 I will go clad ‡ my body in gay ornaments, §
 And lull myself within a lady's lap,
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
 Oh, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought !
 Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb : ||
 And for I should not deal in her affairs,
 She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
 And placed an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To dry mine arm up like a withered shrimp,
 To make my legs of an unequal size :
 And am I then a man to be beloved ?
 Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
 Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile ;
 I cry content to that that ¶ grieves me most ;

* Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, III. 5.

† F. " And all the unlooked for issue."

‡ F. *deck*.

§ The whole of this speech seems like the prelude to Gloucester's opening speech in *Richard III*.

|| Cf. *Wily Beguiled*, 1606,—

" For love did scorn me in my mother's womb."

F. reads *foreswore* in place of *scorn*.

¶ Q. 1619, and F. read *that which*,

I can add colours to the cameleon,
 And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
 And set the aspiring Cataline* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
 Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull† it down.‡ [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King LEWIS and the Lady BONA, and Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD, and others.

Lew. Welcome Queen Margaret to the court of France.
 It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand;
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
 Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right,
 And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
 And place King Henry in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
 And pray the god of heaven to bless thy state,
 Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter WARWICK.

Lew. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's chiefest friend.

Lew. Welcome brave Warwick, what brings thee to
 France?

War. From worthy Edward King of England,
 My lord and sovereign and thy vowèd friend,

* F. reads,—“ And set the murderous *Machiavel* to school.” Cf. 1 *Henry VI.* v. 4,—“ Alencon! that notorious Machiavel.”

† So Q. 1619; Q. 1595, *put*, F. *pluck*.

‡ This scene in F. contains 195 lines. Gloster's last speech is augmented by 42 lines.

I come in kindness and unfeignèd love,
 First to do greetings to thy royal person,
 And then to crave a league of amity ;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. [to BONA.] And, gracious madam, in our king's
 behalf,

I am commanded, with your love* and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passions of my sovereign's heart ;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath placed thy glorious image and thy virtues.

Queen. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak
 Before you answer Warwick or his words,
 For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.†

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father, Henry, did usurp ;
 And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 That did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
 And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the Fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world ;
 And after this wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who with his prowess conquerèd all France,
 From these our Henry is lineally descent.

* *F. leave* ; the word in the text is another instance of mishearing.

† This speech is expanded to 13 lines in *F.*

War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse,
 You told not how Henry the Sixth had lost
 All that Henry the Fifth had gotten?
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at that:
 But for the rest you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years—a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou deny thy king,
 Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and eight* years,
 And bewray† thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame! leave Henry and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder brother
 The Lord Aubrey Vere was done to death?‡
 And more than so, my father, even in
 The downfall of his mellowed years,
 When age did call him§ to the door of death?
 No, Warwick, no; whilst life upholds this arm,
 This arm upholds the house of Lancaster,

War. And I the house of York.

Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
 Vouchsafe to forbear awhile,
 Till I do talk a word with Warwick. ||—
 Now, Warwick, even upon thy honour tell me true;
 Is Edward lawful king or no? for I

* F. Thirty and six.

† *i.e.*, Discover, betray.

‡ Here the difference in F. is worth noting:—

“*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death?”

§ F. “When Nature brought him.”

|| Here F. interposes a speech, of one line, by Queen Margaret.

Were loth to link with him that is not lawful heir.

War. Thereon I pawn mine honour and my credit.

Lew. What, is he gracious in the peoples' eyes?

War. The more that Henry is unfortunate.

Lew. What is his love to our sister Bona?

War. Such, it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear,

That this his love was an eternal plant,*

The root whereof was fixed in virtue's ground;

The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona 'quite his pain.

Lew. Then, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine;

But ere this day, I must confess, when I

Have heard your king's deserts recounted,

Mine ears have tempted judgment to desire.

Lew. Then draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not the English king.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,

Where having nothing, nothing he can lose:—

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain your state,

And better 'twere to trouble him than France.

Sound for a Post within.

Lew. Here comes some post, Warwick, to thee or us,

* *i.e.* perennial. F. reads *eternal*; corrected by editors to *eternal*, from the old play.

Post. My lord ambassador, this letter is for you ;
Sent from your brother, Marquis Montague.

'This, from our king unto your majesty :

And these to you, madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress,
Smiles at her news, when Warwick frets* at his.

Prince. And mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.

Lew. Now, Margaret and Warwick, what are your
news ?

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart full of joy.†

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

Lew. What, hath your king married the Lady Grey,
And now to excuse himself sends us a post of papers ?
How dares he presume to use us thus !

Queen. This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's
honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himself if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York,
My father came untimely to his death ? †
Did I let pass by the abuse done to thy§ niece ?
Did I impale him with the regal crown,
And thrust King Henry from his native home,
And, most ungrateful, doth he use me thus ?

* *F. frowns.*

† Q. 1619, — " Mine, such as fills my heart with joy."

F. — " Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys."

‡ Q. 1619, *an untimely death* ; F. agrees with the text.

§ *F. my*, which is the right reading.

My gracious queen, pardon what is past,
 And hence forth I am thy true servitor ;
 I will revenge the wrongs done to Lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Yes, Warwick, I do quite forget thy former faults,
 If now thou wilt become King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
 That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war :
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I am resolved
 You shall have aid :—and English messenger, return
 In post, and tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll be a widower shortly,
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him my mourning weeds be laid aside,
 And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
 There's thy reward, be gone.*

Lew. But now tell me, Warwick, what assurance
 I shall have of thy true loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty ;
 If that our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy,

* Q. 1619 here reads, "*Exit Mes.*"; F. "*Exit Post.*"

To him forthwith in holy wedlock's bands.*

Queen. With all my heart; that match I like full well.
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young,
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love,

Lew. It is enough:—and now we will prepare
To levy soldiers for to go with you.

And you, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them safely to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbering trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe;
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale† but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.‡

[*Exeunt.*

* Q. 1619, and F. *wedlocke*.

† A decoy; any thing used to entice or draw on a person. NARES.—Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, i. 2.

‡ This scene in F. contains 267 lines.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, the QUEEN and CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PEMBROKE, with Soldiers.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster, what think You of our marriage with the Lady Grey ?

Cla. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis That are so slack in judgment, they'll take No offence at this sudden marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but Lewis And Warwick, and I am your king and Warwick's, And will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our king ; but yet Such sudden marriages seldom proveth well.

Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you against us too ?

Glo. Not I, my lord, no ; God forefend that I Should once gainsay your highness' pleasure : ay, And 't were a pity to sunder them that yoke So well together.

Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislikes aside, Show me some reasons why the Lady Grey May not be my love and England's queen. Speak freely, Clarence, Gloster, Montague, And Hastings.

Cla. My lord, then this is mine opinion ;— That Warwick being dishonoured in his embassy, Doth seek revenge to 'quite his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis in regard to his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state.

Edw. Suppose that Warwick and Lewis be appeased,
By such means as I can best devise ?

Mon. But yet to have joined with France in this
alliance,
Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth,
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within itself,*
We need not France nor any alliance with them. [serves

Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings well de-
To have the daughter and heir of the Lord Hungerford.

Edw. And what then ? It was our will it should be so.

Cia. Ay, and for such a thing, too, the Lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands to have
The daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left
Your brothers to go seek elsewhere ; but in
Your madness you bury brotherhood.†

Edw. Alas, poor Clarence ! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent ? Why, man,
Be of good cheer, I'll provide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you played the broker so ill for yourself,
That you shall give me leave to make my choice
As I think good ; and to that intent
I shortly mean to leave you.

* The Folio play reads,—

“ Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself.”

Cf. *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, Part II. v. 2,—

“ Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state.”

Cf. also, *King John*, v. 7, ll. 18-19.

† Given rather differently in F. q. v.

Edw. Leave me, or tarry, I am full resolved
Edward will not be tied to his brothers' wills.

*Queen.** My lords, do me but right, and you must
confess,

Before it pleased his highness to advance
My state to title of a queen,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.†

Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawn upon their frowns,
For thee they must obey—nay, shall obey,
And if they look for favour at my hands.

Mon. My lord, here is the messenger returned from
France.

Enter a Messenger.

Edw. Now, sirrah, what letters, or what news?

Mes. No letters, my lord, and such news as, without
your highness' special pardon, I dare not relate.

Edw. We pardon thee, and, as near as thou canst,
Tell me, what said Lewis to our letter?

Mes. At my departure these were his very words.—
“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.”

Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mes. “Tell him,” quoth she, “in hope he'll prove a
widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.”

Edw. She had the wrong;—indeed, she could

* In the stage directions and speech prefix of F. she is called Lady Grey.
† Q. 1619, “from my birth”; F. “ignoble of descent.”

Say little less. But what said Henry's queen?
For, as I hear, she was then in place.

Mes. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds
be done,

And I am ready to put armour on."

Edw. Then belike she means to play the Amazon:
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mes. He, more incensèd than the rest, my lord:—
"Tell him," quoth he, "that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

Edw. Ha! dar'st the traitor breathe out such proud
words?

But I will arm me to prevent the worst:
But what, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mes. Ay, my good lord, they're so linked in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike; Clarence shall have the
Younger.—All ye that love me and Warwick,
Follow me.* [Exeunt CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Edw. Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick!
What say you, brother Richard, will you stand to us?

Glo. Ay, my lord, in despite of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath nature
Made me halt downright, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it? for if
I would, I cannot run away.

Edw. Pembroke, go raise an army presently;

* Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has pointed out the following parallel lines,—viz.,
Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594,—

"And they that love my honour follow me."

And *Richard III.* III. 4,—

"The rest that love me, rise and follow me."

Pitch up my tent, for in the field this night
 I mean to rest, and on the morrow morn
 I'll march to meet proud Warwick ere he land,
 Those straggling troops which he hath got in France.
 But ere I go, Montague and Hastings,
 You, of all the rest, are nearest allied
 In blood to Warwick, therefore, tell me if
 You favour him more than me, or not.
 Speak truly, for I had rather have
 You open enemies than hollow friends.

Mon. So God help Montague as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause !

Edw. It shall suffice ; come let's march away.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lords, all hitherto goes well ; †
 The common people, by numbers, swarm to us :
 But see where Somerset and Clarence come ! †
 Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Cla. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;
 And welcome, Somerset : I hold it cowardice
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love ;
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,

* This scene in F. contains 156 lines.

† This line, slightly varied, occurs in the next scene.

‡ Here, apparently, Clarence and Somerset enter, but the entrance is not marked in the quarto ; the Folio corrected the omission.

Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings :
 But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests but in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
 His soldiers lurking in the town about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
 Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.*
 Then cry, " King Henry," with resolvèd minds,
 And break we presently into his tent.

Cl. Why then let's on our way in silent sort,
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George ! †
[*Exeunt.* ‡

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp near Warwick.* §

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
 Stand. Courage, my soldiers, now or never !
 But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwick ! A Warwick !

* Here seven lines are added in F.

† These two lines conclude Warwick's speech in F. This scene in F. contains 29 lines.

‡ In the old copy there is no indication of a change of scene here. A change however seems to be necessary ; it is very unlikely that the author would have adopted so crude a construction, and have left so much to the imagination of his audience. A similar instance is found in Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield*. The old copy is probably corrupt ; compare with the Folio.

§ The Folio play commences this scene with a dialogue between the Watchmen who guard King Edward's tent. Nothing of the kind is in the old play. The addition in F. may have been the result of a later revisal, but I suspect something of the kind was shown in the representation of the old play, and its absence is due to the botcher.

[Alarms, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.]

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here is the duke.

Edw. The duke! why, Warwick when we parted last,*
Thou called'st me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered now.
When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I disgraced† you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors?‡
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,†
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies:

Edw. Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.§

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
But Henry now shall wear the English crown.||
Go, convey him to our brother archbishop
Of York; and when I have fought with Pembroke
And his followers,¶ I'll come and tell
Thee what the Lady Bona says,
And so, for awhile, farewell good Duke of York.

[Exeunt some with EDWARD.]

Cla. What follows now, all hitherto goes well,**
But we must dispatch some letters to France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune,

* Last, not in F.

† F. degraded.

‡ Following this line, a line is added in F.

§ Edward's speech in F. has 7 lines.

|| Here F. adds the following direction.—“Take off his crown.”

¶ F. fellows.

** See note ante, p. 160.

And bid her come with speed to join with us.

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
And free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regal throne,
Come, let us haste away, and having passed these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares.* [*Exeunt*,

SCENE IV. †—*A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you, is this :—
I look my brother, with a slender train,
Should come a-hunting in this forest here ;
The bishop of York befriends him much,
And lets him use his pleasure in the chase ;
Now I have privily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him :
And see where the huntsman and he doth come,

Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman

Hunt. This way, my lord, the deer is gone.

Edw. No, this way, huntsman ; see where
The keepers stand. Now, brother, and the rest :—
What ! are you provided to depart ?

Glo. Ay, ay, the horse stands at the park corner ;
Come to Lynn, and so take shipping into Flanders.

Edw. Come, then.—Hastings and Stanley, I will
Requite your loves.—Bishop, farewell ;

* This scene in F. contains 67 lines.

† This scene is transposed in the Folio play, being iv. 5.

Shield thee from Warwick's frown,
 And pray that I may repossess the crown.
 Now, huntsman, what will you do?

Hunt. Marry, my lord, I think I had as good
 Go with you, as tarry here to be hanged.

Edw. Come, then, let's away with speed.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.†—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the QUEEN and the Lord RIVERS.

Riv. Tell me, good madam, why is your grace
 So passionate of late?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, hear you not the news,
 Of that success‡ King Edward had of late?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against
 Warwick?

Tush, fear not, fair queen, but cast those cares aside.
 King Edward's noble mind his honours doth display,
 And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefs were at an end:
 But greater troubles will, I fear, befall.

Riv. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
 To the danger of his royal person, then?

Queen. Ay, there's my grief: King Edward is sur-
 prised,
 And led away as prisoner unto York.

Riv. The news is passing strange, I must confess:
 Yet comfort yourself, for Edward hath more friends,

* This scene in F. has 34 lines.

† This is scene iv. of the Folio,

‡ *Misfortune* is the reading of the Folio, q. v.

Than Lancaster at this time must perceive,
That some will set him in his throne again.

Queen. God grant they may ! but gentle brother, come,
And let me lean upon thine arm awhile,
Until I come unto the sanctuary,
There to preserve the fruit within my womb,
King Edward's seed, true heir to England's crown.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. †—*Before York.*

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with a troop
of Hollanders.*

Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we passed the seas,
And marched from Ravenspur haven unto York :
But soft, the gates are shut.—I like not this.

Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

Enter the Lord Mayor of York upon the walls.

Mayor. My lords, we had notice of your coming,
And that's the cause we stand upon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preserve the town ;
Henry now is king, and we are sworn to him.

Edw. Why, my lord Mayor, if Henry be your king,
Edward, I am sure, at least is Duke of York.

Mayor. Truth, my lord, we know you for no less.

Edw. I crave nothing but my dukedom.

Rich. But when the fox hath gotten in his head
He'll quickly make the body follow after.

* This scene in F. contains 37 lines.

† Scene VII. of the Folio.

Hast. Why, my lord Mayor, what stand you upon points?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

Mayor. Say you so? then I'll open them presently.

[*Exit.*

Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

[*The Mayor opens the door, and brings the keys in his hand.*

Edw. So, my lord Mayor, these gates must not be shut, But in the time of war: give me the keys. What, fear not, man, for Edward will defend The town and you, despite of all your foes.

Enter Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, with drum and Soldiers.

How now, Richard, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, A trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

Edw. Welcome, Sir John. Wherefore come you in arms?

Sir John. To help King Edward in this time of storms, As every loyal subject ought to do.

Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, But I only claim my dukedom, Until it please God to send the rest.

Sir John. Then fare you well.—Drum, strike up, and let us

March away: I came to serve a king, and not a duke.*

Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, and let us first debate, With what security we may do this thing.

* Compare this with the same speech in the Folio play.

Sir John. What, stand you on debating? to be brief,
Except you presently proclaim yourself our king,
I'll hence again, and keep them back that come
To succour you. Why should we fight, when you
Pretend no title?

Rich. Fie, brother, fie; stand you upon terms?
Resolve yourself, and let us claim the crown.

Edw. I am resolved once more to claim the crown,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

Sir John. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.—

Sound trumpets for Edward shall be proclaimed Edward
the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and
France, and Lord of Ireland;—

And whosoever gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.—

Long live Edward the Fourth!*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

Edw. We thank you all.—Lord Mayor, lead on the
way; †

For this night we'll harbour here in York,
And then, as early as the morning sun
Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
And pull false Henry from the regal throne. ‡

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Compare this speech and the arrangement in the Folio, which furnishes another proof that the play was taken down during representation.

† This speech is considerably altered in F.

‡ This scene in F. contains 88 lines.

SCENE VII.*—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter WARWICK and CLARENCE, with the Crown ; and then King HENRY, and OXFORD and SOMERSET, and the young Earl of RICHMOND.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seat,
By God's great mercies am I brought again.
Clarence and Warwick do you keep the crown,
And govern and protect my realm in peace ;
And I will spend the remnant of my days,
To Sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.†

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will ?

Cl. Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes.

King. My lord of Somerset, what pretty boy
Is that you seem to be so careful of ?

Som. And it please your grace, it is young Henry
Earl of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond,
Come hither, pretty lad. If heavenly powers
Do aim aright to my divining thoughts,
Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss ;
Thy head is made to wear a princely crown,
Thy looks are all replete with majesty.‡—
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he,
Shall help you more than you are hurt by me.§ [*Exeunt.*]

* Scene VI. of the Folio play.

† In the old copy the metre of this speech is very corrupt ; as it is there arranged the rhyming couplet at the end is lost.

‡ This line, with only a slight verbal difference, occurs on p. 146 l. 16.

§ This scene in F. contains 103 lines. It will be seen that large additions have been made to the scene as it stands in the old play ; the two texts should be read together.

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter one with a letter to WARWICK.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Is passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain towards* London,
And many giddy people follow him.†

Oxf. 'Tis best to look to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for us to quench it out.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war:
Them‡ will I muster up, and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt, in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
Stir up the knights and gentlemen to come with thee;—
And thou, brother Montague, in Leicestershire,
Buckingham, and Northamptonshire,§ shalt find
Men well inclined to do what thou commands:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wond'rous well beloved,
Shalt in thy countries|| muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign with his loving citizens,¶
Shall rest in London till we come to him.

* F. "to London."

† Q. 1619,—“And many giddy-headed people follow him.”

F.—“And many giddy people flock to him.”

‡ F. *those*.

§ The sequence of the counties is different in F.

|| Query, *county*; F. “*in Oxfordshire*.”

¶ Here the two following lines are added in F.,—

“Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs.”

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

King. Farewell, my Hector, my Troy's true hope.

War. Farewell, sweet lords, let's meet at Coventry.

All. Agreed! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter EDWARD and his train.

Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry,
And once again convey him to the Tower:
Away with him, I will not hear him speak!
And now towards Coventry let us bend our course,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter WARWICK on the walls.†

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, my honest fellow?

Ox. post. By this, at Daintry,‡ marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?

* This scene in F. has 64 lines. The muddled stage directions of this scene are worth noting: at the opening it reads "Enter one with a letter to Warwick," the entrance of King Henry, Oxford, and the other Lords is not marked. Again, towards the close, after the agreement to meet at Coventry, *Exeunt omnes* is placed, when it is clear, from the subsequent speech of Edward, who here enters, that the King at least is on the stage. Such transparent bungling tells its own story. The arrangement is very different in the Folio, and the variations are important, *q. v.*

† Compare this direction with the Folio.

‡ F. Dunsmore.

Post. I left him at Dunsmore* with his troops, †

War. Say, Sommerfield, ‡ where is my loving son?
And by thy guess how far is Clarence hence?

Som. At Southam, my lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two hours hence.

War. Then, Oxford, § is at hand, I hear his drum.

Enter EDWARD and his power.

Glo. See, brother, where the surly Warwick mans
the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spite! is spotful || Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could have no news of their repair? ¶

Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call Edward king? and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces back,
Confess who set thee up and pulled thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I had thought at least he would have said the
king,

Or did he make the jest against his will? **

War. 'Twas Warwick gave the kingdom to thy brother.

Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Ay, but thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And weakling Warwick takes his gift again;
Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

Edw. Ay, pr'ythee, gallant Warwick, tell me this:
What is the body, when the head is off?

* *F. Daintry.*

† Here *F.* has "Enter Sir John Somerville,

‡ *F. Somerville.*

§ *F. Clarence.*

|| *F. sportful.*

¶ *F.* "hear no news of his repair."

** Three lines added here in *F.*

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more foresight,*
 But whilst he sought to steal the single ten,
 The king was finely† fingered from the deck!
 You left poor Henry in the bishop's palace,
 And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

Edw. 'Tis even so: and yet you are old Warwick still.

War. Oh, cheerful colours, see where Oxford comes!

Enter OXFORD with drum and Soldiers, and all cry, ‡

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford for Lancaster! [Exit.

Edw. The gates are open, see they enter in;
 Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.

Glo. No; so, some other might set upon our backs;
 We'll stay till all be entered, and then follow them,

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and Soldiers,

Som. Somerset, Somerset for Lancaster! [Exit,

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
 Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
 And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and Soldiers. §

Mon. Montague, Montague for Lancaster! [Exit,

Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother,

* *F.* forecast.

† *i.e.* Subtly; *F.* reads *slyly*. See notes of the commentators on the passage.

‡ There is some confusion here, probably due to the mistake of the short-hand writer. *F.* reads,—

“ *Enter OXFORD with drum and Soldiers.*

War. Oh, cheerful colours, see where Oxford comes.

Ox. Oxford, Oxford for Lancaster ”

The *Exit* here and lower down, should be changed to *Exeunt*.

§ The entrances of Somerset and Montague are transposed in *F.*

Shall dearly buy this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and Soldiers.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battle.

Cla. Clarence, Clarence for Lancaster !*

Edw. *Et tu, Brute !* † wilt thou stab Cæsar too ?

A parley, sirrah, to George of Clarence. ‡

[*Sound a parley ; RICHARD and CLARENCE whisper together, and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat and throws it at WARWICK.*

War. Come, Clarence, come ; thou wilt if Warwick call.

Cla. Father of Warwick, know you what this means ?

I throw mine infamy at thee :

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Thinkest thou

That Clarence is so harsh unnatural, §

To lift his sword against his brother's life ? ||

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brothers turn my blushing cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, for I have done amiss ;

And, Richard, do not frown upon me,

For henceforth I will prove no more unconstant.

Edw. Welcome, Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brotherly.

* This line not in F.

† *Et tu, brute !* occurs in *Julius Cæsar*, III. 1.

‡ These two lines not in F.

§ F. reads,—“ Why trowest thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt unnatural.”

|| Following this, 9 lines are added in F.

War. Oh, passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou leave
The town and fight, or shall we beat the stones
About thine ears?

War. Why, I am not cooped up here for defence;
I will away to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

Edw. Yes, Warwick, he dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field;—Saint George and victory!*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

Alarms, and then enter WARWICK wounded.†

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foes.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,‡
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree.§

* This scene in F. contains 114 lines.

† See directions in F. At the commencement of the scene in F. there is a speech of 4 lines by Warwick not found in the old play.

‡ Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, II. 2,—

“A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.”

§ After this line 4 are added in F. This fact proves, I think, that the early quartos were printed from notes taken during representation, and not from the author's MS., for the lines left out of the old play are necessary to the completion of the metaphor.

The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
 Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres ;*
 For who lived king, but I could dig his grave ?
 And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow ?
 Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood !
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length. †

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! cheer up thyself and
 live,

For yet there 's hope enough to win the day.
 Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
 And at Southampton landed all her train,
 And might'st thou live, then would we never fly. †

War. Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now,
 But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
 For many wounds received and many moe repaid,
 Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And spite of spites needs must I yield to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague, hath breathed his last ;
 And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
 And say—“ Commend me to my valiant brother ;”

* Cf. *Arden of Feversham*, III. 1,—

“ The wrinkles in his foul death-threatening face,
 Gapes open wide like graves to swallow men.”

† In F. a rhyming couplet is inserted at the end of this speech, which occurs in the old play at the commencement of Warwick's speech a few lines lower down.

‡ This speech is given differently in F. The difference appears to me to be such as would occur on revision, rather than an alteration or elaboration of another writer's work.

And more he would have spoke, and more he said,*
 Which sounded like a clamour† in a vault,
 That could not be distinguished for the sound ;
 And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost.

War. What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust ?
 And live we how we can, yet die we must.‡
 Sweet rest his soul !—Fly, lords, and save yourselves ;
 For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.§
[Dies.]

Oxf. Come, noble Somerset, let's take our horse,
 And cause retreat be sounded through the camp,
 That all our friends that yet remain alive,
 May be awarned|| and save themselves by flight.
 That done, with them we'll post unto the queen,¶
 And once more try our fortune in the field.**

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER with Soldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
 And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
 The big-boned traitor Warwick hath breathed his last,
 And heaven this day hath smiled upon us all ;
 But in this clear and brightsome day,

* F. reads,—“ And more he would have said, and more he spoke.”

† F. *cannon*. See notes of the commentators.

‡ See note *ante*, p. 175. These two lines are evidently misplaced, and should be at the end of Warwick's previous speech.

§ Cf. *Richard III.* III. 3,—“ Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.”

|| Q. 1619, *forewarned*.

¶ Oxford's speech in F. is limited to one line.

** This scene in F. contains 50 lines.

I see a black, suspicious cloud appear,
 That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 Before he gain his easeful western beams :*
 I mean those powers which the queen hath got in France,
 Are landed, and mean once more to menace us.†

Glo. Oxford and Somerset are fled to her,
 And 'tis likely if she have time to breathe,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends,
 That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury ;
 Thither will we, for willingness ride way,
 And in every county‡ as we pass along,
 Our strengths shall be augmented. Come, let's go,
 For if we slack this fair bright summer's day,
 Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for hay.§

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* *F. bed.* *Beams* is the coinage of the butcher, or a careless compositor.

† In *F.*, following Edward's speech, there is inserted a speech by Clarence of 4 lines, and an extra line tagged on to Gloster's next speech is not in the old play.

‡ *Q.* 1619, *country*.

§ The last lines of this scene are thus arranged in the old copy :—

“ Come, let's go, for if we slack this fair
 Bright summer's day, sharp winter's
 Showers will mar our hope for hay.”

By this arrangement the metre of the lines is destroyed, and the rhyming couplet lost ; who was responsible for the arrangement ? The above couplet is not found in the same place in *F.* but occurs, slightly modified, at the end of *iv.* 8,—

“ The sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.”

This scene in *F.* has 24 lines,

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewksbury.*

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCE EDWARD, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
with drum and Soldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of
France :—

And welcome, Somerset, and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tacking be almost consumed,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post,
That bears the sails, to bring us unto rest ;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf,
That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends.*

Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof and bid you fight,
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint ! why, 't were perpetual shame.—

* In F. Queen Margaret's speech is expanded to 33 lines.

Oh, brave young prince! thy noble* grandfather,
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live,
To bear his image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day,
Be hissed and wondered at if he arise.†

Enter a Messenger,

Mes. My lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided;
But here will we stand, and fight it to the death.

*Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS and
Soldiers.*

Edw. See, brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by God's assistance, and your prowess,
Shall with our swords yer night be clean cut down.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say,

My tears gainsay; for, as you see, I drink
The water of mine eyes; then, no more
But this: Henry your king is prisoner
In the Tower; his land, and all our friends
Are quite distressed; and yonder stands
The wolf that makes all this;

Then, on God's name, lords, together cry, 'Saint George!'

All. Saint George for Lancaster! †

[*Exeunt,*

* *F. famous.*

† Compare this with the corresponding speech in *F.*

‡ This scene in *F.* contains 82 lines,

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarms to the battle ; YORK flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the KING, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest, and make a great shout, and cry,—“ For York, for York !” And then the QUEEN is taken, and the PRINCE, and OXFORD, and SOMERSET, and then sound and enter all again.**

Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.—
 Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight :
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
 Away, I will not hear them speak !

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

[*Exit.*]

Som. Nor I ; but stoop with patience to my death.

[*Exit.*]

Edw. Now, Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For stirring up my subjects to rebellion ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud, ambitious York.
 Suppose that I am now my father's mouth :
 Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self same words to thee,
 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Oh, that thy father had been so resolved !

Glo. That you might still have kept your petticoat, †
 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night ;
 His currish riddles sort ‡ not with this place.

* Compare with the directions in F.

† F. “ worn your petticoat.”

‡ *i.e.*, Agrees not.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word!

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback, rather.

Cla. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.—

Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjured George,

And thou, misshapen Dick,—I tell you all,

I am your better, traitors as you be.*

Edw. Take that, the likeness† of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much already.‡

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

Edw. What, doth she swound? make means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;

I must to London on a serious matter:

Ere you come there, you shall hear more news.

Cla. About what? pr'ythee tell me.

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower! I'll root them out.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Ah, Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:—ah,

Thou canst not speak!

* Here F. adds the following line,—

“And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.”

† Q. 1596, *litnes*; Q. 1600, *lightness*; Q. 1619, *thou likeness*: F. *the likeness*, etc. After this line, Q. 1619 inserts the stage direction “Stabs him,” which is also found in F. but not in the early quartos.

‡ This word, which gives the line an extra metrical foot, is not in F.

Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
 They that stabbed Cæsar, shed no blood at all,*
 For he was a man, this in respect a child;
 And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
 What's worse than tyrant, that I may name [it] ? †
 You have no children, devils; if you had,
 The thought of them would have stopped your rage : ‡
 But if you ever hope to have a son,
 Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
 As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince !

Edw. Away, and bear her hence.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
 Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death,
 Wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do thou do it.

Cl. By heaven, I would not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, kill me too.

Cl. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usèst to forswear thyself;

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.—

Where 's the devil's butcher, hard-favoured Richard?

Richard, where art thou? He is not here:

Murder is his arms-deed; petitioners

For blood he ne'er put back.

Edw. Away, I say, and take her hence, perforce.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

[*Exit,*

Edw. Clarence, whither 's Gloster gone?

Cl. Marry, my lord, to London; and as I guess,

* Two lines added here in F.

† Four lines added here in F.

‡ A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth*, IV. 3.

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing comes in his head.—

Well, discharge the common soldiers with pay,
And thanks :—and now let us towards London,
To see our gentle queen how she doth fare ;
For by this, I hope, she hath a son for us.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in the Tower.*

Enter GLOSTER to King HENRY.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your books so hard ?

King. Ay, my good lord : lord I should say rather ;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :
Good Gloster and good devil, were all alike.—

What scene of death hath Roscius† now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.‡

King. The bird once limed doth fear the fatal bush ;‡
And I the helpless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and killed.

Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete, that taught
His son the office of a bird, and yet
For all that, the poor fowl was drowned.

King. I, Dædalus ; my poor son, Icarus ;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;
Thy brother, Edward, the sun that seared his wings ;
And thou, the envious gulf that swallowed him.‡

* This scene in F. contains 88 lines.

† It is very probable that Richard Burbage was the original Richard of these two plays, and continued it in *Richard III.*, thereby acquiring the name, Roscius Richard, by which he was afterwards known.

‡ A line added here in F.

Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.*

Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?

King. A persecutor I am sure thou art;
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

King. Hadst thou been killed when first thou didst
presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:—
That many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.†
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless tune;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rooked‡ her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest§ created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
'To signify thou can'st to bite the world;
And if the rest be true that I have heard,

* A line added here in F.

† Given rather differently in F., *q. v.*

‡ *i. e.*, squatted, lodged.

§ F. "an indigested and deformed lump." The metre shows the word in the old play to be the right one. Shakespeare uses *indigest* in *King John*, v. 7, and no where else. "Indigested lump," is in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 5.

Thou cam'st into the world—*

Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech,—I'll hear no more ;
[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest was I ordained.

King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.—
Oh, God, forgive my sins, and pardon me ! [Dies.

Glo. What ! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground ? I thought it would have mounted. †
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
Now, may such purple tears be always shed
For such as seek the downfall of our house !—
If any spark of life remain in thee, [Stabs him again,
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither ; ‡
I, that have neither pity, love nor fear.—
Indeed, 't was true that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say,
That I came into the world with my legs forward ;

* "Into the world," not in F. See Theobald's note in Steevens' *Shakespeare*.

† Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II.* i. 1.—

"Frown'st thou aspiring Lancaster?"

"Highly scorning that the lowly earth,

Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air." *Ib.* v. 1.

‡ The following passage from Greene's *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, 1599, has been adduced by the commentators as a proof that Greene had some share in the writing of these plays :—

"Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoyed the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head ;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear the crown "

I am not disposed to attach much importance to the "striking coincidence" between the two passages, and if I mistake not, other similar lines could be quoted from old plays in which neither Greene nor Shakespeare had a hand. Mr. Collier himself cites one from the prose *History of Hamblet*, 1608 ;—see his *Shakespeare*, vol. IV. p. 210, ed. 1858.

And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
 And seek their ruins that usurped our rights?
 The women wept, and the midwife cried,*
 "Oh, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
 And so I was indeed; which plainly signified—
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since heaven hath made my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it,
 I had no father, I am like no father;
 I have no brothers,† I am like no brothers;
 And this word Love, which greybeards term divine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am myself alone.—
 Clarence, beware! thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,‡
 As Edward shall be fearful of his life;
 And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 Henry and his son are gone; thou, Clarence, next;
 And by one and one I will dispatch the rest;§
 Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—

* Q. 1619,—“The women weeping, and the midwife crying.”

F. reads,—“The midwife wondered, and the women cried.”

† Q. 1619, and F. *brother*.

‡ After this line Q. 1619 has the following—

“Under pretence of outward seeming ill.”

F. agrees with the old play.

§ Instead of this and the preceding line, Q. 1619 has,—

“King Henry, and the prince, his son, are gone,
 And Clarence thou art next must follow them,
 So one by one dispatching all the rest.”

The Folio reading is this:—

“King Henry, and the prince, his son, are gone,
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest.”

I'll drag thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.* [Exit.

SCENE VII.—London. *A room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, Queen ELIZABETH, and a Nurse with the young PRINCE, and CLARENCE, [GLOSTER,] and HASTINGS, and others,

Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal† throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mowed down in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two rough bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roared,
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watched the winter's night;
Marched all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, and your head were laid;

* This scene in F. contains 93 lines.

† This word is not in Q. 1619.

For yet I am not looked on in the world.

This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.

Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute. [Aside.]

Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.*

Cl. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the roseate† lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother
thanks.‡

Glo. And that I love the fruit from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the child.§—

To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And so he cried, "All hail!" and meant all harm. [Aside.]

Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.||

Cl. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Ranard,¶ her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,

* This speech in Q. 1619 is given thus :—

“ Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
Pray love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, both.

† This word not in F.

‡ F. gives this line to Clarence, but it really belongs to King Edward, and is given to him in F. 1664; some modern editors retain it for the Queen as in the old play.

§ F. reads,—

“ And that I love the *tree* from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the *fruit*.”

|| This line is omitted in Q. 1619; it is in F.

¶ F. *Raynard*,

And hither have they sent it* for her ransom.

Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs,† and mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasures of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets,—farewell to sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.‡

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Here Mr. Halliwell-Phillips remarks,—“ Unless there be some omission in this speech, as Douce observes, it must either be regarded as improperly elliptical or as ungrammatical. *It* refers to the sum of money borrowed by Margaret's father, which is mentioned by the French historians to have been fifty thousand crowns. The author of the play followed Holinshead. See Douce's *Illustrations*, II. 31.” The Folio agrees with the above text.

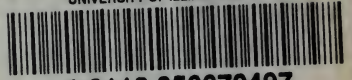
† *i.e.* Pageants.

‡ This scene in F. contains 46 lines.

THE END.



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